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MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 17, 1955 VOLUME 66 NUMBER 19

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

Why Should "Illiterates" Crowd the Colleges?

COLLEGE presidents have been reminding us, all through the last academic year that Canada has only a short while to prepare for a tidal wave of university students. The war babies of the early 1940s are already flooding into high school. By 1960 their full impact will descend upon Canadian universities and increase enrollments by fantastic percentages. The college presidents draw the obvious moral and plead for urgent action upon it: enlarge university facilities now, before it's too late.

We've no quarrel with this—applaud it, in fact. But Canadian governments being what they are, we prophesy that the response to the universities' appeal will be too little and too late. Whatever they get will be far less than they want, and probably less than they desperately need.

Therefore we suggest that universities prepare to get what good they can out of the ill wind now about to blow. College professors have another chronic complaint. They continually bewail the low quality of student preparation which, they say, they're obliged to accept. They'd like to flunk out these illiterate freshmen, they add, but they can't afford to the bursary needs the fees.

If this had been so, and we have no reason to doubt it, surely one consolation awaits them for the inevitable tardiness and inadequacy of a university expansion program. Surely this is the time, if ever, to raise university entrance requirements closer to the standard professors say they should have.

Some academic missionaries, anticipating this argument, have said it would be undemocratic thus to exclude some fixed percentage of the boys and girls now in high school who expect to go on to universities on the same basis as their older siblings. We disagree. A college degree is nobody's democratic right. It is, or used to be, a certificate that the holder has a certain standard of native intelligence brought to a certain standard of cultivation. If its currency has been inflated, as professors say it has, so much the worse for all concerned.

A weightier point against a simple across the board rise in the entrance requirements is that high school leaving examinations are not, today, a sound measure of a student's ability. Colleges often find that their best students are not those who made the highest marks in high school. But if this difficulty is as general as some professors think it is, the universities could overcome it by setting and marking their own matriculation papers.

Raising standards at all, of course, will be no easy task. It will be unpopular. It will give many families a bitter grievance which, in the case of provincial universities like those in the western provinces, will create a grave political problem.

But if the increase in the student population is as great and as sudden as the college presidents predict, some will have to be excluded anyway. Grievances will be created, politicians denounced, students' hopes blighted. At least let's make sure that the ones crowded out are the ones least likely to benefit by the educational opportunity thus denied them.

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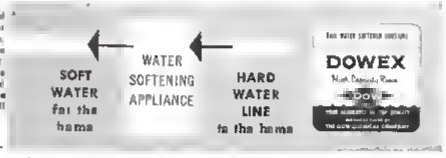
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LONDON LETTER
BY *Beverley Baxter*



The Hanging of Ruth Ellis

THIS IS the story of a young woman named Ruth Ellis. A few weeks ago she was as unknown to the world as any typist or waitress or shop assistant living her life between her home in suburbia and her employment in London.

Now she has joined the immortals. For years to come she will be talked about—not merely by gossips but by philosophers, lawyers, judges, sentimentalists, cynics, sadists and historians.

On the day before her death in London the French newspapers let loose a violent bombardment. With rising scorn they declared that in England the only passion which is respected is for cricket and gambling. So violent was the attack that the British Foreign Office might well have asked its ambassador in Paris to protest.

The slight, good looking young woman had lived a life that was dogged by passion and vanity. She had two young children and had been divorced from her husband. Then she took a lover, David Blakely. But passion does not last like love and in due course the lover tired of her and said that he was going to leave her.

So Ruth Ellis procured a revolver and six bullets and shot him down, firing four bullets into him as he lay helpless in the street.

At the police station she calmly stated that she had acquired the revolver in order to kill him. When her trial took place she repeated that statement and pleaded guilty to the charge of murder. In the circumstances her counsel did not address the jury and she was duly sentenced to be hanged.

She was taken to the women's prison known as Holloway which, incidentally, is on the road that I have traveled a thousand times and more on the way to my north London constituency. As a building Holloway is a grim survival of Victorian hideousness and it is by ironic coincidence just by the neighborhood where the notorious Dr. Crippen murdered his wife.

This story of Ruth Ellis is without a drop of human pity unless it is for society itself. Yet here is the paradox. The campaign to save her from the gallows was so widespread so passionate that it involved, as I have stated, even the French. As for the House of Commons we were bombarded with letters and telegrams and deputations demanding the reprieve of this woman.

Under British law a reprieve from hanging can only be granted by the Queen acting under the advice of the Home Secretary. In other words the Queen takes no real part in making the decision that in fact rests with one man—in this case Gwilym Lloyd George, son of an immortal father.

There is no knuckler or more human member of the House than Lloyd-George. He and his wife are a joy to meet for they exude humor, gaiety and sympathy. Yet every *Continued on page 61*

At the end her fate rested with a lonely man

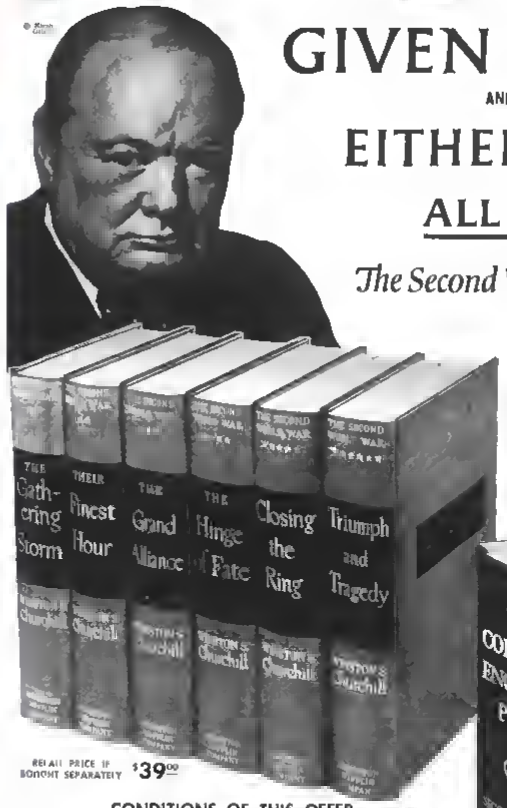


The cabinet's Lloyd-George ruled against her plea ...



... and a pretty mother, Ruth Ellis, died for killing her lover, handsome David Blakely

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BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



The Wreckers Eye The West Block

SOME time this fall Hon. Robert Winters, Minister of Public Works, will make a difficult choice between hard common sense and historical sentiment. He must decide whether to repair the West Block, a decayed and inconvenient pile which nevertheless is one of the original Parliament Buildings erected before Confederation, or tear it down and put up a modern structure with three times the effective space in the same area. Within the last few weeks an unexpected new development has made the decision harder than ever.

A strong argument for keeping the West Block has been that it contains the office that legend says was used by Sir John A. Macdonald. Now occupied by the minister of fisheries, this room has a feature unique among Canadian public buildings: a more or less secret exit by way of a spiral staircase inside the square tower which abuts on the minister's office, with small unobtrusive doors at top and bottom. Myths have flourished, growing slightly as each successive minister of fisheries tells the tale about how Sir John and certain hypothetical lady friends used this passage to escape from the tedium of public affairs.

When the argument about the West Block first came up, Winters asked the Public Archives for a complete report on this national monument and particularly on Sir John's office. The Archives have now reported that there is no evidence Sir John ever used this office during his entire public career.

Certainly it was not built for him. The spiral staircase is in the Mackenzie Tower, which was added to the original West Block in 1877 when Macdonald was out of office. The tower room was intended for the minister of public works, but the Liberal Prime Minister retained that portfolio for himself. So if any prime minister of Canada ever slipped in and out of those discreet little doors under cover of darkness, it was not the gallant and convivial John A. but that pillar of Scots Presbyterian rectitude, Alexander Mackenzie.

Like all prime ministers since Confederation, Sir John A. had his principal office in the East Block, the sister building on the other flank of Parliament Hill. There was a brief period, the last eighteen months of his life, when he also held the portfolio of railways and canals; offices of this department were in the West Block, though their precise location is not known. But even if the Prime Minister had a second office there, and even if this office had been the lower room (there is no evidence for either of these assumptions), John A. by that time was over seventy years old. It is most unlikely that the spiral staircase ever played any of the roles that spicy legend attributes to it.

TRADITIONALISTS point out, of course, that even without a John A. in office, the West Block is still a national monument. Distinguished architects have written Bob Winters imploring him to preserve this excellent example of the building style of the 1860s. Others say frankly that the West Block is an architectural monstrosity, a strictly phony piece of neo-Gothic with tufts of towers and gables and wrought iron railings beloved of our Victorian grandfathers, but

Continued on page 111



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The festival, directed by the famous Dr. Tyrone Guthrie of the old "Vic" in London, England, includes a cast of many famous names as well as many Canadian artists. The high standard of the productions, the daring innovations in the theatre, sets and productions, have all helped to make this annual event recognized and applauded the world over.

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Mailbag

Are Bingo Players Charitable?

Two questions about your article Is Bingo Bad For Your Town? (Aug 6) No 1 What percentage of people who play bingo do so to help out charity and how many would be willing to pay that by returning any prize they might win to help out the cause?

No 2 Is it morally right to spend half the money raised for charity to give prizes to a few (in rating many (nearly nine percent in my opinion) to waste and lose their money in the hope of winning something for nothing?

Malcolm Cogswell Morecol Alta

● We have been playing car bingo for some time Also Edmonton has had five-car bingos from time to time and two-car bingos are quite common

Cal Williams Nampa Alta



The Count Who Didn't Go Home

In the article by Ralph Allen The Eternal West (June 25) he refers to the rather fantastic life led by a group of equally fantastic Frenchmen in southern Saskatchewan during the Eighties. He goes on to describe how after losing their ruffled satin shirts they went home to France. He names one M le Comte de Beaudrap as being among these people Mr de Beaudrap did not return to France but took a homestead on the banks of the Red Deer River west of Provost Alta Here he raised his family and through hard work courage and shrewdness expanded his holdings and was known for many miles around as a man as kind kindly gentleman He died during World War II having seen the empty and forbidding prairie grow into a well populated and prosperous farming community and undoubtedly felt considerable satisfaction in having played no small part in its development His children grandchildren and great grandchildren continue to live on the land which he broke

G V Pitkin

Jobler Dorval Que

Quick Watson the Clue!

The story by Ward Moore The Mysterious Milkman of Bishop Street (Aug 6) was the most disappointing thing that I have read for a long time Although it was attractively presented had all the ingredients of a good mystery story and was of special interest to Montrealers of the 1900s, yet it should have been captioned The Mystified Milkman and have featured Ward Moore as the central figure

I suggest that he should read some well known authors before trying to captivate your readers again Why did he leave us all "up in the air" as to what he was trying to develop Not even the slightest clue was given as to his object in telling the story

Clifford W Parkin North Hatley Que

The clue lay in Moore's last paragraph, "... if you have anything of the milk of human kindness in you at all you don't pay too much attention to appearances

Among the Groceries

We would like to correct a few statements in the latter part of the article "The Barons of the Supermarkets (Aug 6) regarding National Grocers Company Ltd We operate 12 warehouses in Ontario and 32 stores We now service 375 Red & White Stores in the province —J S Montgomery National Grocers Co Ltd., Toronto

● There is a heading that reads "Like supermarket as new department store you can get drugs" The fact is that only proprietary items can be bought in supermarkets prescription drugs are sold only by registered pharmacists. K P Johnston Toronto

The Plumber's Friend

I would like to congratulate Allen C Marks on his humorous but very true story What's So Dumb About The Plumber? (July 23) We thoroughly enjoyed his article and understand his



feelings perfectly We are plumbers ourselves and I J H Jarvis Simcoe Ont

RTA and the Monsters

Wish to propose Robert Thomas Allen for the Maclean's Gold Star for his candor in handling the pampered little monsters of Canada (How Children Ruined Their Parents Aug 6) They make me sick and sore even to look at them after all I've had to put up with in this kind of kid worship No wonder you have your juvenile delinquency and all round disrespect for law and order Let 'em do as they like and they never learn decent behavior naturally James F Kirkham, Toronto ★

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

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Photographed especially for Canadair by Karsh

Communism's Technical Ability



The jet engines on the huge Russian bomber these Canadian scientists are studying may well be—so say competent authorities—the most powerful in the world a vivid symbol of Communism's bid in the great race for world technological supremacy

For Communism is in dead earnest Communist countries will graduate this year (alone) as many engineers as Canada and the United States together—may have more engineers and technicians than all the Western world by 1960

Our old exploits are no guarantee of future achievements we must encourage more young people to study science to become engineers technicians graduate scientists engineering professors We need these front line soldiers to throw the Red Challenger back—to make sure that scientific leadership remains in the hands of free men

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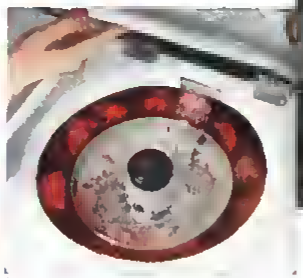
New G-E Filter-Flo cleans and re-cleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes



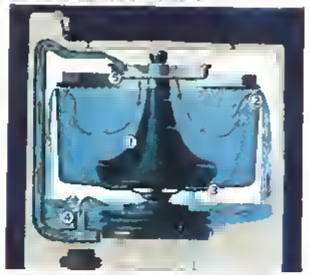
FILTER-FLO WASHING SYSTEM
...removes sand lint and soap scum

DRYER CONDITIONER
...dries...fluffs... sprinkles...and conditions clothes.

Here's How Filter-Flo Cleans and Re-Cleans Wash Water to give you Cleaner Clothes



Removable Filter fits on the Activator in the G-E Automatic Washer. Acts as a detergent dispenser too. Here you see the [illegible] threads to [illegible]



With the [illegible] washing system 1) Dirt loosens as clothes are individually dipped, filled and cleaned [illegible] rough G-E 3-Zone washing action. (2) Heavy lint and soap scum are carried away as wash basket [illegible] are easily overflows into outer tub. (3) Heavy sand and silt drop out here. (4) Pump continually forces water up and through filter and (5) back into wash basket

Cloth [illegible] and dr[illegible] [illegible] ures. Start at 8 and your washday can be over before 11, when you use G-E a handsome matching Automatic Filter G-E Automatic Washer gives you [illegible] legal at wash from after time. Soft fluffy sunshine fresh clothes any time you choose with your G-E Dryer Conditioner.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC WASHER and DRYER

Now—a new kind of washer that washes more clothes cleaner faster, and actually takes the dirt out of the water while you wash!

What a time-saver! The G-E Automatic Washer handles up to 50 percent more clothes at a time than many other automatics. Takes in one load what might otherwise require two!

Increased capacity saves hot water too. And famous pushbutton Water Saver Control allows you to use only the hot water you need for small washes.

Simply set a dial—and famous 3 Zone washing action gets everything from finest fabrics to work clothes sparkling clean, quickly, gently.

And you'll never again have to wash for a 'good drying day' with a G-E Dryer. Dries everything from the daintiest lingerie to the heaviest blanket just right!

Saves you extra ironing too. G-E Dryer fluffs your clothes as it dries them [illegible] conditions them by tumbling them through warm, ozone freshened air. And it's so gentle that many pieces come out so wrinkle-free they're ready for wear or use without ironing!

See your G-E Appliance Dealer today. Find out how easy it is to have a new matching G-E Automatic Washer and G-E Dryer of your very own!

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



For seven hours Montreal police struggled with a hysterical mob that threw bricks, bottles, rubbers and abuse.

The strange forces behind

THE RICHARD HOCKEY RIOT

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Triggered by a tear-gas bomb, frenzied mob violence turned downtown Montreal into a madhouse last St. Patrick's Night. Was it rage at the suspension of a hockey idol, or did the cause run deeper? A Maclean's editor presents his findings

ON MARCH 17 1955 at exactly 9:11 p.m. a tear gas bomb exploded in the Montreal Forum where sixteen thousand people had gathered to watch a hockey match between the Montreal Canadiens and the Detroit Red Wings. The acrid yellowish fumes that filled the stadium sent the crowd rushing to the exits crying shrieking coughing and retching. But it did more. It touched off the most destructive and frenzied riot in the history of Canadian sport.

The explosion of the bomb was the last straw in a long series of provocative incidents that swept away the last remnant of the crowd's restraint and decency. Many of the hockey fans had come to the game in an ugly mood. The day before Clarence Campbell president of the National Hockey League had banished Maurice (The Rocket) Richard the star of the Canadiens and the idol of the highly partisan Montreal fans, from hockey

CONTINUED ON NEXT FOUR PAGES



Young demonstrators, many wearing Canadien sweaters and leather windbreakers, whip up feeling by carrying na sffig chard and inflammatory placards. The crowd remained orderly until a gas bomb sent patrons scrambling from nearby Forum.

Do Quebeckers see the Rocket a modern giant-killer righting their ancient wrongs? Was tutbreak a race riot in disguise?



THE MAN THE MOB LOVED

Three months earlier in Toronto this fiery Rochet sinshed Lenf Bob Bailey and attached official George Hayes (8).



THE MAN THE MOB HATED

At the height of the Forum donnybrook this youth threw punches at Clarence Campbell. Police did not arrest him.

far the remainder of the season. The suspension couldn't have come at a worse time for the Canadiens. The league leadership was at stake; they were leading Detroit by the narrow margin of two points. Richard's award for individual high scoring was at stake too; he was only two points ahead of his team mate Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffrion. Furthermore it had been a long tough hockey season, full of emotional outbursts. All during the first period of play the crowd had vented their anger at Campbell by shouting "*Va t'en, Campbell!*" ("Scram, Campbell!") and showering him with rotten fruit, eggs, pickled pigs' feet and empty bottles.

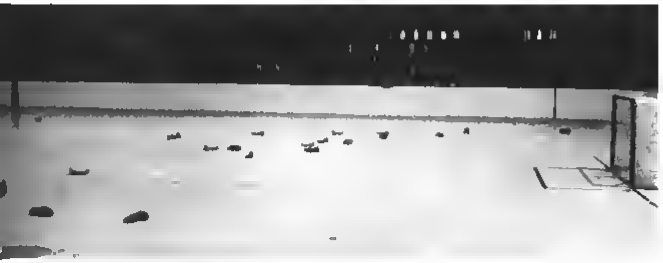
A New York sociologist has defined a mob riot as "a device for indulging ourselves in a kind of temporary insanity by all going crazy together." This describes what happened in the five hours after the bomb's explosion. At one time there were as many as ten thousand people, patrons, demonstrators and onlookers, packed around the outside of the Forum. Many of them rushed around in bands shrieking like animals. For a time it looked as if a lynching might even be attempted; groups of rioters were savagely chanting in unison: "Kill Campbell! Kill Campbell!" The windows of passing streetcars were smashed and, for no apparent reason, cab drivers were hauled from their vehicles and pummeled. The mob smashed hundreds of windows in the Forum by throwing bricks, chunks of ice and even full bottles of beer. They pulled down signs and tore doors off their hinges. They toppled corner newsstands and telephone booths, doused them in oil and left them burning.

When the mob grew weary of the Forum they moved eastward down St. Catherine Street, Montreal's main shopping district. For fifteen blocks they left in their path a swath of destruction. It looked like the aftermath of a wartime blitz in London. Hardly a store in those fifteen blocks was spared. Display windows were smashed and looters carried away practically everything portable: jewelry, clothes, clocks, radios and cameras.

The cost of the riot was added up later: an estimated thirty thousand dollars' worth of damage due to looting and vandalism, twelve policemen



THE EXPLOSION of a tear-gas bomb climaxed amazing scenes in the Forum.



THE WEAPONS thrown by fans to stop the game littered the deserted ice.



THE OFFENDERS faced a shocked magistrate. The police made seventy arrests.

THE DESTRUCTION and store looting amounted to thirty thousand dollars.



"On the ice I think of only o[nly]ng," Richard tol[d] [M]an's; "Scoring goals." But to his fa[ns] [m]ore than hockey take

and twenty-five civilians injured eight police cars and several streetcars, taxicabs and private automobiles damaged. "It was the worst night I've had in my thirty-three years as a policeman," said Thomas Leggett, Montreal's director of police.

But the greatest damage done was not physical. Montrealers awoke ashamed and stunned after their emotional binge. The Montreal Star observed: "Nothing remains but shame." The Toronto Star commented: "It's savagery which attacks the fundamentals of civilized behavior." Canadian hockey was given a black name on the front pages of newspapers as far apart as Los Angeles and London, England. "Ice hockey is rough," observed the London News Chronicle, "but it is now a matter of grim record that Canadian players are spring lambs compared to those who support them." A Dutch newspaper headlined the riot story: STADIUM WRECKED, 27 DEAD, 100 WOUNDED.

Everybody seemed to have an explanation for the riot. Psychiatrist John D. Griffin, director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, said: "A lot of people have a latent hostility towards authority and it sometimes suddenly overflows. The riot proves we're not as stable as we think." To many observers the riot was the inevitable result of lawless, brutal hockey which had been encouraged for years by team managers and coaches because of its box-office appeal. "Brawling and fighting have grown to the point where the game is more wrestling than hockey," observed an Edmonton writer while novelist Hugh MacLennan, who saw the riot, described our national sport as "breeding the insane emotions of the Roman circus." People outside Montreal condemned the supporters of Richard for pulling him on such a lofty pedestal that he felt he was bigger than hockey itself and ought not to have been punished for disobeying the rules. Pierre Gauthier (Lib., Portneuf, Que.) asked the House of Commons to appoint a national hockey commissioner to clean up the game. Driven by the greed of the team owners, he said, players were being pushed beyond their endurance.

The newspapers and radio were blamed for whipping up public opinion against Campbell before the riot. Frank Henley, of the Montreal city council, said that Mayor Jean Drapeau must accept at least some of the responsibility. "Had he not publicly criticized Campbell's decision to suspend Richard instead of appealing to the public to accept it," Drapeau in turn blamed the riot on Campbell who provoked it "by his presence at the game." Te Lucien Cardeau, another member of council, the riot was clearly the fault of the police. "They had ample warning of trouble and failed to take precautions," he said. Frank D. Corbett, a citizen of Westmount, expressed an opinion about the riot which many people thought about but few discussed publicly. In a letter to the editor of a Montreal paper he said bluntly that the outbreak was symptomatic of racial ill-feeling. "French and English relationships have deteriorated badly over the past ten years and they have never been worse," he wrote. "The basic unrest is nationalism, which is ever present in Quebec. Let's face it, the French Canadians want the English expelled from the province."

All of these observations contained some germ of truth but no single one of them explains satisfactorily what happened in Montreal on St. Patrick's Night. There is never a simple explanation for a severe and prolonged outbreak of mob hysteria. Psychiatrists have drawn a parallel between a mob that riots and a person who suddenly goes berserk. In both instances the violent behavior is clinical evidence of mental disease. In both instances, the final outbreak is the end product of many influences and incidents. From the point of view of time, some of the causes are predisposing; they've been going on for a long time in the past. Some of the causes are precipitating—they are the immediate factors which rip away the fast-disappearing self-control.

In the case history of the R[ichard] riot, the night of March 13 four nights bef[ore] the Montreal-Detroit hurst is important. On tha[t] he Montreal Canadiens were playing aga[inst] Boston Bruins in the Boston Garden. An [incident] occurred six minutes before the end of th[e game] which set the stage for the debacle in M[ontreal]. Boston was leading 4-2, playing one ma[n short] because of a penalty. In a desperate effort to score, the Canadiens had removed their goalie and sent six men on the ice. Richard was skating across the Boston blue line past Boston defenseman Hal Laycoe when the latter put his stick up high and caught Richard on the left side of his head. It made a nasty gash which later required five stitches. Frank Udvari, the referee, signaled a penalty to Laycoe for high-sticking but allowed the game to go on because Canadiens had the puck.

Richard skated behind the Boston net and had returned to the blue line when the whistle blew. He rubbed his head, then suddenly skated over to Laycoe who was a short distance away. Lifting his stick high over his head with both hands Richard pounded Laycoe over the face and shoulders with all his strength. Laycoe dropped his gloves and stick and motioned to Richard to come and fight with his fists.

An official linesman, Cliff Thompson, grabbed Richard and took his stick away from him. Richard broke away, picked up a loose stick on the ice and again slashed away at Laycoe, this time breaking the stick on him. Again Thompson got hold of Richard but again Richard escaped and with another stick clashed at the man who had injured him. Thompson subdued Richard for the third time by forcing him down to the ice. With the help of a team mate, Richard regained his feet and sprang at Thompson, bruising his face and blackening his eye. Thompson finally got Richard under control and sent him to the first-aid room for medical attention.

Richard was penalized for the remainder of the game and fined $100. Laycoe, who suffered body bruises and face wounds, was penalized five minutes for high sticking and was given a further ten-minute penalty for tossing a blood-stained towel at referee Udvari as he entered the penalty box.

There were at least three major factors in Richard's outburst. He had entered the Boston game tense and irritable because of a variety of recent aggravations he suffered. In the past fifteen years hockey has become a rough, tough game in which players rarely break the rules and escape punishment. Ruling on the death of a young hockey player, Justice Wells of Ontario recently observed: "Hockey can now be compared only to the Roman circus in the days of Nero when people were injured for the amusement of the Roman populace." And lastly, there is the most complex factor—the volatile, mercurial temperament of the ice Richard himself.

Richard's emotional [and] physical resistance were at a low ebb on the night of the Boston game on March 13. It was near the end of a long exhausting schedule. The Canadiens had played Boston only the previous night in Montreal. Richard had been hurled against the net and had cracked his back. The back was so painful he hadn't been able to sleep on the train trip to Boston in spite of the application of ice packs. On the morning of the game he confided to a reporter: "My back still hurts like the dickens. I feel beat." He never considered sitting out the Boston game. There was too much at stake. With three scheduled games left the Canadiens' chances of finishing first in the league were bright. Furthermore, Richard was narrowly leading the league for individual high scoring. If he won, he would receive a cup.

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In his home, surrounded by gifts from his idolatrous fans — such as the TV set and marble statue — a troubled Richard discusses his future with family.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 17 1955



THE MAGIC LIFE

In her bright orange kimono

Jennie was the strongest girl on earth.

From the bally platform it was a gaudy, pitiless world of screeching calliope

and hard-eyed carnies.

But there was beautiful Mac too and the strange savagery of his kisses

BY ANN MAUDE HENRY

Illustrated by Oscar Cahen

STRANGELY enough it was one of Dan Shepherd's stray lambs who was responsible for his daughter Jennie going away with the circus. Though Dan no longer ran the morning house which Jennie (laughing) called his one man social agency, he still took people in and there were always strangers staying with Jennie and her dad. This one was Lily. Why she came was unimportant. Dan seldom asked questions of the people he befriended. That they were in trouble was enough for him. Lily had been with them only about three days.

She was a tall woman, heavy boned, with a dull raw face, a mop of wiry hair and a grin that showed broken teeth. She met Jennie in the hall one day and said, "Hey kid, you ever been to the circus?"

No, Jennie said, and waited.

"I gotta boy friend who works with the show—see? An he's comin' to town — gonna be there a couple weeks — how'd ya like to go to see the show for nothin'? I can get in for nothin'. He gives me free passes."

She was eager, excited, bubbling over with the news, the importance of being able to get in to see the shows free.

"Any show at all. Any of 'em. You wait and see. Just say the word and I'll take you. Oh, they got a bunch of freaks and shows and rides. Boy, do I ever like those rides! Would you like to go kid?"

Jennie said it would be nice and went on sweeping the floor.

"You got no boy friend, eh kid?"

Jennie shook her head, no.

"Well, gotta go. See you later." And she was gone.

It was a week later when Jennie heard the door open and footsteps running down the hall. When she looked up a man stood in the kitchen doorway. He was tall and thin and stooped as if his lean length tired him. He looked as if he were propped up by a wall. His face was long and thin also and held a foolish look which said he was perpetually astonished. His smile was a grimace over

Continued on page 36

FIRST PRIZE
in
MACLEAN'S
SHORT STORY
CONTEST



She sings it Priscilla Wright [illegible] sings her clark horse [illegible] show. Her school pals in London, Ont., take her [illegible] crowded

What ONE Man in a Raincoat SONG can do

It took a schoolgirl and thrust her into the fame of TV and the jukebox. It took a dreaming immigrant, let him quit his job and go honeymooning. That's what Man in a Raincoat — Canada's first hit in years — did for Priscilla Wright and Warwick Webster

BY ERIC HUTTON

LATE ONE drizzly night in the spring of 1954 a moody young overall worker named Warwick Webster was drinking coffee in a restaurant at the corner of Yonge Street and St. Clair Avenue in Toronto. Through the rain-streaked window he watched the shadowy figure of a man, neck hunched into the collar of his raincoat, waiting at the streetcar stop. Presently a girl appeared through the gloom, carrying a small damp suitcase. For a moment the two stood silent beside each other. Then the man turned to the girl and said something. She was murmuring an answer when a streetcar pulled up. They climbed on together.

Who the man and girl were will never be known. Nor whether they ever saw each other again and if so, whether he took her out dancing or borrowed money from her and skipped town. The only certain outcome of that brief encounter was that a year and a half later it brought old fashioned fame and fortune to a totally different young couple. To the moody overall worker and to an unsuspecting little girl in London, Ont. For the couple in the rain at the streetcar stop became all unbeknownst to themselves the cast of Man in a Raincoat, Canada's biggest song hit of a decade, possibly of all time when final returns are in.

The reasons for the lapse of a year and a half were several. In the first place Priscilla Wright, who was to become one of North America's top singing stars of mid-1955 by recording Man in a Raincoat, was in the spring of 1954 a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl who wore corrective glasses and bands on her teeth, and sang in a voice that didn't rate her a spot in the annual concert of Medway High School in Arva, the suburb of London, Ont., where she lives.

In the second place Warwick Webster, who composed the song, words, music and title, in one feverish hour before going to bed that rainy night was spending the next year and more vainly trying to find someone in the English-speaking world willing to publish, record, play or just hear his song.

The story of how Priscilla Wright, Warwick Webster and the Man in a Raincoat all landed in that dizzy maelstrom known as the Hit Parade is one of those slick contrived stories that depends too much on coincidence to happen anywhere but in real life.

If, for example, Priscilla's mother hadn't had a sudden attack of twenty-four-hour influenza right on last New Year's Eve, the family would have gone out partying as planned. As it was, they propped Mrs. Wright comfortably on a couch in the living room, left the door to the music room open and set about making the best of a spoiled New Year's Eve with homemade music and song.

The party in the music room consisted of Priscilla, her older brother Timothy, seventeen, and her younger brother Patrick, thirteen, plus her father, Don Wright, who is rather well known in musical circles as the founder and leader of the Don Wright Chorus, which broadcasts over the CBC in Canada and the NBC in the United States. The only Wright missing, Priscilla had had, though, was informal sitting in at the weekly chorus rehearsals. She was taking advanced piano lessons, though.

The New Year was coming, and so was Priscilla's history moment. Priscilla was leafing around with Blue Moon to her father's piano accompaniment. Mrs. Wright recalls: "I heard Don say, 'You're too high ... you're straining your voice.'"

"As an old orchestra man," explained Don Wright, "I was playing Blue Moon in the key in which it was written, C. As an old music teacher and author of textbooks on 'The Changing Voice' I did what I preached: lowered the key to A-flat." Priscilla followed.

"And," exclaimed Mrs. Wright, "out came this lovely contralto voice."

Incredulous, the Wrights took Priscilla through almost the entire repertoire of songs in their musical library, testing her voice on all manner of music problems in its new low key.

"I didn't know why they were so excited," Priscilla said later, "but it was fun singing in my new voice. It made me feel ..." she wriggled her shoulders looking for the right word "... grown up and — sophisticated."

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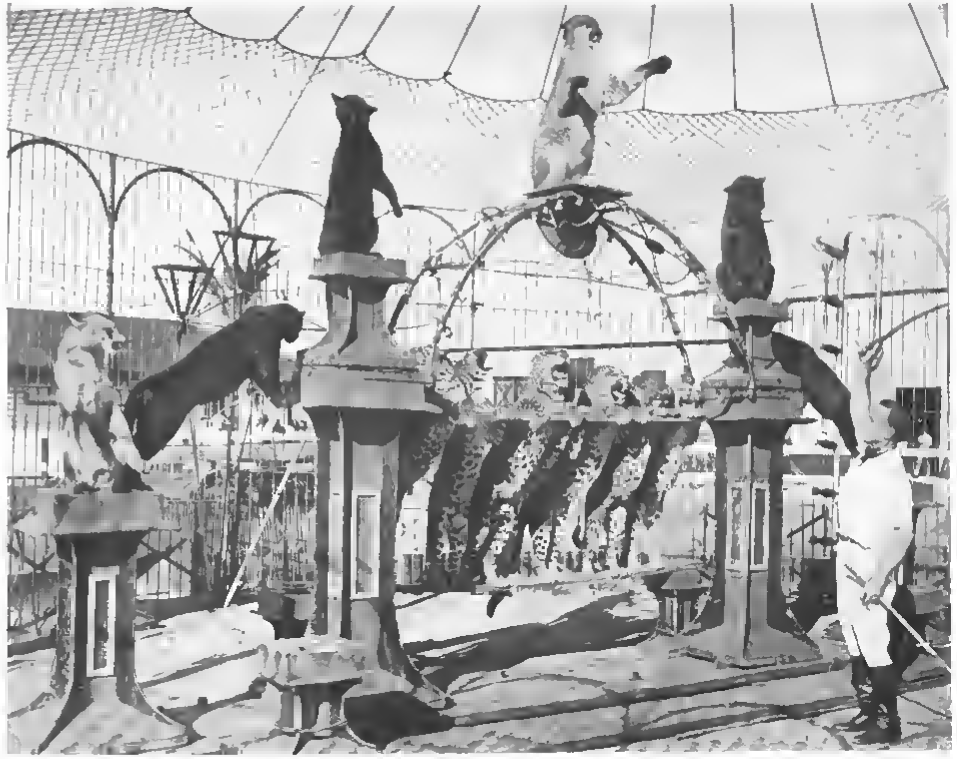
He wrote it Warwick Webster, at twenty-seven, relaxes on Lake Rosseau after his long fight to sell his song. He can't read music at all and really wants to write short stories.

ALFRED COURT, acclaimed the greatest animal trainer of all time tells



what it's like to kiss a tiger...

... what it's like to put your head in a tiger's mouth, how to carry a three-hundred-pound cat on your shoulders and how he mixed up leopards and lovely girls without either getting a scratch



Trainer Alfred Court, now retired, could make cat rivals, enemies like leopards, panthers and pumas jump into a pyramid formation at the crack of his whip

AS FAR as I know I am the only man alive who has put his head in a tiger's mouth. In my time with circuses in Europe and North America I have trained more than fifty tigers, but Meenza, a Bengal aristocrat, was the only one who let me inspect his teeth at such close quarters.

The trick is less risky with a lion, for tigers in general are more intelligent and more apt to take offense than lions. I do not discountenance lions when I say this. They would agree. I am sure that a tiger, even when trained, is still mysterious, still wild and capable of unforeseeable reactions.

I would approach Meenza and lay my cheek against his muzzle. If he were in a playful mood, he would lick my cheek like an affectionate dog to show his contentment. My skin would burn under his tongue, which was as rough as a file. (A tiger's kiss is a strange sensation) and I would move away quickly. Meenza never felt slighted, however, but gentle as a pony, would allow himself to be my mount. Finally I opened his jaws very slowly and put my head between them.

But I was not content. I meant to get more from the royal Meenza. At the Circus Schumann in Berlin I had seen the tamer Julius Seeth take a few steps in the ring with a lioness on his shoulders. I was not sure if this were possible with a tiger, but how could I resist a try? At the hundredth attempt, ten days later, I had my answer. I could walk anywhere in the cage with him hanging around my ears and both of us were completely at ease.

There is another specialty I remember when I look back on the days I worked with a princely group of three large Siberian tigers and four smaller Bengals, of which Meenza was one. I should not advise anyone to try it, but I have many times kissed an *angry* tiger on his muzzle. That tiger was Radja.

One morning I was walking about the cage with Meenza around my neck. Radja left his place without permission. The next day he did the same thing and I gave him a sound lash on his hindquarters. He leaped at me. I let him have the butt of my whip on his muzzle. He roared terribly and returned to his place. Now I tried to soothe him...murmuring gently the "Ffrr... Pirr" that all cats understand. His eyes softened, his fur settled down and he responded to my advances with one or two unmistakable 'pirrs.' We were friends again. I remained facing him and stroked his nose with the butt of my whip. Soon this became a routine part of the act. Always he would stretch his head toward me for caresses. Little by little the distance between our heads lessened. One day we were nose to nose less than twelve inches apart. I moved forward and kissed him on his moist, salty muzzle.

To become a good cat trainer there is, properly speaking, no secret. I say "trainer" and not "tamer" advisedly, for all trainers are tamers, but few tamers may also claim the title of trainer. A true trainer must possess certain essential qualities.

The first, and to my mind the most important, is knowledge of animal psychology. It is absolutely essential to learn to understand each cat, not to be mistaken in the character of any of them, to observe their friendliness and animosities and, finally, to know how to exploit this knowledge for the success of the act you plan. In addition, one must be perceptive enough to discover as rapidly as possible what I call the "keys" to training. Each type of animal has well-defined characteristics and therefore the natural disposition of each must be studied so that it may be used to advantage. One must find the special "key" to each and use it to make the animal understand exactly what is required of him.

Contrary to the general belief, courage is the least important quality. I have taught a score or more trainers, men and women, and among them I have encountered young braggarts who prided themselves on their courage. They have always made me nervous and they have generally ended their careers in the hospital. I have never considered caution as anything but a virtue.

Two questions have been asked me hundreds of times. "How do you train a wild animal to cross the cage on steel cables?" and "How do you make a lion or tiger walk on a ball?" Here, for the benefit of those who might like to try these tricks, are the recipes.

Patient preliminary training is necessary to make a cat into a rope walker, or more exactly, to teach a cat to cross the cage on two steel cables. In the beginning two wooden bars, one and a half inches wide and two inches thick, are fixed across two stools set four or five yards apart. The bars are three feet from the ground. The cat is started from the first stool and an attempt is made to get him to cross the improvised bridge. One cat in ten will agree to venture onto the bars. The others are eliminated. When the trainer has chosen his subject, he encourages the cat to move along the bars by holding a piece of meat on a cane in front of him as he advances. On the far stool a substantial piece of meat awaits the animal as his reward. The cat soon crosses the four or five yards between the stools without apprehension. The first phase of the training is then complete.

The width of the bars is then decreased and the cables are stretched over them with the steel touching the wood. During the crossing from stool to stool the cat feels the bite of the cable under his paws. It is essential that he get used to this sensation and this takes some days.

The third phase aims at cutting out the contact with the wooden bars. With the aid of wedges the cables are stretched two or three inches above the bars. For the first two or three steps the cat feels only the cable beneath his paws. He wants to jump down but his weight makes the cable give and it touches the wood. The animal regains his confidence and continues his crossing. At each successive training period the cable is raised a few inches, which compels the cat to take more steps to gain the reassuring contact of the wood. Finally the steel cable does not touch the wooden bars at all and the cat will still complete his journey.

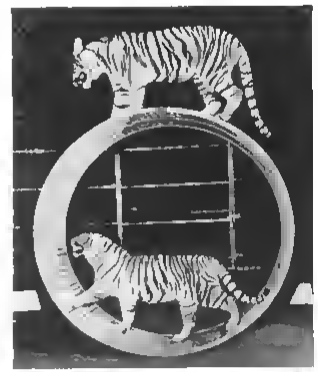
During the fourth and final phase the wooden bars are removed entirely and the height of the stools is gradually raised. My lions and tigers, when trained in the art of rope walking, crossed a cable that was ten feet from the ground.

The second trick, that of making a cat walk on a ball, involves a training that takes longer and is infinitely more complicated.

First of all a hollow wooden ball is placed on two parallel bars fifteen inches apart. An iron spindle is passed through the sphere from side to side. The ends of the spindle are tied to the prongs of a six-foot fork, which are semicircular to fit the sphere. The sphere can now turn with the spindle as its axis, but its movements depend on the trainer's assistant who pushes or pulls the ball on the rails.

Two or three animals who show a natural disposition to get onto the big ball must then be selected. If the animal can balance on it at all he is immediately rewarded with a piece of meat at the end of the training stick. When the cat has acquired confidence and is content to remain there indefinitely the assistant moves the sphere a few inches. Inevitably the

Continued on page 62



There are no secrets in teaching tigers acts like this, says Court — you simply think like a tiger



TIME TO PLAY Kids frolic but teacher's on the job She ties hair ribbon for pupil May Ratledge



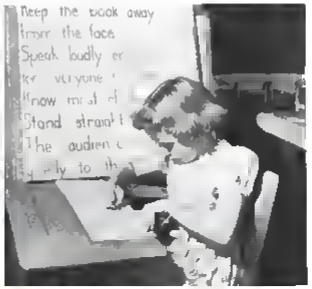
HOW MUCH IS IT? Pupils begin to understand why two and two are four counting colored spools



WHAT SHAPE IS IT? A square circle triangle is no mystery when pupils see these colored cutouts



WHAT DOES IT SAY? Some critics say kids can't read but special class library is well thumbed



HOW FAR IS IT? New system teaches children to estimate distance and then check with a ruler



TIME TO EXERCISE Twice a week there's gym class often to music Teacher helps to play follow-the-leader

How A "Progressive" Teacher Works



TIME FOR PARENTS Thursday is an all-visiting day in Jean Dey's room Parents are always welcome

BY ROBERT COLLINS

PHOTOS BY HARRY ROWED

Every year parents and teachers wrangle about the new-fangled teaching methods. Do they work? Or was the old-fashioned way better? For some of the answers come inside an Edmonton classroom and see for yourself how Jean Dey handles grade one

THIS month the school bells and buzzers that summon children back to classes across the land are also bringing parents teachers, school trustees and superintendents bobbing out of their corners like old prize fighters, ready to square off for another round in the perennial squabble over "progressive" education

The dispute is the same now as it was last September and as it will probably be next September Is present-day schooling really giving pupils a richer more comprehensive education as its exponents claim? Or as it as its critics say merely producing a generation of frustrated teachers, puzzled parents and mixed-up kids?

One way to answer these questions is to see progressive education in action at the grade-teacher level, and one of the best teachers to watch is Jean Downie Dey a slender auburn haired woman of thirty-seven who teaches grade one at West Edmonton's Coronation School

In the midst of this educational furore Jean Dey's is a strangely happy uncomplicated school district Her pupils are well behaved well advanced in their studies and free of mysterious complexes Their mothers and fathers are probably Canada's most enlightened parents since, at Miss Dey's urging they visit the school whenever they like and stay as long as they wish Oddly, they are all happy with what they see there

Odder still, Jean Dey is a happy teacher. Teaching is her is not just a stepping-stone to some other job She has never wanted to do anything else She teaches grade one by choice although she is qualified to lecture at the University of Alberta All summer she instructs teachers at university summer school. All winter she either spends her evenings and making speeches about teaching or at home trying to improve her own teaching technique Besides employing all the modern approved teaching devices she is always inventing improvements of her own from things like sewing spools or empty pillboxes.

Everybody likes Miss Dey A G Bayly director of elementary education for the Edmonton public school board who dares not play favorites among teachers, admits guardedly She's one of our best." Associate professor Eric Hodgson, a mathematics specialist with the University of Alberta's faculty of education, sometimes calls her "the best math teacher in Canada." Her principal Loran W Nichols who has taught school for twenty-eight years says flatly I consider the pupils in her class the luckiest kids in Canada."

At this Jean Dey blushingly loses her usual composure and pleads Don't make me out a freak. I'm no different from most other teachers."

She is different of course through a rare combination of talent, training and love of her job, but there is nothing phenomenal about her or her school. She simply teaches progressive education the way she believes it ought to be taught—and the way many other competent conscientious teachers are trying to do it with varying results. She proves that modern curriculums and methods can work if properly applied

Her pupils read expertly in and out of school They breeze through textbook arithmetic problems and then invent and solve problems of their own Every moment of their day is utilized

"They don't do anything just for the sake of keeping busy" emphasizes Anne Carmichael Edmonton's assistant director of elementary education Everything is done for a purpose."

The trouble is the purpose of modern schooling is not readily clear to adults who plodded through grade one memorizing the multiplication tables on the backs of five-cent scribblers. To them progressive education appears aimless and often frivolous To understand it and to appreciate the hopes and problems of the modern teacher one must go to school with Jean Dey

Both the school a long low two year-old building and the teacher are calculated to interest a grade-one pupil Jean Dey is a trim slight woman with a warm smile amber colored horn rimmed spectacles and a pleasant well-modulated voice Her reddish brown hair is brushed in a sleek stylish bob and her wardrobe dazzles her six-year old girl pupils one day a snug fitting rose-colored suit with a rosebud corsage another day a black jumper skirt with white blouse, again a charcoal grey dress with blue rhinestone brooch and earrings or perhaps a blue-and-white polka-dot dress with white earrings.

"Our daughter Linda is as fascinated with Miss Dey's clothes she gives us a day to-day report on what the teacher wears," says Lorna Parker an auditor's wife

The classroom is equally pleasing not much like the drab little schoolrooms of twenty or thirty years

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE

HOW A "PROGRESSIVE" TEACHER WORKS

(CONTINUED)

ago. It has a gray green linoleum floor, eight ceiling lights in aluminum shades, three blue-grey walls and one wall of windows, child-size book-and-lunchbox shelves and coat cupboards.

There's a green chalkboard (no blackboard any more), a long brown paper streamer over the board bearing a hand-printed alphabet, a goldfish tank, two green turtles in a tray, a bowl of tadpoles, rows of crayon artwork in fiery reds and yellows, cut-out pictures of animals and children and half a dozen potted geraniums, African violets and philodendrons.

A clock face hangs over the chalkboard with hands set at seven and a printed legend below: "Seven o'clock is bedtime." Once a mother told Jean, "Your word's law around our house. My daughter never argues about bedtime because Miss Day's clock says so.' How about posting up a few *more* rules?"

Under the windows are half a dozen vertical bookracks—something like magazine stands. The plywood racks are Jean's invention. They permit a child to choose his favorite book without thumbing through a pile. It's easier on the books, too, which are all well-written entertaining children's stories—not on the school curriculum but purchased partly with a school grant and partly from the teacher's own pocket. Jean lets her pupils draw them out with "library" cards, to take home or to read for pleasure immediately after the day's lesson.

Propped on an easel in front of the class are sheets of thirty-five-by-twenty-five-inch ruled paper, bearing hand-printed words ("Spelling's not on the curriculum but they beg for it so much that I give it to them," Jean explains). sentences and stories all related to the regular grade-one reading lessons. A typical story begins:

"The black dog ran to his little house. He got his old red ball. He ran back with it to Billy. Then Towser put the ball down . . ."

The ruled paper is another Dey "original." Once the sheets were plain. Jean persuaded the school board to have here ruled like a notebook for easier, neater printing. The idea proved so useful that most elementary schools in Edmonton now order ready-ruled paper.

Meanwhile Jean is coaxing another improvement from her school board: a shoulder-high gadget she calls a "chart-holder." It will stand high enough for pupils to see from the back rows, an improvement on the easel. The printed sheets will hang on rings so that Jean can flip them over like the pages of a loose-leaf notebook. The entire thing will save chalkboard space and provide a permanent collection of stories and sentences that are used repeatedly. It will have to be custom-made since Jean borrowed the idea from a Seattle school, then added modifications of her own.

She is always seeking to borrow or invent other teaching improvements.

"After all, that's the essence of progressive education," she says. "We must always go ahead. We have far more variety now than when I was in grade one. Then it was mostly reading, writing and arithmetic. Now we have arithmetic, reading, printing, water-color painting, crayon coloring, finger painting, puzzles, plasticine modeling, music and gymnastics. Children get a better balanced, more interesting diet of education today.

"Mind you, we still have clever children and backward children—and always will. And we'll always have teachers who go overboard on the 'skill' part of the curriculum, and so you have pupils who major in mud pies! But by and large, I think more school pupils have more advantages than when I was a child."

As she talks to me her pupils file in for morning classes. They're lively but not unruly, and a firm word from the teacher is enough to quiet the noisy ones.

"There's more freedom nowadays," Jean continues. "We're kinder now than teachers used to be. But I don't believe in letting them run wild. Children need and expect guidance. I'm a sort of benevolent despot. Before I turn them loose I teach them how to use their spare time."

The nine o'clock buzzer calls classes. This morning it's arithmetic and the class runs through its entire repertoire.

"The basic difference is this: modern education stresses 'mastering'; the old method stressed 'memorizing.'" Jean tells me. "When I went to school I was told: Two plus two is four and you'd better remember it.' Now, pupils learn to reason out answers, to add and subtract, to estimate distances and to improve their vocabulary from all the things we're going to show you."

Forty-three sets of bead frames come down from the shelves. A bead frame has ten sliding wooden beads—five red and five blue—on a wire. Modern arithmetic is taught in units of ten. The contrasting colors enable a pupil to count five at a glance without laboriously counting off each bead.

"Now, quickly as you can, move seven beads from left to right. And no counting them one by one!"

With one "check" the class has the answer.

"Patricia, how do you know you have seven?"

A girl with curls of brunette hair and a jumper skirt like the teacher's says: "Because there are five red ones and two blue ones and five and two make seven."

Continued on page 33



SCHOOL FOR PARENTS: Before the school term Jean Dey tells mothers what the children have to learn.



SCHOOL FOR TEACHER: "You can't stand still in education," she says, and keeps looking for new ideas.



At eighty the Pasha has four wives, four concubines and enjoys eleven course meals.



At an Arab banquet diners use fingers instead of forks and pile on a sometimes three feet in diameter.

FIRST, there was the luxury-loving Pasha of Marrakesh

NEXT, there were eleven strange brimming dishes from his palace kitchens

THEN, there were ten provocative dancing girls from the harem

No wonder John Gunther (Inside Africa) says it was

the most exotic meal I ever ate



Mrs. Gunther was the only woman at table.

GOURMET GUNTHER now fully four has traveled the world gathering material for his famous Inside books which have sold nearly three million copies. He has sampled the world's best cooking at the guest of a dozen kings and rulers. In his new book Inside Africa, to be published soon by Harper and Brothers, he describes an Arab diffa, or banquet, given him by the octogenarian Pasha of Marrakesh. "Nothing in the world of gastronomy is more exotically enticing than a diffa," Gunther writes.

VISITING the Pasha is an experience of the most piquant quality. My wife and I were summoned to the Marrakesh palace. Outside the walls were rough-looking guards dressed in the harum-scarum way of most Moors, without arms or uniforms. They reminded me of retainers outside palaces in Mexico who are similarly nondescript and look like ragamuffins.

Penetrating one gate, we walked through three successive courtyards each paved only with dirt (to make easier footing for horses) and of a strange irregular shape. The impression is of a kind of shipshod crazy quilt, a miniature Hampton Court cut out of angular mud. On the porch of the Pasha's own residence squatted an enormously fat unveiled Negro woman, chatting casually with a high official.

The appointments inside are astonishing. I felt as if I were in the Alhambra redecorated by a dealer in Victorian antiques. There are rooms tiled in yellow, pale blue and an incredibly brilliant green, with tall wooden ceilings painted in gilt and other colors. Sèvres porcelain, Imari chinaware and Turkish clocks are part of the décor. There are narrow benches set against the walls, and practically no other furniture.

Twenty bearded retainers looking like a line of Lewis, saluted our arrival. We entered a small room with maroon striped settees, green curtains and a flaming yellow carpet. Moslems love to mix up colors, and with arched windows and a vaulted ceiling. One guest this evening was a celebrated French official, the *Préfet* of Casablanca; another was a barefooted white-robed Arab octogenarian, the Caid of Mogador. A cold wind whipped through the doors and windows, which are usually kept open at ceremonies of this kind, no matter how chilly it may be outside. (At a luncheon birds may fly in and out.)

The Pasha: Hadj Thami Glaoui el Mezouari who had been sitting alone on a hassock, rose to greet us. He is tall, dark, gaunt and magnetically handsome.

Continued on page 67



The British Empire team in the 1954 International Tuna Tournament boats a three-hundred-pounder. Mexico won, bagging more than twenty-one hundred pounds

The maddest 3 days in Fishing

The Acadians can't figure it out: every year at this time dozens of international millionaires arrive at Wedgeport, N.S., and pay good money for the privilege of doing the local fishermen's work for them

By DAVID MacDONALD



The tuna fleet heads out for Soldier's Rip at dawn. Flags identify country and number of each contestant.

BEFORE IT found something that beats working, Wedgeport was just another fishing village—quiet, quaint and poor—straddling a dirt sidetrack on Nova Scotia's tattered southwest coast. Its one thousand Acadian inhabitants earned a hard living from the sea, chiefly from lobsters and herring. In summer the women sold hooked rugs to stray Yankee tourists while their men went out harpooning giant bluefin tuna in Soldier's Rip, an offshore patch of cussedly rough tidewater.

Mon Dieu! how the men hated those tuna, those horse mackerel! As big as a thousand pounds, they wrecked nets. Speared, they fought for hours. And all the monsters were worth was a mean three cents a pound at canneries along the shore.

Then, twenty years ago, along came a Yankee sport named Mike Lerner with the biggest fishing pole Wedgeport had ever seen, and the maddest idea.

Lerner, whose family owns a chain of women's-wear shops in the United States, is a man who roves the world in search of thrills with rod and gun. He was heading home from a deep-sea fishing trip off Cape Breton, in fact, when he stopped at Wedgeport for gas and heard about the whopping bluefins abounding in the rip.

Does a Geiger counter twig to uranium? Lerner's eyes bit rip. He forget about home and sought out a local fisherman, Evée LeBlanc, with a sporting proposition. Would LeBlanc rig up a swivel chair in his lobster boat and take him out to Soldier's Rip for a spot of angling? "It'll be fun for me," said Lerner, "and money for you." To Cap'n Evée tuna fishing was nothing but hard work, but the money angle intrigued him.

To the other *pêcheurs* it sounded downright wacky. They laughed when Lerner sat down to fish one day. But by dusk he was back at the Wedgeport tuna dock with his ontsize rod and reel, two four-hundred-pound bluefins and the stirring sight of scores more still in his memory. "What a find!" he exclaimed. "Wow!"

Another wow of a find was made that night. It came at the instant when Lerner turned to his guide, LeBlanc, paid twenty-five for the day's outing, tipped him another two dollars and said, "Keep the fish for yourself."

Voilà! From that moment to this Wedgeport's *pêcheurs* have known that a splendid way to win the rewards of hard work is to sell the work to someone else as good fun.

They've had no trouble finding buyers. Ever since Mike Lerner's visit, which he publicized widely, thousands of big-game anglers have come to Wedgeport each summer from as far away as New Zealand, eager to enjoy what the local fishermen didn't—the muscle-busting job of hauling in horse mackerel.

Today Wedgeport's *pêcheurs* charter their boats and act as guides to millionaires and other solvent sportsmen who count Soldier's Rip, an underwater canyon as one of the world's greatest fishing holes. Among their satisfied customers have been the late President Roosevelt, F. D. R. Jr., Zane Grey and Ernest Hemingway.

The anglers do all the wrestling work of catching the bluefins and they like it. The *pêcheurs* get paid forty dollars a day for each of their boats, plus twelve dollars more if they supply the heavy gear needed for tuna. They get tips that go as high as a hundred dollars and, strange to relate, they also get the bluefins. The unwritten and unbroken rule at Wedgeport is that the fish belong to the guides, who now get ten cents a pound for them. But should an angler be loath to part with, say, an eight-hundred-pounder that he has come two thousand miles to find, he can always buy his bluefin back, have it upholstered for his trophy room or canned and labeled, "Caught by Aaron P. Zilch, for his Friends."

Few true anglers notice that, in effect, they're paying to provide fish for professional fishermen. It's the sport they crave: the anticipation as they head for the rip at dawn; the minutes, maybe hours, of waiting on the blue water for a strike; the wild, sudden scream of an angry line and then the fight with a great unseen fish. Gene Tunney, who once won the world's heavyweight boxing championship and also landed a six-hundred-pound bluefin in Soldier's Rip, has called the latter event "the greatest thrill of my life."

To Wedgeport's *pêcheurs*, it is no less tingling to behold what the once-pesky horse mackerel has done for their village. In a good summer anglers spend about two hundred thousand dollars there for lodgings, supplies and boats. The tuna that others catch has built new houses and spruced up old ones; bought care launched boats; sent sons off to college. Whereas most Nova Scotian fishermen make less than two thousand dollars a year from the sea, Wedgeport's average four thousand. "We have never had it so good before," says Capt. Israel Pothier.

A small wiry man of fifty, Pothier is manager of the Wedgeport Tuna Guides Association, the fishermen's booking agency. His job is to find customers for the association's thirty trim blue motorboats and ninety members (three to a boat), a task that is lightened considerably by the fact that the Nova Scotia government, ever alert to the tourist dollar, spends about fifty thousand a year publicizing Wedgeport and Soldier's Rip.

Its biggest promotion is the International Tuna Cup Match, angling's *Continued on page 48*



Retired U. S. banker Harvey Triller stands by his 952-pounder, largest tuna ever taken at Wedgeport.



Smiling Roberto Arreola, captain of the winning Mexican team, accepts the Alton B. Sharp trophy.



At the end of the day the fleet comes in and crowds gather to watch catches weighed in. To cope with tourney demands, the old docks are being enlarged.



The driver who obeys traffic signs but is not being polite to other people. He's doing himself a favor and perhaps saving himself a lot of trouble.

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN DRIVE...

THEN TRY THESE QUESTIONS:

PHOTOS BY GEORG



BILL McKINLEY

who runs a driving school has the answers

What's the safest quickest way to —

Stop your car

Make time in traffic

Take a curve

Dodge a collision

Get out of a skid

Drive in snow or mud?

DURING the last nine years my driving school in Vancouver has taught forty thousand persons including nineteen thousand women how to operate an automobile safely in traffic. Our students sit beside their instructors in dual control cars equipped with two steering wheels two accelerators two brake pedals and two clutch pedals. We teach them how to drive by the same basic method I was trained to use on aircrew rookies when I was a flying instructor in the RCAF.

A lot of them approach us with the odd notion that courtesy at the wheel is just a motorized equivalent of "good manners" in polite society. But there's much more to it than that. The truth of the matter was once made painfully clear to a young bank clerk who asked me for driving lessons after being involved in a crash that almost broke his heart and could have cost him his life.

He told me he usually made signals and obeyed traffic signs because he felt this was the nice thing to do. But one day after a telephone argument with his girl friend he was in an anti social mood. So he pulled away from a downtown curb without making a signal. Along came a Cadillac which sideswiped him, broke his left arm and almost ruined his brand new "dream car" — a two toned sports convertible. He had made the down payment just one week previously after scrimping for a year.

The bank clerk didn't give me much argument when I pointed out to him that his neglect to signal was quite different from a small breach of graciousness at a social gathering. If he had signaled he'd have done *himself* a favor. "Drive Carefully For Your Own Sake!" That sounds like a cynical and ignoble slogan but it is the only advice of its kind that will strike home to the self interest that rules so many people then I'm all in favor of spreading it.

I'm supposed to be an Old Pro at the wheel having been a truck driver before my war experience as a flying instructor. Ever since I opened my driving school in 1946 people have been asking me for inside tips on handling a car and getting along in traffic. I'm expected to tip them off on how to steal a jump on the Other Fellow or how to get away with tricky stuff that might ordinarily bring trouble. They usually look blank when I tell them that although most of the professional pointers I could give them are worth knowing for strictly selfish reasons they generally benefit the Other Fellow too.

Here are some examples:

● Your brakes will work better and faster if you "bounce" them instead of just jamming them and holding. Bouncing consists of lightly stepping on the brake pedal and almost instantly releasing it, then repeating several times in rapid succession. This is easier on your brakes and tires and believe it or not it stops your car sooner than a screeching skid does.

● How to stay awake at the wheel without drugs or pills. Just take off your right shoe and resume driving. The engine vibration transmitted to the sensitive ball of the foot through the accelerator — even in the biggest smoothest limousine that money can buy — will positively keep you from dozing.

● How to keep your windshield clear of ice and sleet in winter weather... without constant scraping or rubbing. Raise the hood and insert a ball of paper or a rolled handkerchief between the hood and the body of the car just below the centre of the windshield. Then bang the hood shut. It remains slightly ajar (but not in any way warped or damaged) and thus allows a steady stream of warm air from the radiator to spray upward against the windshield. The ice never gets a chance to form.

Some of the vexations suffered by drivers can be removed or minimized at your own discretion. Example: If you find yourself "trapped" behind a vision-blocking truck or bus, and if conditions are such that you can't pass it, don't chug along a few feet to the rear. Fall well behind for a wider, safer horizon.

Are you always in a hurry? Here are some professional tips on how to make better time on city streets without getting a ticket or ending up in a crash.

1. Learn to use through streets and one-way streets as much as possible instead of following parallel routes on streets where you must stop or hesitate at every intersection.

2. Study the traffic lights. Learn which streets have fewer lights and in what direction the lights are progressively synchronized (and at what average speed). Every driver has known the delight of "hitting the green ones" block after block, but this needn't be a matter of blind luck: it can be planned. You can get this information from the police traffic department or from your local automobile association.

3. On three-lane, one way streets, stay in the centre lane unless you want to turn off almost immediately. It's human nature to want to dodge in and out and keep passing slow cars, but the slight resultant timesaving can be easily wiped out if you find yourself trapped in the wrong lane and are forced past your corner.

4. Don't rush up to a red light and then slam on the brakes. Often you can gauge your speed so that by slowing down a little you will reach the corner just as the red changes to green. This can be an exhilarating timesaver.

5. Don't push the accelerator down to the floor for a fast start. It's a mathematical fact that *gradual* acceleration lets you cover the first hundred yards faster — and with less risk of flooding your engine. This advice applies more rather than less in the case of an automatic transmission.

6. If your car is a gearshift model don't be afraid to use second gear a lot. Never let your engine "labor." When slowing down to make a turn, shift into second — and use this extra power for picking up speed after rounding the corner.

7. Don't ever use your brakes. This may sound like strange advice from an advocate of careful driving, but it isn't. Here's one of the neatest timesavers of them all. When nearing a corner that has no traffic lights or stop signs take your foot off the accelerator and let it hover just over the brake pedal (not on it), glance around to make sure you are clear, then nudge the accelerator again. This reduces "corner slowdown" without increasing traffic risk.

It's not unusual to find an otherwise excellent driver with one bad habit which can eventually lead to disaster. A man once came to us for a checkup because he had been getting into a series of scrapes and minor collisions. We found he did everything perfectly except that he persistently swung out or lane-straddled while rounding a curve. As soon as he had eliminated this he went on his daughter — who, *Continued on page 69*

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 17, 1955



WRONG

Getting in a car, don't tuck your head in, then each leg: it leaves your clothes awry.



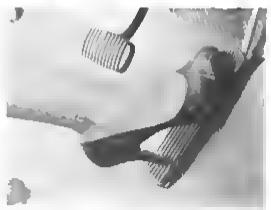
RIGHT

Sit down first, swing your head past door, then bring both legs together. No creases.



WRONG

Don't place foot at bottom of gas pedal where it's hinged — you won't get leverage.



RIGHT

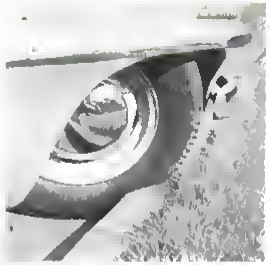
Place your foot squarely on the pedal, so that you get better control of your speed.

DO YOU KNOW THESE TRICKS IN YOUR CAR?



OUT OF WATER?

If you haven't a container to refill your radiator, use a hub cap. It holds a quart.



TIRE TROUBLE?

Then watch those curbs. With new tubeless tires, a bent rim can mean a costly leak.

DOZING AT THE WHEEL?

Take off your shoe and drive in your sock. Exaggerated vibration will keep you awake.



WINDSHIELD FROSTED?

A cloth or paper pad keeps head out and permits warm engine air to play on glass.





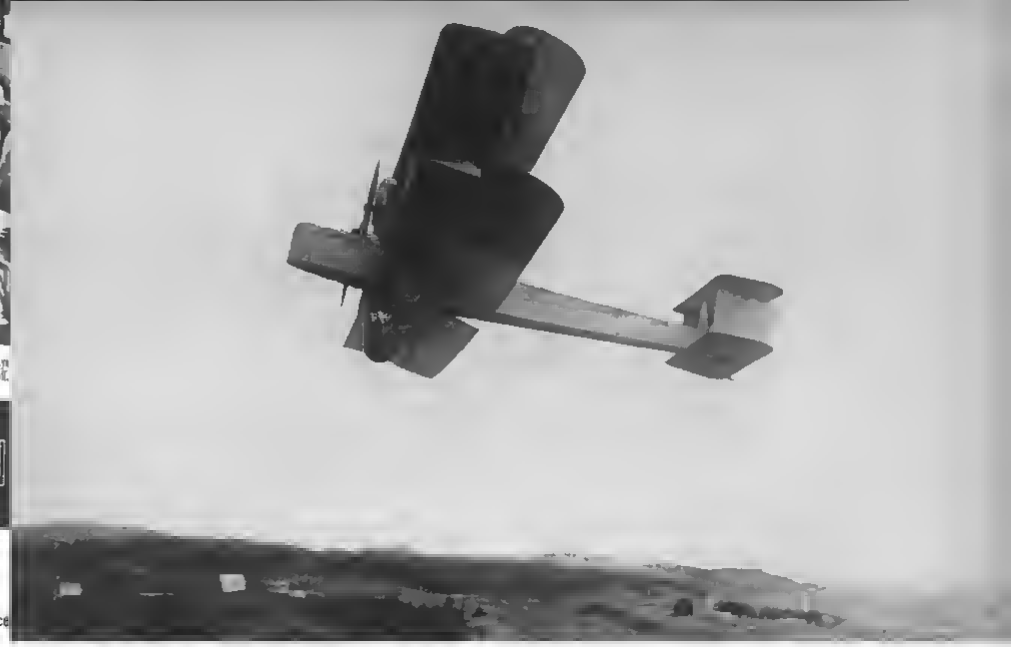
START OF AN EPIC: Crated parts of a Vickers Vimy were moved into a Newfoundland airfield on May 26, 1919. Some pilots had their planes ready



END OF WAITING: Storms kept Alcock (right) and Brown grounded for five days after the Vimy's successful test flight. Here, on June 14, they're ready to take off.

HOW ALCOCK AND BROWN FLEW THE OCEAN

They were the first men to fly nonstop across the Atlantic. Here's the exciting story of the flight that began from Canada and ended by changing the world's ideas of time and space



THE TAKE-OFF: This historic picture was taken as the Vimy rose heavily into the sky near St. John's at 1.15 p.m. June 14 and headed across the ocean.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

BY GRAHAM WALLACE

SHORTLY before midnight on Tuesday, May 13, 1919, two young British aviators stepped from a warm railway carriage onto a cold rain-swept station platform in St. John's, Newfoundland, and stood huddled together in the night, shivering in their thin English clothes and cursing their luck at being sent to such a place. Three days earlier they had disembarked from the Mauretania at Halifax. Since then they had been traveling more or less continuously by boat and train to get to St. John's.

The journey on the narrow-gauge Reid Railway from Port aux Basques on the southwest coast to St. John's on the east normally took twenty-seven hours, it had actually taken forty. After England Newfoundland seemed indescribably dull. In places snow was still lying in drifts, and it rained without ceasing. There was no easy companionship with fellow flyers; you couldn't even buy a legal glass of beer. There was no one to welcome the airmen at the station and they learned from the depot clerk that there was only one hotel of consequence in St. John's, the Cochrane, and it was always full. "Maybe the Dooleys'll bed ye down on the floor," he told them.

Agnes Dooley, the proprietor's sister-in-law, did the next best thing. She made them a warmed-up meal of leftovers and fixed them up with camp beds in the smoking room.

Before they fell asleep the two flyers tried to tell one another that the future couldn't be as black as it looked. They had arrived on May 13 and thirteen was a lucky number for both of them, they said. This comforting thought was strangely prophetic.

Thirty-four days after they arrived in St. John's, John Alcock, a war ace and stunt flyer, and Arthur Whitten Brown, a navigator, were to become the newest and brightest heroes of the post-war world. They were knighted by the King of England, commended by the U. S. president, praised by Winston Churchill, lionized by all England, and they were richer by thirteen thousand pounds. Far from their makeshift beds at the Cochrane, famous London hotels sought to say that Alcock and Brown slept there, and chefs gave the flyers' names to their most exotic dishes.

They were not only the greatest names in aviation, they had launched a new age of flight and a new era of transportation. In a lumbering, tragile, twin-engine Vickers Vimy, they were the first men to make a nonstop flight across the Atlantic Ocean.

Alcock and Brown never doubted their ability to fly the Atlantic, but at the beginning they had only the slimmest hopes of being the first to do it. They were far behind at least three other teams in making their plans and, in spite of their frequent disappointments and their terrible ordeal above the Atlantic, took risks with them all the way. While they waited miserably for their plane to arrive by ship from England and then assembled it, unbelievably bad weather kept their rivals on the ground for weeks and literally smashed the first two attempts to fly the ocean. When disaster and death twice threatened to end their flight they miraculously came through unharmed.

When the flight was over Winston Churchill, paying tribute to the flyers, commented pointedly: "I do not know what we should admire the most—their audacity, their determination, their skill, their science, their Vickers Vimy airplane, their Rolls-Royce engines, or their good fortune."

Actually, each of these factors was brought into play in the conquest of the Atlantic. It was Alcock's audacity and Brown's determination that brought them together as a flying team. Alcock, trained by the French ace Maurice Ducrocq, had been flying since 1912, when he was nineteen. He was an outstanding young test pilot and, when war broke out, he joined the Royal Naval Air Service. There at first he was a flying instructor, but he escaped from this dull regimen to the Middle East, where he served as a fighter and bomber pilot, won the DSC, was shot down and taken prisoner by the Turks.

Arthur Brown, whose parents were American but who had been brought up in England, was an engineer in South Africa when war was declared. He returned to England to join the army, fought in the Second Battle of Ypres in 1915 and then transferred to the air force as an observer. He was shot down twice; the first time he escaped to his own lines, but the second time he suffered a leg injury that plagued him the rest of his life and he was taken prisoner by the Germans.

When the crushing heartache of captivity were off, Brown began thinking of a means to keep occupied. He had all the time in the world to make a careful study of aerial navigation. Also Brown recalled the offer of Lord Northcliffe, owner of the wealthy London Daily Mail, of a prize of ten thousand pounds for a transatlantic flight, and he felt that this would offer the greatest challenge to a navigator. At night he lay sleepless with the pain in his leg, dreaming of an Atlantic flight.

To stimulate British aircraft development, which had been lagging far behind imperial Germany's, Northcliffe's Daily Mail in April 1913 had made a startling announcement:

> We offer £10,000 to the first person who crosses the Atlantic from any point in the United States, Canada, or Newfoundland to any point in Great Britain or Ireland in 72 consecutive hours. The flight may be made, of course, either way across the Atlantic. This prize is open to pilots of any nationality and machines of foreign as well as British construction.

When war started the Home Secretary forbade such flights, but on July 17, 1918, the Daily Mail vigorously restated its offer of ten thousand pounds for a nonstop Atlantic flight—to stimulate the production of more powerful engines and more suitable aircraft.

Plans were made in secret. A number of firms already had aircraft capable of the Atlantic flight and others were designing machines. It was generally agreed the flight should be made from west to east to take advantage of the prevailing westerly winds, and only one entrant (Short Bros.) proposed to fly with the sun. To meet the terms of the Daily Mail offer the crossing had to be made in one stage, thus ruling out an intermediate stop in the Azores, and the shortest possible distance was the Great Circle route of 1,880 miles between Newfoundland and Ireland. By the end of 1918 plans were far advanced, if not publicly announced, for at least eleven separate attempts to win the Atlantic prize.

Only four of these, the single-engine Sopwith Atlantic and Martinsyde Raymor, the four-engine Handley Page V/1500 and the Vickers Vimy, were to reach Newfoundland complete with their crews. But, in addition, the British and American governments planned a series of flights by flying boat and airship which, for various reasons, were not eligible. One of these, the flight of the American Navy flying boat NC-4, was to be acclaimed as the first ever crossing of the Atlantic by air.

The favorite among all the entrants was the Sopwith Atlantic, chiefly because the pilot was Harry Hawker. Bruntis a most famous pilot and the navigator was Lieut.-Commander Mackenzie Grieve, a skilled Royal Navy navigator. As chief test pilot with the Sopwith Company Hawker had logged more hours than most celebrated front-line aces.

Hawker's old friend and rival of the pre-war years, Freddie Raynham, had spent the war as chief test pilot for the Martinsyde Company, and it was natural that he was chosen to pilot their machine, the Raymor. Once again the two friends found themselves as rivals in a competition to be joined shortly by a third, Jack Alcock.

Both the Atlantic and the Raymor were criticized as being too small for the Atlantic flight. The Handley-Page Company sanctioned these critics with their giant bomber the V/1500. This plane, powered by four Rolls-Royce Eagle engines mounted in tandem, and carrying a crew of six, was the largest British machine flying at the end of the war.

Handley Page selected a distinguished crew for the flight. In command was Admiral Mark Kerr, who had been the first flag officer to obtain a pilot's certificate. The pilot was Major H. G. Brackley, who had been a pupil of Alcock at Eastchurch. The navigation and radio officer was Lt. Norwegian Trygve Gran, who in 1914 had flown across the North Sea from Scotland to Norway in just over four hours.

Continued on page 80



THE LANDING: After sixteen hours the Vimy nosed into a bog at Clifden, Ireland.



THE STIR IT CAUSED: London lionized the first Atlantic fliers. Both were knighted.

TAKE ME HOME AGAIN IRENE



By FRED SLOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

His business associates in Vancouver called Henry Barstead a hard, square businessman. Irene's world was the streets of Toronto's tenderloin. Then it happened . . . he needed her in a way she did not understand. And they drove north in a race with death

SHE NEEDED a new dress.

When she had awakened at dawn because of the cold her guests were gone and they had used her dress for a towel and taken her purse with the two dollar bill and the change in it.

Standing at the window she noticed the convertible that stopped at the warehouse across the street. A man and a woman went into Wholesale Furs.

Without a dress she could cover herself with the old bathrobe and sweater across the street with an empty milk bottle as if going to the corner.

She passed by the convertible as if to the shoe and when she walked away from it she had a fawn raincoat on her arm. When she came out of an alley doorway she was wearing the fawn coat.

Usually the policemen on that beat did not bother her or speak to her unless she was on one of the bigger streets where if she stopped for a traffic light a cop was almost sure to tell her to move on. This morning she said "Hello" to the cop who had last taken her to night court and he said "Hello."

The cop passed a few steps and then called "Hey!"

She stopped and pressed her hands into the warmth of the stolen raincoat.

The cop said "You need some coffee!" and he handed her a coin.

"Thanks copper" and she crossed to the Nite Lunch and the man there handed her coffee in a thick cup and took her coin with a frown. She picked up a half cigarette that a truck driver had put down in a saucer.

Because the convertible was still in front of Wholesale Furs she walked down Gosmin Street and into St. Mary's. The driver for Milady's Dry Cleaners stopped and took several of his long Milady bags into a building holding them high by the dress hangers, and he left the back of the panel truck open.

The girl came around the truck neatly picked the next bag from the rack stepped into the doorway just long enough to roll the bag into a tight parcel and then without a glance around walked quickly to Princess Street where she would be in a crowd of people getting off buses and hurrying to their work.

Now she had to go around three blocks to get back to the emptiness of her own street and that took her past the hotel garage where Henry Barstead was waiting for the hotel man to bring up his car.

She had to pause while a truck trailer maneuvered at a corner and she noticed the business man staring at her and she said brazenly: "Gimme a dollar!"

Taken by surprise, the man handed her the dollar he had in his hand to tip the hotel boy, and in the swift pause while they both waited for the truck trailer to move he stared at the hard smeared face and said "What's your name?"

Irene "If you want to make something of it?" And she curled her lips and her nose in a sort of sneer and went quickly past the freight truck.

The convertible was still in front of Wholesale Furs so she went another block and came up through the junk yard and the broken fence to her house.

The house woman met her at the door and asked for fifty cents for the room and she paid it with Henry Barstead's dollar.

The dress was beautiful papery taffeta in mauve with a feathery bunch of mauve stuff at the shoulder there was one like it in a store window marked thirty nine dollars. She held it with just her finger tips and pressed it gently against her stained face. It was the kind of dress she had meant to buy with her second or third pay when she had first come to the city after completing her typewriting course back in the home town where the streets had lots of trees and where you just walked to the end of Main Street and you were in a land of river, and rocks and ski hills and long pine trails where you could run and climb with your yellow dog Sandy.

She kissed the dress and she said "Oh Sandy Sandy!" She wondered if *Continued on page 74*



Anybody Eats Here Free

Rich or poor, sharp or shabby, anybody can walk into Toronto's Scott Mission and get a square meal and no questions asked. And they do, at the rate of 130,000 a year. How come this soup kitchen is still needed in the biggest boom in our history?



BUSY DIRECTOR of mission, Dr. Morris Zeidman, works with his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Rowen.



WAITING CUSTOMERS queue up outside the mission at eight thirty each morning. In the summer the meal is called "brunch" and is served until about noon. The men are also given food to take away.



HUNGRY MEN eat summer meals at outdoor tables set up behind Toronto's Scott Mission. Four hundred nourishing free meals are served every day of the year.

BY JOAN OOTY

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

IN THE boom days of the Fifties when secretaries are investing in oil wells, when a quiz program can give away sixty four thousand dollars, and when politicians are boasting about Canada's national income of more than twelve hundred dollars per capita, the soup kitchen of the Thirties seems as outdated and remote as a typhoid epidemic.

Yet it still exists, and to one man, a short and stocky minister of the Gospel named Dr. Morris Zeidman, it is as vital today as it was during the Depression. Indeed, it is his whole world and has been for two thirds of his fifty-eight years. For two generations and in three different buildings he has worked to establish one of Canada's largest charity houses: The Scott Mission of Toronto. And, as he directed the mission's growth, so the mission shaped his own life.

It was the mission which inspired Zeidman, then a young Polish immigrant, to turn from Judaism to Christianity and eventually to enter the Presbyterian ministry. It was there that he later met his wife and there that they lived for eight years. It was the mission that caused him to leave the Presbyterian church so that he could run the mission as he chose. It is there that today his wife and two daughters work with him seven days a week, nine hours a day, and where he calls chronic misfits by their first names, feeds them, clothes them, finds jobs for them, preaches to them and even gives them his own shoes and pants.

The Scott Mission lies two miles from Toronto's financial core, on Spadina Avenue, a broad and cosmopolitan thoroughfare fragrant with the aromas of European bakeries, gaudy with multilingual signs, an intriguing avenue speckled with kosher restaurants, fur and fabric wholesalers, and a crowded neighborhood market where kerchiefed women haggle in a variety of tongues.

Shouldered by a semi-detached house and a funeral parlor, the three-story buff brick building reflects the melting pot around it. To New Canadians and society's backsliders alike it doles out one hundred and thirty thousand free meals a year, as well as cash, groceries, clothing and haircuts. It sends free food parcels to families in Iron Curtain countries, offers four religious services a week and operates an employment agency and a summer camp outside the city.

Anyone, rich or poor, saint or sinner—may walk into the mission and be given a meal without question. Some days workers have noticed well-dressed men at the tables who they presume are there for a lark or to win a bet. Once a prosperous-looking man stopped at the mission office, told Zeidman how much he had enjoyed his meal and handed him a twenty dollar donation.

It is entirely on these donations that the mission depends to finance its work. They pour in in the form of cash, food or used clothing from estates, church groups, service clubs, businessmen, wealthy widows, people who hear about the mission and even those who have been helped by it.

Zeidman's gifts have ranged from beds to tuxedos and leftover birthday cake to home that have rolled off delivery trucks and been brought to the mission by police.

Because he must rely on unsolicited donations, there are times when Zeidman literally doesn't know where the next meal is coming from. One winter the mission had no desserts. The director, who insists that the men have balanced meals, priced manufactured desserts and found them too expensive for the mission's pockets. He sat back, trusting that something would happen. It did. A Toronto department store sent him five thousand packages of Christmas puddings.

Another time, when the mission needed cups, Zeidman put off buying them in spite of his wife's insistence. Finally, when no more meals could be served without them, he consented to shop around, using what little money he had. As he stepped out the mission door a truck pulled up and unloaded two hundred cups from an anonymous donor.

In the Thirties the mission was more seriously in debt than any time in its history. After exhausting a bank loan it still owed nine hundred dollars in outstanding accounts. Zeidman could see no way of clearing the debt and he hated to abuse his creditors' good will. However he assured his wife that they would get the money somehow. A few days later, when even his hope was dreaming, a cheque came in from an unknown woman in Peterborough, Ont., for nine hundred dollars—the exact amount of the debt. *Continued on page 53*



LUNCH IS PREPARED in the mission kitchen by Mrs. E. Rybinski and Stone Dressler, a New Canadian.



LUNCH IS SERVED in yard. Most of the mission food is donated by bakeries, dairies and meat packers.

In Our Greatest Prosperity Hundreds Still Shuffle In The Bread Lines



KEEN PUPILS attend Scott Mission's Bible classes led by Dr. Zeidman's younger daughter, Elaine.



HAPPY CHILD gets new dress and a doll from staff worker Mrs. S. Zysser (left) as mother watches.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Rossano Brazzi shows Hepburn that Venice has more than canals

BEST BET **SUMMERTIME** All the illogical charm of a vacation-time romance pervades this truly glamorous film about Venice and its effect on the emotions of an American old maid (Katharine Hepburn). A middle-aged Italian gallant (Rossano Brazzi) throws her out and gives her some mellow memories to take back to Ohio. Several minor characters are stock types but both principals are completely plausible and Venice is a knockout.

THE DAM BUSTERS An exceptionally good war film on the air drama from Britain, based on the true story of the RAF's 1943 low-level raids on Germany's Ruhr dams. With Michael Redgrave, Richard Todd.

THE GIRL RUSH Rosalind Russell's first movie since her Broadway smash hit in Wonderful Town. It's a gambling house musical comedy, draggy in spots but highly entertaining whenever Miss R. and Eddie Albert go into a song-and-dance. Filmed in Las Vegas.

HOW TO BE VERY, VERY POPULAR A comedy farce which manages to evoke its share of chuckles despite some zany episodes that stretch too hard for belly laughs. Betty Grable and Sheree North are charmers who, fleeing from a killer, find shelter in a male college dorm.

THE PHENIX CITY STORY A violent, absorbing true story about an Alabama town's efforts to throw off the shackles of organized crime. Recommended.

ULYSSES The Odyssey, by Homer, is a lot more interesting than this Italian-made screen version of it, starring Hollywood's Kirk Douglas as the globe-trotting adventurer. The spectacular Silvana Mangano is both his wife Penelope and the enchantress Circe.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Above Us the Waves: Submarine war drama. Good.
Ain't Misbehavin': Musical. Fair.
Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense in the west. Good.
Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Good.
Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.
Cell 2455 Death Row: Crime. Poor.
The Colditz Story: Prison camp drama. Good.
The Constant Husband: Comedy. Good.
Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.
Daddy Long Legs: Musical. Good.
Davy Crockett: Western. Good.
The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.
East of Eden: Drama. Good.
Far Cry: Western. Comedy. Good.
Forbidden Games: Drama. Exceptional.
Fourteen: Romantic drama. Fair.
The Glass Slipper: Romance. Good.
House of Bamboo: Suspense. Good.
Interrupted Melody: Operatic soprano's biography. Colorful drama. Good.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.
Land of the Pharaohs: Spectacle and drama. Excellent.
A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.
Love Me or Leave Me: Biographical and musical drama. Good.
Member: Italian drama. Poor.
A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.
Marty: Comedy drama. Excellent.
Miss Sadie Thompson: Comedy. Excellent.
The Night Holds Terror: Crime and suspense. Good.
The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.
Not as a Stranger: Drama. Fair.
Out of the Clouds: Drama. Fair.
Rio Lobo: Western. Good.
The Purple Mask: Sword opera. Poor.
The Sea Chase: Suspense. Poor.
The Seven Little Foys: Biog comedy of show business. Fair.
The Seven-Year Itch: Comedy. Good.
Six Shooter: Psychotic drama. Fair.
Strange Lady in Town: Western. Fair.
Strategic Air Command: Drama. Good.
Svengali: Melodrama. Fair.
That Lady: Costume drama. Fair.
This Island Earth: Planet drama. Good.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
Unchained: Drama. Excellent.
Violent Saturday: Suspense. Good.
Wake Me Angela: Comedy. Fair.
You're Never Too Young: Martin-and-Lewis comedy. Good.

The Magic Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

bare gums. He spoke in a heavy guttural accent.

"Comerightdewarightawaywe needa girl. Thestrongestgirl in the world. Comerightdewayy!"

He ran the words together. Jennie couldn't make out what he was saying. Maybe he was someone Dan had sent over for a friend.

He was gesticulating with long arms, looking over his shoulders, giving the impression of great necessity for hurry. His clothes were dark, rumpled and decayed-looking. Between his hurried explanations, his anxious pleadings, Jennie understood that someone had got her job at the circus. This then was Lily's friend, the one who could get free passes. Lily, it seemed, had told him Jennie wanted a summer job. If she would just come for an hour, two hours, they would pay her three dollars.

Three dollars! A circus!

It was 1932. Three dollars was a lot of money, as much as Jennie earned in two weeks at baby sitting, doing dishes, or running errands. Sometimes it took longer. Three or four weeks to earn that much. She had two dollars saved, two dollars toward her goal of thirty-three dollars, the amount she needed for schoolbooks. She could ask Dan, but he was always so broke, so worried. Maybe she should go.

The scarecrow who was Lily's friend stood waving his arms and urging her to hurry. Three dollars. While Jennie hesitated he took her arm, led her to the hall, his excitement mounting, affecting her.

"Hurry, please, hurry!"

THE circus was a cacophony of sound and noise and tinny music that got into the stomach and the blood and made your head giddy with excitement. The people crowded in a solid mass, moving slowly, swarming and moving and swirling like a great muddy river that has nowhere to flow. It was hot, and the ground underfoot was humpy with little hills and hollows.

Jennie stumbled and walked on with the scarecrow. They came to a tent end he pointed. She went in and saw a sea of faces, all looking toward an enclosure hemmed in by canvas walls about waist high. In the centre was a mat, a common floor mat, and the scarecrow motioned Jennie to be down on it. She looked around. The faces were looking at her. The barker was shouting hoarsely: "Helena Clayburn, the strongest girl in the world! performs feats of strength that no man can do! amazing, terrifying, unbelievable! hurry, hurry, hurry!"

A bald giant wearing a leopard skin placed a heavy rock on Jennie's chest.

"Hold yer breet, kid," he whispered. "Just hold yer breet."

Jennie took a deep breath. There was no way to back out now. She was carried along, unresisting, letting the thing happen. She filled her lungs to bursting and the sledge hammer came down again and again on the rock, smashing it to bits. It was over in a minute and surprisingly she found it didn't hurt. She scarcely felt it. Then the people were filing out, murmuring, staring, gaping, their eyes burning holes in her, filling her with a peculiar shame.

Then Jennie was hustled out to a bally stand and the barker called and shouted about the strongest girl in the world. Jennie heard the words curiously, as if they were about someone else.

She broke rocks on her chest. She held up a sixteen-hundred-pound horse. "Hurry, hurry, hurry! And get your tickets to see the strongest girl in the world. It's only a dime, ten cents. Hurry!"

It was awful standing out on the bally stand with crowds of people out in front. A calliope somewhere around the same tune over and over. Jennie didn't like the circus, but she didn't know what to do. She stood there.

They gave her a bathing suit and a bright orange kimono and all day she stood there. The hundreds of eyes stared at her as she stood, inside the day going by like a dream. Please God, she prayed, don't let any of the kids from school come out here. And the people stared. The heat, the dust enveloped her, the rocks weighed her down and were broken by the steel in the leopard skin, and the man in the purple shirt with white buttons screamed into a megaphone.

Then she saw one of them—a boy from her room at school. He stared as if his eyes would pop out, and then he winked as if he and Jeanne had a secret and everything was so nice as it could be.

Jennie didn't look at the people any more. A man called Pete said she would have to put some make-up on.

"But I don't use make-up. I haven't any," she said.

"Get some on," he said, and his voice was an odd guffaw. "You look as pale as a ghost."

The carnival people laughed when she stole away at lunchtime to ride the merry-go-round, because she didn't understand their language and when the man who looked like a ferret and ran a milk-bottle game spoke to her she felt waves of embarrassment and didn't know why.

"Have you got the time?" Jeanne asked politely.

And he laughed an amused laugh and said, "I've got time, baby, if you've got the price."

This is what he said and Jeanne sat down to think about it quietly and try to unravel the meaning.

"I've got the time. That must mean he does know the time. If I have the price. That means I must pay," she gave up with a shrug. It was crazy. It meant nothing, nothing at all.

For two more days as Helena Clayburn the strongest girl in the world she would have nine dollars. Only twenty-two dollars to earn for books. She felt the three dollars in the pocket of her jeans and nodded. It was a lot of money. Nine dollars if she stayed two more days.

They were going away, they said. If Jennie went with them it would only be for five weeks. Per then they would be returning to Winnipeg. She would be sure to get home again only five weeks and she would get eighteen dollars a week. It was a lot of money. In strange cities it would not be hard. There would be money for books and even a new dress, and some time Dan never noticed about girls and what they needed, and Jennie did like to trouble Dan. It might even be fun, an adventure in a way. And it was sort of show business.

When Jennie told Dan, he was worried. He didn't want her to go. He tried to persuade her not to go but he would not tell her she could not go. That was the way Dan was. We had to make our own decisions, he said.

"I have to go," Jennie said. "I need the money for books and I'll only be gone five weeks. Nobody will know me."

Books and clothes and nice things to go back to school with and not be looked at because your clothes were raggy old hand-me-downs that didn't



Smart and practical

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1955

Matinée

...A SELECT FILTER-TIP CIGARETTE...FOR NEW SMOKING ENJOYMENT



fit. Not to be wondered at because you had no money for lunch and sometimes no lunch at all. To go to a party maybe and have a nice dress . . . books and a class ring not pretending any more that you had forgotten your books. All the things she didn't tell Dan. I have to go. I have to go. I want the money for books.

But Jennie knew too that she was ready for the magic life. And here it was . . . the magic of the circus. Anything. Anything at all could happen!

DAN HAD stood at the railway station with tears in his eyes. There were crowds and noise and the hissing of steam and people running and voices calling and the tremendous excitement and stir of the carnival getting under way. The carnival people milled about and Dan looked at them with his gentle smile.

He didn't speak, just stood there. When it was time to go he put his hands on Jennie's shoulders and said in a choked voice,

"I trust you."

Jennie had an instant's insight into the Victorianism of the scene on the busy platform among the oddly assorted carnival people and she wanted to laugh . . . and to cry.

"Of course you trust me . . . silly. There's nothing to worry about."

A large loud voiced woman in a gaudy costume came up and smacked Dan heartily on the back. He coughed.

"Ah!" she hallowed, "don't worry about the kid. We'll take care of her!" Dan smiled at the woman gratefully, his eyes misting up again.

It was all odd and unreal like a dream, and Jennie thought, it is happening to someone else. Then the train was moving and her nose was pressed to the window and she saw Dan no longer looking strong and dramatic as he did when he preached to the runners but lost and lonely somehow, frail. There was the click of the wheels and doors opening and slamming shut at the end of the car and people walking up and down the aisle.

Jennie had two dollars in her pocket when the circus train whistled out of the city carrying her away with it as Helena Clayburn. Pete, the night watchman, a short man in a brown suit with a flashlight in his hand, opened the curtain over her bunk on the train and looked in. He had a kind, craggy face like Dan's.

"Excuse me, kid. Don't be scared now," he said.

Pete sat down on the edge of the bunk and looked at Jennie. He sighed.

"Another dame fool kid leaving home, wants to be with the circus."

Jennie tried to tell him she didn't, not really, but the words stuck in her throat. He was right . . . in a way.

"Come on, kid, what d'you want to join a dame crummy outfit like this for, hey?"

"I don't understand. It's a job."

"A job! Is this the best you can do, huh?"

"Yes, it is. I need a job. I couldn't get anything . . ."

He was looking at her kindly again.

"Kid, stay away from the guys. Keep to yourself, eh?"

He left but looked back again and said, "Take care of yourself."

Crummy outfit. Stay away from the men. Take care of myself. Oh, he's nice. He's real nice, a real nice man. I'll tell Dan about him. Jennie looked out of the window. The moon was shining and all around the rail tracks wound out and away from the train. The train stood in the yards and the noise of loading was dying away. The train began to grunt and move slowly, shunting back and forth to sigh, cough, hum. Jennie went to sleep with the words, 'crummy outfit, stay away, crummy outfit' sounding in her ears with the click of the wheels. Crummy outfit, crummy outfit, crummy outfit.

The carnival was set up in the next town, looking exactly as it had before.

There was the monkey circus, with its platform running around all sides of the topless tent. There were the hamburger and hot-dog stands, called juice joints, the rows of games, called concessions, where tanned blond women in slacks and canvas aprons held balls in their hands and called out, "Come on in." The fortune teller's tent where Madame Rosalee in her gypsy costume sat in front of a crystal ball. There was the skeleton of the ferris wheel rising high up in the air, the music of the merry-go-round starting already though it wasn't noon yet.

The penny arcade had a mournful song that always started the day . . .

O My Pretty Quadroon . . . with a heart that was broken too soon . . . My heart like the strings on my banjo is broke for my pretty quadroon . . . O My Pretty Quadroon . . .

The gaudy banners were going up being hoisted by men in dirty dungarees, bare backs, soiled panama hats jammed on their heads. Their gloved hands hauled the ropes and wires, their mouths shouted instructions and they swore and sweated and laughed. The panda bears and dolls and rings and watches were taken out of velvet rores and displayed. The hard-eyed operators called out husky greetings.

Being away from home made Jennie feel better for now the wax among strangers—the people who came to the carnival—they didn't know her and wouldn't know her if they saw her again. And she was an adventurer in a different . . . a magic life.

JENNIE walked over to the cook house for breakfast. Beside her sat a wizened little woman, a dwarf. She wore a stylish dress of some bright shining material. Around her wrinkled neck she had draped several pairs of beads. Her round black eyes peered out from a wrinkled face. The forehead was high with a pronounced bulge at each temple. The hair was frizzed and thin and grew with an astonishing upward slant from her large head. The nose was large, almost grotesque, and the mouth was a bitter line. She was laughing and talking without pause. No one seemed to pay any attention to her.

Her name, she told Jennie, was Cuddles. She had been in show business for more than twenty years. She confided looking coy that it was her love of being with it that had kept her from getting married long ago.

"Lots of times I have been on the verge dearie," she said, "but long ago I knew I was dedicated to my work. Oh!" she looked down at Jennie's hands. "You stir your tea in the pot too. I knew you were a lady as soon as I saw you."

She lowered her voice. "They ain't all ladies around here. I can tell you. I always say you can tell a real lady by the way she stirs her tea."

The dwarf's job with the carnival was to sit in the Big Top all day. She did nothing but read or knitted, just sitting quietly, her little black eyes roaming over the crowd looking with casual boredom or scorn. Sometimes she paraded grandly on the bally stand like a prima donna, greeting an audience. She smirked, drew her bright fringed shawl round her mushroom shoulders and with slow feline grace sauntered across the platform. Hips swaying, shoulders lifted, she would smile at the staring faces. On high heels her twisted feet and legs would mince down the bally stand steps. She



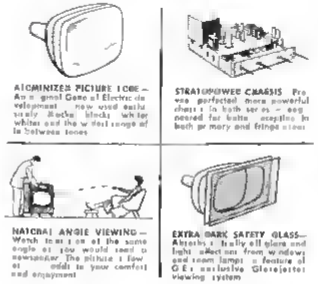
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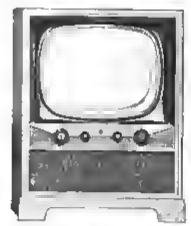
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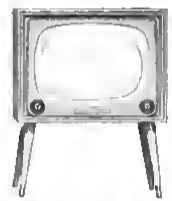
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OUR PRIZE WINNERS ON TV

Maclean's readers will have a chance to see dramatizations of our three prize winning short stories on CBC TV later this autumn. Produced by the Television Drama Department, Toronto, and adapted to hour length by Joseph Schull, The Magic Life by Ann Maude Henry will appear on General Motors Theatre. The Burning Crusade of Andrew McNorran by Doris French and Michael Sheldon's The Spirit of the Bank of Lower Canada are both scheduled for the program, On Camera

would look back before disappearing inside the tent and wave a beringed hand to "the public."

The cookhouse was hot and damp with the smell of rain soaked earth, the feel of steam, the odors of cooking. It rustled of animals, of onions frying, of coffee and human sweat. Only occasionally the clean smell of damp earth rose from underfoot.

When Jennie asked the fat greasy man in the tall cookie hat how much her breakfast, which was ten cents, came to, he looked at her without smiling and said, "Two dollars."

She reached into her jeans pocket and took out her only two dollars. His fat dirty hand closed on the money and she turned and left panicky. What will I do? That's all I had. Two dollars, just for tea and toast? How will I live? And the books? Three dollars a day!

Soon Jennie learned that this kind of thing was part of learning the ropes, and a necessary step toward being accepted. If she said nothing and let them continue to overcharge her, she wouldn't belong. She would belong with the yokels, the marks, the public. But if she passed the test by hollering and fighting and demanding her rights, she would become one of them. She would be "with it," a carnie. She would become one of them, own and eligible for the unwritten rights and protection that went with being "with it."

It was a full week before Jennie did anything about it. She lived on meal tickets on advance on her pay. Then in the best imitation she could muster of the carnies' belligerent attitudes she scowled at the cook and barked at him, "Gimme back my money!"

When he didn't move at once Jennie shouted again, louder, and thumped her fist on the counter.

"Gimme back my money or I'll wreck the joint!" It was the traditional carnie threat.

The cook bellowed with laughter. All of the carnies in the cookhouse roared with laughter. They shouted congratulations and advice and encouragement.

"Pipe the kid," they said. "Yeah, she's gettin' hep. ... that's the stuff, kid. ..." Their laughter rumbled under the canvas roof of the cookhouse. Jennie had won the first round. She belonged. They approved. And their approval was sweet.

IT WASN'T the pink tights and spangles of Jennie or her kiddream of the circus. There was no excitement, no footlights, no rewards to applaud. There were no elephants, no band dressed in bright costumes. There was just the dusty haze over a village of tents, glare and noise.

There was grease and heat and dust and dun colored tents with little flags hung around the doorways. Don sure would weep if he saw this place, Jennie thought. There were no kindness, no gentleness or love here. But they paid little attention to her. They weren't like the kids at school. It's not bad. Dan. Not bad at all. It's kind of exciting, even.

Jennie slept that night on the ground with a blanket around her. There was no place to wash, no place to dress or undress and the faces round her looked too alien. She was afraid to speak to them or ask questions. They might answer in the strange jargon of the man she had asked for the time. I've got the time, baby, if you've got the price.

She wrote a letter to Dan and told him of the strange sights, the strange people, the strange language. She told him about Cuddles and added, It's a good thing she was where you are, Dan, or you would add her to your collection. And she laughed a little, thinking of Dan and how he collected people and listened to their troubles and helped them. She missed Dan.

She didn't tell him her two dollars was gone, that she was dirty and tired and homesick. She didn't tell him of the dust, the dust that clung to your skin and ground into your clothes and hair and the dirt that made your face grey and leathery and old. She didn't write of standing on the bally platform like the circus freaks, while the rows of curious faces stared with open mouths.

Every day is like a new page, she wrote. It is as if there is a great excitement and I don't know what will happen. It might be something wonderful and it is so good to be alive. She didn't mention the pointing fingers, the looks, the winks, smiles ... or the hot sun beating down and the rush of feet, the waves of hot dusty people rushing toward her on the platform.

Their feet raised a cloud of dust that grew and grew around her head and settled on her body, her hair, gritted in her teeth. Their eyes stared wondering. Their ears listened.

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

They crowded close, bodies touching, faces upturned, smiling animal smiles. They looked at the banners hanging limp in the dread and the hot sun and peered over each other's heads to see into the dark interior of the tent. There were mystery, horror and excitement and unknown things and a man in a black shirt with pearl buttons who would turn his head and keep half their change between his fingers.

In the morning the penny arcade played its melancholy air, O My Pretty Quadroon. The sound twanged and jerked and hung over the shining morning air. The penny arcade played this song every morning rain or shine of every single day the carnival was open and Sundays when it was not open. You'd think the show people would get tired of that song, hearing it so often like that, but somehow they



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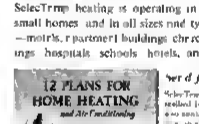
How SelecTemp operates. SelecTemp draws its warmth from a low pressure steam boiler which can be located in any part of the home or basement. Steam flows to the SelecTemp heating units in each room through flexible copper tubing, smaller than your little finger. The same steam that heats the units also drives the small steam turbines that turn the fans. Room units have no electrical connections.

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they never seemed to, Jennie thought.

The fresh chew was the first to open being a big attraction and the one most likely to attract the stragglers who always hung around, even early in the morning Jennie could see the pinheads wandering about not knowing where to go exactly, because they were imbeciles and had to be led to their corner in the pit The dwarf who ate fire and who got drunk most every day would be shoving in back of the fresh tent and the fat lady complaining because someone had stolen her pink bloomers the ones that were pinned outside the tent to show people how large she was She weighed four hundred pounds but was billed at five hundred Her tiny voice was an oddity coming out of that heavy gross face

The show people began to move about around ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, crossing and recrossing the lot to the cookhouse for breakfast to the office tent to check on the day's change and get round wheels of tickets; to the front of their show tents where they hoisted banners, tightened guy ropes They lashed around to feel what kind of a day it would be to get "off the nut" which meant selling lots of tickets and making a profit, enough to pay their concession, or a washout

They appeared all of a sudden in the morning as if the strains of Pretty Quadroon brought them all out of their little hidden places. They slept in small tents called dressing tents or in the back of the chew tents, or curled up in boxes or wooden compartments, which may be part of an illusion like the box which housed the Bodyless Girl A few slept in trailers or little box houses on flat cars but these were the lucky ones. And still fewer slept in hotels such as the boss and his wife and the top ride men and a few girls from the girlie show Jennie never went into the girlie show

As they filled the cookhouse talking, laughing, griping or joking, they all seemed to have one thing in common and it was this they were all together in the business of getting money out of a gullible public The knowledge seemed to hold them together, weld them, give them an assurance a swaggering self-confidence that set them apart They were never fools or suckers or dudes They wouldn't get taken out they. They were shrewd, clever, hanging their knowledge and their toughness to them as a loved thing The men had a bravado look about them and a cross between appearance as if they knew all there was to know and found it revolting and amusing and bitter The women had bright, hard faces, their eyes outlined in black paint, their eyebrows thin, arched, giving them a questing owl look Their mouths were red as blood matching their nails and their hair ran to blond, blond-red and red

Their voices were like no other voices in the world with a peculiar raucous quality somewhat like a parrot and like parrots they called out phrases that had little meaning to anyone but themselves. There was a satisfaction a unity in saying the words, "How's scoff" "gimme a stackadry" "two in the water for three" each up you finhes" this was how they talked and ordered breakfast They called money jits, deemers, kuters, fin sawbuck their language had an underworld flavor When breakfast came they ate it, elbows on the counter, faces drooping with weariness, eyes blank and lustreless. They prided themselves that they stuck together against the yokels Yokels were dudes or suckers or marks and their function was to be taken And these were the boys who could do it.

WHEN THE yokels came they walked down the centre of the carnival lot, slowly, around in a circle, looking at the banners, the barkers, pausing to stare curiously at the dancing girls or freaks or animals led out to back up the barkers claims that this was The Greatest Show On Earth

There was a mystery here and excitement for the yokels, and the sleek dark men in the black shirts with white pearl buttons set in the high boxes and said "Count your change madam" Their voices drawled it, urging the woman to make sure she was not cheated and they counted it out in the palm of their hands. The women smiled at them and they at the women and when the women turned away clutching their tickets the men in the black shirts with pearl buttons had their change clinging between their fingers.

Of these one was young and dark and very beautiful and the muscles rippled in his back He was like a lion or a panther, all lithe grace and tanned skin and blue eyes shining with secret mirth. His name was Moe and he was one of those who sold tickets He was pleased with it, glad of it and of all the men with black shirts and turning palms, none was so glad as he, for to get the better of someone meant that you could not be hurt

Jennie cut a hole in the canvas tent to watch him so he wouldn't know that she watched and she admired his strength and the strong hard arms, the muscled shoulders. He sang in the thin morning air as he brought the heavy hammer down on the big iron spikes. It was child's play for him work that tired out the men on the lot till they were grey with fatigue and glistening with sweat. He didn't speak much just smiled because his smile answered for him It was the smile of a child shy, asking to be liked It made him look like a little boy There were women who knew about the smile and found it treacherous Jennie didn't think he was treacherous. She only knew that he was beautiful and when he smiled she felt sorry for him This must be how Dan must feel when he brings home someone who needs help

He hated his name his real name, he told Jennie and asked her to call him Mac

"Moe" she said softly and smiled at him and listened to her heart and felt little tremors over her skin and thought "I must be in love"

He wore the black shirt with pearl buttons that was almost a uniform of the carnival and a hat pulled low on his dark forehead Only the incredible eyes, blue, fringed with sooty lashes looked out from under the brim and smiled and teased and offered When he asked Jennie to go for a walk she consented and they walked away from the lot down a leafy street till they came to a path

"Let's sit down for a while" he said And Jennie sat down, carefully arranging her skirt to cover her legs and smiled at him. He was very handsome His teeth in the red lips and the tanned skin were white and even and strong He put the strong hard arms on Jennie's shoulders and she shivered. He muttered something in her ear which she did not understand She smiled at him again

Jennie felt the dream in her of the magic life and love and wonder Was this love? This swift brutality, this bruising of arms and crushing of mouth? What did he want? He was strange, strange He was very beautiful and his strength was a call to her But she did not like the seeking the urgency the smile in his eyes.

Why? why? He was baffled persistent, reaching out for Jennie's arm

She looked at him. He looked dark



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and ugly and she wanted to run. He called after her. She ran crying, running swiftly over the hard earth, through the shadows of the great trees. She was afraid of him.

He caught up with her panting and calling her name. "You're just a kid, aren't you?" he said.

Jennie didn't answer and looked at the ground longing to be away...anywhere as long as it was away, away from the rippling muscles of the shoulder through the thin shirt, the strong brown arms, the red mouth and the eyes that laughed. She squirmed out of his grasp.

"How old are you?" he demanded. "How old?"

She looked at him through tears and in misery and fright, said, "I'm sixteen."

He took her arm. "Come on," he said. "I'm taking you home."

It was nice walking home to the lot, with no kissing, no arms, no roughness. He talked about the town...about his home town, his family.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know you.... And he teased. "I bet you don't even know where babies come from."

Roughly he drew her to him, tilted her face, kissed her.

"You mustn't do that," Jennie told him, as if she was talking to a child.

"Aw.... I didn't mean any harm," he said. "After all, you're with it, say," he looked hard at her. "you're hap... aren't you? I mean, you know."

Jennie wanted to cry again. The strange words, the crazy actions, the roughness, the kiss. Why couldn't he just talk to her? She liked him if he would just talk to her.

He stopped her on the path and tilted her chin again. "Did you know what I said... back there... what it meant?"

Her eyes filled with tears. She knew it was something urgent and ugly and cruel. She hated its savagery. Its sound.

"Of course I do," she said, turning her head so he would not see that she did not.

He laughed shortly. "By God, I don't think you do. By God!" And he threw back his head and laughed loud and strong. "I'm sorry kid." He exploded with laughter, wrecked with it.

THAT NIGHT Jennie stole out of her tent and danced, naked on the grass. There was a moon that brightened the dark sky fitfully. All the lot was asleep and she peered out into the dark to see if she was alone. "This is how prehistoric women must have felt. God, it was good to escape clothes, to escape bodily. She ran at top speed through the night, down a long length of grassy slope and fell, laughing, to the ground. She took deep breaths of the green dampness and felt giddy and drunk and amazingly happy. She smiled and looked around her with delight. My eyes are glittering. I bet they are shining in the dark—like an animal's.

She danced...alone there in the night, until she was tired and then she lay down again and laughed softly and patted the earth and hugged it and felt and that the beautiful moment couldn't endure forever. "I have found it. The magic life." She felt one with the wind and the night and she rose on tiptoe and sang aloud. "Thank you, God." Then she went back reluctantly to her tent and crawled into her blankets and slept.

It was not long before the word got around the lot that they had a green kid on their hands. Jennie was warned by the boss not to leave the lot without permission to stay away from the carnies and to "keep your nose clean."

The big raw-boned woman who had slapped Dan on the back ordered Jennie to play crib-bage with her.

"Ever play cards, kid?" she demanded.

She was huge, as big as a man, with a man's voice and a man's stride. She was wearing a nurse's uniform and called out the grind in the freak show.

"Come on kid."

And Jennie sat down and tried to play cards though she had never played and didn't like it. But when she wanted to leave the woman stopped her cursing.

"Skunked you that time, kid!" she would roar and slap her great thigh with her man's hand.

"Come on kid, we'll have another game." And Jennie wouldn't stay.

In the daytime there were screams and squeals heard from inside the giant caterpillar, from the whip which tore around at neck-breaking speed, lifted stomachs and twisted limbs and tore breath away and made the riders scream with fear and delight.

And the money tinkled into the tin trays.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry! You haven't seen the freak show yet—or the dancing girls! The daredevil who risks his neck twice a day diving from a ninety foot ladder.... hurry! hurry! hurry!"

"In this tent, ladies and gentlemen, you will see what is undoubtedly one of the greatest wonders of the world.... or of our age, or for that matter of any age known to man.... this little lady, ladies and gentlemen, has been taught to shake and shiver every muscle in her entire body...since childhood."

A boy poured a pail of water in a barrel disturbing the two halves of orange that floated there.

"Not now, you fool!"

"But I thought.... you told me to keep the barrel filled with water."

"Hurry, hurry! hurry! Ice cold orangeade folks.... cooling drinks folks.... fresh pure orange juice folks, freshly squeezed from California oranges folks, only a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar.... step right up and get your orange juice! Four? Thank you sir! five? Yes madam, coming right up. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

All around Jennie everybody was screaming to hurry...hurry and cash in, hurry and eat, hurry and see, hurry and win a watch...hurry, hurry, hurry. And the smiling barking men in the canvas aprons with the hats tilted back on their sweating heads pressed a toe on a pedal, touched a lever with a finger, handed out baseballs, hoops, guns. The money clinked and jingled in their pockets and in the canvas aprons and on their counters. The money clinked on the little wooden shelves and the tin trays of the cages where the ticket takers sat.

The calliope screamed and the ferris wheel went madly around and around, its lights blazing, its music wailing and the money tinkling, falling, clinking in the little tin trays.

The wooden horses raced round and round in answer to the call "hurry...hurry, hurry." They chased each other round and round, never catching up and the old man with the paunch stomach and the tired face stood picking his teeth and dozing by the organ in the centre of the carousel.

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

TEAR DOWN night the darkness was filled with the high keening cry of the train, moving slowly with agonizing creaks on a rusty track. It was like a gigantic animal grunting in the darkness, complaining of the load, anxious to be gone.

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whole lot soothed with moving men, running men, shouting men swearing men. Women carried bundles of costumes, a canary in a cage, a lap dog, a radio or luggage. A truck got stuck in a mud hole and the searchlights played on it while men sweated and strained and shouted with the effort of loosening the mired wheels.

Jennie walked amid the noise and confusion in the dark, her pack on her back, a suitcase in one hand and a flashlight in the other. She spoke briefly to some workers. She called out a "Hello" or a "Hi" or waved the flashlight in answer to a greeting.

"Hiya kid!" they called. "Take it easy, kid. You'll last longer." they called and their coarse laughter followed her as she walked on her feet stepping lightly on the dark grass, stepping carefully so as not to trip over a cable or fallen tent poles or the great eight foot stakes.

"Get a lift? Hey kid, get a lift?" they called and when she shouted "No" they called "Hurry up, throw it up here," and strong hands would seize her bedroll and the heavy suitcase and throw them on top of the truck. It was against the rules they said but what the boss didn't know wouldn't hurt him. She would ride to the train perched high on top of the loaded truck seeing the lights of the ferris wheel, the lights of the games and the shows and rides blink out and the whole vast life that was the carnival die again.

Only the cookhouse was still intact and it was crowded with the carnival folk drinking hot coffee eating a snack and talking about the town, the lake, the tough breaks.

"Ended up on the rut in this sheep town," they said. "Thought we were gonna have a damn hey rube when George took that farmer. Was he mad!" The speaker, a stocky freckled redhead wiped his chin with a freckled hand and roared with laughter.

Jennie had protested once at the talk. "It was mean," she had offered. "He was an old man."

Great gusts and roars of laughter. "Pipe the kid. ... mean she says!" And they threw back their heads and laughed. The laughter chuckled in their throats, warm with the coffee, and gurgled up from their stomachs, encased in hand-made chaps, held in by hand tooled leather belts with buckles carrying their initials. They pounded the counter and hollered, "Joe Joe, where's my coffee?", "...stacka dry" they called ... "stacka butter Joe." They piled pancakes on their plates and crowned them with fried eggs and poured thick brown syrup over the whole and dug into them, elbows on the counter, mouths dripping and laughing, eyes hard and watchful and full of laughter.

Mitzy, who ran the crown and anchor board, came in amid cries and greetings.

"Hi Mitz! How's Red?" they called, and the questions evoked more coarse laughter and jokes Jennie didn't understand. Mitzy ignored them. Her face was thin, severe, topped by bright hair as bright as brass in the sun. Her eyebrows soared in perfect moon discs over small eyes. Her eyes were slitted and angry and watchful. A bright green scarf was knotted at her neck and tucked into her blouse. Her hands, white, shining with rings and red nails that were long, claw like, patted her hair, smoothed her lipstick and she eyed her face critically in a small mirror.

Her voice when she spoke had the gravelly sound of all of them as if they had yelled themselves hoarse.

"Gimme two in the water for three," she told Joe the cook and when he said smiling, "Comin up," she rasped out "Make it snappy Joe." Her thin lips quirked into a small smile, the eyes were amused. She made Jennie uneasy.

"Kid," she said, looking at Jennie with those hard angry eyes, those pale blue eyes with yellow lights, "you know Monty has a crush on you."

When Jennie did not answer, she said "You could take him to the cleaners. There was something gentle in her face. Jennie couldn't decide what it was.

Jennie smiled, drank her coffee, looked around her. Monty had not spoken to her. He was big, quiet. He ran the rides. When she saw him he looked sadly at her through thick glasses and smiled. His eyes seemed to pop out of his face because of the glasses. Jennie thought he was terribly old. Mac was different.

"He might even marry you." Mitzy was saying. Jennie hadn't heard her but she turned startled at this and said, "But ... but I don't want to marry him."

"You could take him kid. He's nuts about you."

Jennie didn't know how to reply. They're kind of funny. Don, these people. They're not like us. Only Mac.

"That wouldn't be right," she murmured, not knowing how to express what she felt about all of it.

Mitzy grunted. "Huh," she said and began to eat her boiled eggs. She didn't speak again.

TEAR DOWN night were the best of all for then all the raucous screaming noises of the carnival had died away. The calliope was silenced, its hysterical throat silenced, the engine of its car steaming in the dark, the painted sides with the gold letters gleaming dully in the dim light.

The merry go-round was a skeleton, the horses standing lonely and quiet on their wooden platform. The roof was gone from their gay noisy house. The great organ that ground out the tinkling trashy tunes was quiet. The steel skeleton of the ferris wheel rose up into the air. Hammers pounded on iron, on wood, ropes came unfastened and lay like great snakes coiled on the damp summer earth.

The fronts of the games were closed down and the lights showed behind the canvas. All the activity behind the canvas was shrouded, hidden from sight. Only the voices, talking, laughing, calling, meant there was someone there, counting money, packing stock, tearing down counters and wheels and carefully packing the "gimmick" which meant the game would always make money and the farmer would lose his savings.

The banners with their poor painted faces and bodies of freaks, the double-bodied baby, the pinheads from Africa, monsters, snakes, the fat lady, the thin man, the India-rubber man ... all of them were somewhere, mysteriously gone, vanished, never seen, except on the platform in the bright hot sun when the barker waved his megaphone and his voice soared, shouted, "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!"

Inside the tents the grass grew, trampled from the feet, but lifting again as the tents were moved and the men shoved down. The dwarf staggered by. He had been drinking again. Cuddles minced by, smiling at some secret knowledge.

Jennie thought the carnival was like a great beast, vast, sprawling noisy, gutted with light and color and screaming, lying down, settling itself to sleep for a while, so it could rise again with more screaming and calling and devouring.

It is not quite ... not quite ... the magic life after all, Dan. It's strange and cruel too, Dan. But it's exciting and I belong. And there's Mac, Dan. I wonder if you'd like Mac. I have to go, I have to follow. I want to be loved, Dan. I want to be happy. I think Mac loves me, Dan. *I think I love him too.*

The trucks moved out in a line. The men swore and ran and shouted. The cookhouse, last to go, was folding.

"No more scoff!" the cry went up. "No more scoff!" And Joe the cook removed his great spotted dirty apron and his tall cook's hat.

"Back out you finkies," he told them and they stirred, moved stood up and looked out at the lot, empty now and dark and swirling with papers and sighs and a vast empty loneliness that was clean and quiet and began to smell like spring.

The train kept up its high keening call like a prolonged nervous whistle on a high note. Texas ennui and care and trucks. On top of a truck Jennie was swept out in the melee of trucks and cars and great stacks of canvas and crates and cages swept along with them to the keening treble the train where the gypsies had been camping. The streets were clearing. The crowds of people, dark dots, crawling beneath the lamps of the street, moved slowly. They had to go home. The carnival was over. The noise was stilled. Their pockets were lighter. They would return to houses and children and lights and gardens and work in the morning. The smell of potato chips and vinegar and popcorn was strong and drowned out the night smells, the smell of rain and clouded grass. The cars honked and snaked their way through the traffic. A monkey screamed. A woman laughed. And far away the calliope started up its hysterical screaming on the way to the train, like a wail from someone mad.

The boss walked in long strides everywhere on the lot, pointing with his cane, gesturing with it, poking a man in the ribs or the chest, giving orders in quiet cold tones. He was a big man with a lumbering gait and eyes as cold and blue as agates. His clothes were expensive, made of the



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"Hey, cut that out," Pop said.

"Cut what out?" asked Mom

"Why whatever you're doing to make the lights flicker and dim. Can't even read my newspaper"

"I just turning the iron over to 'Cotton'" Mom wore a little grin.

"Let's see what happens when I plug the kettle in."

"HEY!" The lights went out.

"How you've done it, Pop grumbled "I'll have to put in a new fuse."

"Just a minute" Mom spoke through the blackness, "A new fuse won't do any good. It's the wires that are overloaded They need more help. And it's high time we talked about it."

"I've been reading up on the electricity business" Mom went on "I found out why we have a dim out every time I plug in the iron or the kettle. Like most people we keep buying more electric appliances every year. But we haven't put any more wires in this house to carry extra current for these appliances—no more outlets—

"What about bigger fuses? Pop interrupted

"That's dangerous" Mom stamped "Bigger fuses just let in more current. And the wires aren't built to carry it safely That wastes power—gets the wires overheated Why they could even burn the house down!" "No sir" Mom sounded determined. "We need Adequate Wiring. We're getting an electrical contractor up here—have him put in a bigger fuse box—more outlets—more wiring circuses."

"Circuits," Pop corrected her miserably "Sounds fine—but we just can't afford it."

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best cloth by the best tailors His soft felt hats cost twice the weekly salary of the bear-down men he ordered about They took orders from him with a kind of eager servility He was successful He had money He was their vision of wealth He was a god and could do no wrong *He was smart too.*

A few of the niggers still hung around the rail, gaping curiously at the circus people, staring when they caught a glimpse of the fat lady or the thin man or one of the freaks. They stared enviously too at Jennie and sometimes the men and boys whistled and called "Hey, babe!" Then Mac would be there and look at them with his incredible blue eyes going cold and hard He was good to me Dan Mr takes care of you boss

IN THE train Jennie watched the dark countryside pass by, listened to the rumble of the train and wondered about the new life in town What would it be like What will I see? Oh Dan Dan I am so alive Dan So alive, I can hardly bear it

The gypsies went by the train's window. They had been camped in the empty train while it stood on the track When the gypsies had been in the train it was very dirty and had to be cleaned up before the carnival people could move in. Jennie carried a curtain to put over the day coach seats which she made up into a bed She carried a light mattress to fix up her bed strong soap and clothes and disinfectant to wash the train seat and window sills. The windows were covered with grime, the plush seats stuffed with dust and the floors littered with dust and refuse

The windows washed and dried the wood of the seats scrubbed with soap and cold water, Jennie made her bed with sheets she had washed by hand and dried behind the tent in the hot sun with a small pillow, two warm blankets It made a snug retreat when the curtains were drawn

She looked out the window at the gypsies and wondered about them They were beautiful with their proud graceful carriage their full skirts, their bright-colored kerchiefs and beads They live a magic life I wish I could follow them and speak with them, go with them hear their music, hear the melody of their Romany tongue. Sit with them around a campfire Jennie could hear them from a distance now, singing and laughing and playing music They never mingled with the carnival people It was rumored they stole but the police were never called No one could ever prove the gypsies stole The gypsies smiled friendly, the white teeth in their brown faces. Their eyes were laughing, glinting darkly with merriment.

No, the carnival wasn't just the magic life Jennie was looking for Nor were the gypsies. They were part of it, but not all. Mac Mac She watched for Mac, for his dark head, his smile the strong hands and arms. She would recognize them in all the crowd of carnival men

When she saw him, she waited And he came up to her and smiled into her eyes and took her hand and squeezed it Would the magic life begin with Mac? Oh Mac Mac do you know how I feel?

She looked at him gravely, like a slim child in the moonlight. For a moment Mac frowned and looked at her Her eyes were luminous with innocence and their eagerness for love He hesitated But only for a moment

I got her ailing right out of my hand, he thought. And he took her by the arm and led her away

And Jennie went, listening, willing, and hoping, for the magic of life ★

The Maddest 3 Days In Fishing

CONTINUED FROM EDGE 27

world series which is held over three days each September on the trip This fishing frolic gives Nova Scotia a lot of newspaper ink, thus promoting the tourist industry of the whole province.

When the tournament begins a spirit of high carnival grips Wedgeport. On the tuna dock, aflutter with bunting and the babble of French Spanish and English a kilted piper wants to take boats in from the sea and red-coated Mounties hold back gay holiday crowds It is a time of parties, when Acadian fishermen sip Martinis with Brazilian coffee kings, when a Cuban tries hard to teach Mme. Jerad Poirier to samba and when Father Adolphe LeBlanc is happy, but not surprised to find a fifty-dollar bill in St Michael's poor box

The tuna tournaments began in 1937 when Mike Lerner and another American, Kip Farrington Jr., thought it would be dandy fun if a fishing team from the U. S. A. met one from the British Empire on Soldier's Rip to see who could boat the most tuna in three days. The first match held on the tail of a hurricane was won by the Empire Since then teams from Cuba, Argentina Brazil, Chile Scandinavia Mexico Venezuela, France and the Netherlands have taken part.

Its directors boast today that the Tuna Cup Match is the biggest game of the sea Them are tournaments with more contestants says Tom Wheeler of Toronto, organizer of the British Empire squad but they're all a parochial Any angler would give his eyeteeth to compete at Wedgeport.

Some very nearly do Bill Saltmarsh a member of Wheeler's 1953 team travelled twenty four thousand miles from east to Pretoria South Africa where he's a locomotive engineer, used up three years vacation time and spent $2,100, his life savings. He didn't get a single bite

Some Sardine, Hey!

Though many anglers spend big money getting to the tournament, while like no Nova Scotian Department of Trade and Industry gladly provide their board and boats for free For the tournament attracts attention—and tourists—to Nova Scotia as a whole. For this reason the department also plays host to a press, radio and TV party of about sixty, mostly from the U S

Their presence accounts for the fact that the Tuna Cup Match which gives Canadian bookmakers less action than mahjong, is one of Canada's best known sports events to broad Each year of this time many foreign language newspapers that wouldn't know Rocket Richard from Varsity Stadium carry daily reports on the doings at Wedgeport and pictures showing men beaming beside dead tuna four times their own weight, captioned

¡Olé! ¡Que pesca!
Quel poisson!
Wunfur ein Fisch! or
Some sardine, hey!

Though Wedgeport owes much of its prosperity to the tuna tournaments the job of conducting them doesn't fall on the village All details are handled by a ten man board of directors made up largely of U S sportsmen and headed by Wilfred Douphinee Nova Scotia Minister of Trade and Industry It meets each winter in New York to discuss which countries will be invited Invitations are sent to team organizers well known anglers around the globe

The Empire's organizer Tom Wheeler, says, "I try to get men from all over the Commonwealth who are both good sports and good fishermen. Naturally we want the best" Several years ago talking with a perennial member of his team Major Cyril Frisby VC an English stockbroker Wheeler suggested the name of Philip Monnihan

"He likes to fish" said Wheeler "and just think of the attraction"

"Quite so," said Frisby "But can he fish for big game?"

They checked The Duke apparently was a bluefin man So attraction or not, he was left out

The tuna usually arrive off Wedgeport early in July, fresh from the Caribbean to feed until mid October on the schools of herring and mackerel that for some finny reason abound in Soldier's Rip Close behind come the tuna anglers They fish in fog wind, rain and scorching sun in all but the most stormiest moods. Sometimes, if the wallet holds out, they stay all summer as a Los Angeles couple, Mr and Mrs. John Manning, did several years ago They pulled in forty three tuna—twenty five thousand pounds of it. As is the local custom, they gave their guides the fish—worth more than one thousand dollars at the cannery—and left another three thousand dollars behind in Wedgeport

Good customers like the Mannings would probably never hear of Wedgeport but for the Tuna Cup matches. Early each September the village and environs catch tournament fever Fourteen miles away in the town of Yarmouth whose old Grand Hotel serves as match headquarters, the Tuna is displayed in shop windows, on chinaware, T-shirts, bracelets beer steins and a hundred welcoming signs.

The fever heightens with the arrival of the first contestants They come well prepared One year a Latin American squad brought several beautiful entertainers to sing to them in the boats. In 1953 an American showed up with fishing tackle worth twenty thousand dollars—he caught nothing Last year the Mexicans came with their own stock of brandy, plus a religious painting for Father LeBlanc's church.

After two days of clambakes dances, cocktail parties and practice trips to Soldier's Rip last year's match opened on a Wednesday morning Before dawn after a breakfast of hot porridge and fried kippers thirty-eight anglers met their guides at the tuna dock in Wedgeport. A Venezuelan came by carrying a huge thermos of coffee in one hand a bottle of rum in the other It can be chilly on the water To a Mexican he said, "The wind, I am from the west."

"That is good" the Mexican replied "When it is from the east not even the cows give milk Good drink!"

The Venezuelans needed some This was their third match and they'd caught nothing thus far but colds

It was still grey when thirty boats swung away from the dock, one by one and headed for open water, each flying the national flag of its angler High in the bow and low astern painted blue to match the sky, they dipped their blunt snouts into the waves rose and fell shuddering because their propellers were out of the water Ten miles offshore just beyond the bald Tusket Islands, lay Soldier's Rip where swift running tides falling over an ancient chasm keep the water boiling almost constantly The Acadian skippers pointing into a six knot tide, put their engines ahead six knots The water rushed by and except for the lift of the waves, the boats stood still, waiting

Sharp at 7 a m the judges' boat fired a small cannon, forty-two 18ten lines reeled out in a singing whine and the match began Some teams, like the British Empire had six men on the rail, two men and two lines to a boat The French, with only three anglers, were also allowed six lines—two apiece from three boats Scoring was on the basis of a point a pound for the total catch plus two hundred bonus points for the largest catch each day, for the biggest tuna each day, for the most fish taken in the match and for the largest single tuna of the match

On the stern of one boat Juan Bautista Arismendi of Caracas Venezuela, settled back in a wooden swivel chair for the long wait A short stocky man with thick horn rimmed glasses, he had already set through two complete tournaments without catching anything From a stout five-foot rod socketed into his chair Arismendi's 127 pound test line trailed a string of whole herring—teaser bait while under his three gaffers threw small chunks of fresh herring into the wake forming a "chum" slick to attract the bluefins

Then just as he was about to light a cigar a gaffer shouted Two hundred feet astern the sharp knife of a tuna's dorsal fin cut the slick The tuna was up for breakfast While the chummer threw over bigger hunks of herring working up to a whole fish Arismendi reeled in his line In place of the teaser bait he put on a large mackerel with a three inch steel hook for a keel He slowly slipped this lethal meal back to the bluefin. It skipped along the surface as though alive

Suddenly Juan's pole jumped His reel screamed as the tuna struck In a heavy leather and rubber vest hooked to his reel, Arismendi was literally harnessed to his fish The first rush was

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What tempts a tuna? Minced herring and seltzer tablets foxed one onto a hook

a long one—two hundred and fifty yards—and the Acadian skipper was quick to follow, or Arismendi's line could have melted off in seconds and snapped like a cobweb. He shifted the boat's position just as Juan would have walked up or down stream with a salmon.

Juan saw nothing of his fish for the tuna wastes no energy in flashy leaps. He only felt it pulling against his back. "It feels big," he said. "I think." At the end of its first run the tuna dived deep, to rest, maybe to think. Teeth gritted, Juan rocked back and forth with his rod, pumping and reeling, gaining ten yards, then losing fifty, trying to pull his fish up again. With one gloved hand he fingered the pulsating line, sensing each twist of the tuna, gauging when to take in line and when to surrender it. In fifteen minutes the glove was worn out and he jammed on another.

Juan's fingers and the lessening pull against his back told him his fish was coming up. So soon? He kept the line taut, without an inch of belly. Suddenly the bluefin wheeled off in another direction and a guide, standing beside Arismendi, ducked to his knees as the line swished by. Again the fish went deep and once more Juan began the [illegible] reeling, trying to show it that only by coming up could it escape the nagging pull. The strong, patient angler can exhaust a big fish; the skilful man breaks its spirit, as a cowboy tames a wild horse.

A 400-pounder is Not So Big

At last a fin and tail broke water about thirty yards from Juan's boat, describing a circle around it. The tuna was resting, seeking strength for another dash but the Venezuelan, himself aching with fatigue, allowed it no peace. Pulling, cranking, he drew the weary bluefin closer to the boat. When it was alongside, two of Arismendi's guides raised sharp barbed gaffs high and plunged them into the great fish's sides. It thrashed and the water turned blood red but the gaffs held. With the gaffs and a rope circled through the tuna's heaving gills, they pulled it [illegible] and died. The fish looked unreal, as if cast of rubber. Juan climbed out of his harness, clapping his hands and yelling, "Hey! Hey! Hey!" It has taken him only thirty minutes to beat his first tournament tuna. But then it wasn't very big—not much over four hundred pounds.

Elsewhere on the rip much bigger fish were being caught. José Fuentes and Mouncie Guerra of the Mexican team hauled in 582- and 686-pounders. But the biggest, after a fight of seventy-five minutes belonged to American Joe Gale. It went 783 pounds.

At the end of the day the fleet headed home to Wedgeport where a big crowd lined the tuna dock to see the catch weighed in. All Dr. Carlos Brink of [illegible] two-hundred-dollar rod, snapped at the two-inch-thick base like a matchstick. But Juan Arismendi was all smiles. Beaming broadly, he posed for a picture with his wife, his beautiful daughter and his beautiful bluefin. "Now," said Senora Arismendi, "maybe he will be fit to live with again."

The match goes on for three days, the lead changing hands with almost every new fish, right down to the final gun. Near the end of last year's meet the U. S. team was nursing a slight edge over Mexico when one of its best men, Gale, hooked into a big one. He fought the bluefin for an hour, got it to within ten feet of his boat—and saw it slip away. Estimated at about 650 pounds, it would have clinched the match for the U. S. As it turned out, José Fuentes chanefacedly came in with a baby 233-pounder, landed fifteen minutes before the contest ended, and tipped the scales in Mexico's favor.

Apart from such thrilling finishes, tuna tournaments produce some of the oddest moments in sport. In recent years competing anglers have pulled up rubber boots, beer bottles, lobsters and practically every species of fish. For an hour, one foggy day, Ben Crowninshield, an American yacht designer, fought like the very devil before he found what he had: bottom. Several years ago another U. S. angler, Lou Marron of New Jersey, hooked the real thing. A few minutes later his boat caught fire. When another drew alongside, Marron hopped in, still fighting his fish. Then the engine of the second boat conked out. Marron finally landed a five-hundred-pound bluefin from a third craft. But it wasn't worth a point for the tournament rules [illegible] anglers to assist one another in fighting fish from the same boat.

Marron lacked what tournament veterans rate as fifty percent of the battle—luck. They court good luck in many ways, from burning holy candles in Wedgeport's Roman Catholic church to taking nightly bubble baths—as Dr. Guillermo Machado, of Venezuela, does—to throwing money into the sea: a cent for the right wind, silver for the right fish. Most anglers use conventional bait, but others have been known to decorate their herring with chicken feathers, banana skins and dollar bills. The queerest bait was used, successfully, by Frederic Chateaubriand of Brazil several years back: minced herring and seltzer tablets wrapped in a bar net.

A shortage of herring for bait in the 1947 match caused the tournament's zaniest episode. On the night before the meet opened Major Cyril Frisby, VC quietly went around the town of [illegible] sardines he could find. Next day, instead of using herring to form an eye-catching slick in their wakes, the Empire boats trailed sardine tins, punctured to let olive oil seep out.

It was a brilliant stratagem, but the Empire's anglers lost out—and all because one of them had *too much* luck. In two trips Murray Holden, of Shelburne, N.S., boated one tuna of 571 pounds and another of 971—the biggest ever taken before or since in a tournament. But this trouble was that in a burst of goodwill the British had loaned Holden to the Cubans, who were shorthanded, and almost single-handedly he won the match for them. "We were crazy to let him go," says Tom Wheeler, the Empire organizer, [illegible] to do."

Sportsmanship is a sacred law at the tuna tournaments and only once, to official knowledge, has it been violated. An American and a Cuban were both fighting tuna from nearby boats a few years ago, and when the Cuban's line came near his boat the American cut it. The Cuban didn't hoist the red protest flag usually used to each angler but when the

(Continued on page 52)

Business Notes

By PAUL STEINER



Thomas Connelly of Edmonton is wondering if he's in the right business. The other day he grabbed a man about to make a suicide leap from a bridge spanning the North Saskatchewan River. Some months ago he did the same rescue act at another local bridge. Connelly is an undertaker.

A Montreal lingerie shop prominently displayed this sign: "Even if You're Built Like a Horse We Have the Right Foundation for You."

Two bandits entering a Montreal bank handed a note demanding $2,000 to a female teller. "Banks don't do business that way," snapped the clerk, beat it. And they did.



After being arrested on charges of stealing a pair of $1.50 glasses from a department store in Hamilton, Ont., man said he took them only to see his way out of the store.

Under Saskatchewan law beer parlors are now permitted to sell vegetable juices.

When a Duncan, B.C., millworker was discharged because he nibbled a cookie before his luncheon break had arrived, his fellow workers went on strike. Arbitration followed and management gave the man his job back. But the arbitration board agreed that the man did start to eat lunch early.

A Montreal bakery now offers a two-tone loaf, intended for people who like both white and brown bread. It's sliced bread, neatly wrapped, nine slices of white and nine slices of brown, both in a single package.

In the House of Commons the complaint was aired that some of last year's potatoes imported from the U.S., were dyed red, polished with wax and sold to housewives as new potatoes.

A recent survey of top Canadian executives discloses that in the secretarial line they prefer a young woman of the "clothes horse," movie-queen type to the "Girl Friday" variety when it comes to receptionists.



A Windsor, Ont., bakery put up a new sign: "Pies Like Mother Used to Bake Before TV."

The electrical industry, which for decades has used rats, rabbits and ferrets to facilitate pulling cables through large conduits, has now replaced the agile rodents with a mechanical substitute which is easier to handle and need not be fed.

In Hamilton, Ont., thieves broke into a drug store and made off with nothing but two dozen bottles of castor oil.

A short, meek looking man walked into a Toronto mortgage company office and shoved a note to a teller demanding: "This is a holdup. Make it fast." The teller glanced at the note, turned to the teller beside her and asked: "What should I do?" The man fled.

Nobody was able to explain how a live fox got under the counter of a Montreal fruit store, but police were called. Two constables lassoed Mr. Renard and took him to the SPCA.



A Toronto shoe repair shop changed the sign in the window reading "Repairs While You Wait" to "Repairs While You Rest." Business boomed.

Sign on a bankrupt Quebec City store: "Opened by Mistake."

DRAWINGS BY KEN ZEALLEY



American's team mates heard of the incident they dropped him from the meet. He hasn't been invited back

Only once, in fact, has a protest flag been flown over the rip—by an Empire man, Louis Mowbray, of Bermuda When the judges saw it they hurried over anxiously "horrors! true sportsmen just don't squawk

"I went to complain about these Nova Scotians," Mowbray shouted across the water

Which Nova Scotians?"

"The tuna They won't take my hook"

Apart from the line-cutting episode, there have been only two other embarrassing incidents in the tournament's history. In 1953 four Philadelphia men, mading that the match was about to begin hopped a plane, came to Wedgeport and tried to enter as "the Polish-American team Uninvited, they were turned down. On the opening day of the tournament they were walking along the Yarmouth waterfront when one of them spotted a fin moving around in the harbor They piled into an old dory and set out with nothing but two pitchforks, two bottles of rye and some rope An hour later they brought in a five hundred-pound shark. The best forty-five big game anglers did that day was one 158-pound baby tuna

They'd been put to shame once before On the eve of the 1951 tournament with many of the world's most experienced anglers on hand at Wedgeport a retired San Francisco banker named Harvey Teller came in from the rip with a 932 pound bluefin, the largest ever taken at Wedgeport and the second largest landed by rod and reel in the world When the contestants crowded around to congratulate him, Teller dumbfounded them further by saying, "Boy! Biggest thing I ever fished for before was a—let's see now—a salmon!"

Teller's fish is surpassed only by a 977-pounder that was taken in 1950 by Commander Duncan Hodgson, RCN, of Montreal a frequent competitor in Tuna Cup matches. Ten feet long, eight feet around the belt line, it hauled Hodgson his guide and a dory twelve miles in eighty minutes before dying of exhaustion Wedgeport's *pêcheurs* are filled with admiration for the record fish, but it pains them deeply that it was taken in St Ann Bay, Cape Breton

French Kisses for the Winners

Their only consolation is that if Wedgeport hasn't got the biggest bluefin it has the most beautiful During last year's tournament, an ichthyologist from Yale University decided that a 365 pounder taken by Venezuelan Alfred Behrens was the most perfectly proportioned bluefin he'd ever seen. He took a plaster mold of its shape and sent it back to Yale there to be enshrined in a projected Hall of Fishes as the Marilyn Monroe of tuna

The prize for the three-day tournament is the Alton B. Sharp trophy a large silver basin donated by a Boston steamship line owner It has been won three times by Cuba twice by the British Empire the U. S. A. and Mexico and once by Chile It is formally presented at a big Saturday night banquet in Yarmouth at the Grand Hotel when the winners fill it to the brim with champagne and pass it around to all competitors.

On occasions such as this the Mexicans wear sombreros made of carnations and the French congratulate the winners by kissing them on both cheeks while an organist pounds out the anthems of all nations concerned It is also the time when the contestants pay off on side bets. In the last three years one American has picked up ten thousand dollars this way

Most of the men and women who come to Wedgeport to battle the bluefins are well heeled folks who have the time (definition) and money to roam around looking for sport For instance one frequent visitor, Alfred Glassell Jr., of Texas spent thirty-five thousand dollars on a fishing trip to New Zealand a few years ago But Nova Scotia tourist officials stoutly contend that tuna fishing isn't necessarily a game for the wealthy Any four people who have fifty two dollars among them and happen to be in the vicinity of Wedgeport can charter a boat and gear and throw off their cares for an exciting day Wedgeport's *pêcheurs* will be delighted to take them ★

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Anybody Eats Here Free

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

In spite of the fact that Zeidman has no agents soliciting donations and has only advertising consists of a weekly notice in Toronto's three daily newspapers an annual news letter to past contributors and his speeches to organizations the mission draws annual donations valued at one hundred thousand dollars

Zeidman hands out seventy two thousand dollars for relief. He spends five thousand dollars to operate the mission's summer camp for needy mothers and children near Caledon, northwest of Toronto and three thousand dollars to maintain a canned goods supply at the mission for emergencies. He pays twenty thousand dollars for administration building upkeep and employees' salaries, which average less than two thousand dollars a year

The mission has twelve employees, four of whom work part time as well as volunteer workers. Regular volunteers include women from Toronto church groups who help serve meals, Miss Edna Sandilone who looks after children of mothers attending the mission's weekly religious service and Mrs Laura Webster, a middle-aged widow who spends five afternoons a week interviewing New Canadians and helping them find jobs. Last year she found work for more than a thousand

Zeidman's wife and two daughters in their twenties work with him in the mission office sharing administration details and receiving people who come for aid. Mrs. Zeidman a quick moving woman of Scottish descent with sharp features grey hair and glasses, plays the piano for mission services and writes hymns several of which have been published In the office, she handles her husband's correspondence and other management tasks, leaving him free to attend to customers

People who come to the mission usually demand to see the director, whether it's about a new pair of socks, a delousing job or a two-dollar donation Some years ago a man brought a crate of oranges to the mission when the director was out Later he telephoned Zeidman to make sure the director knew who was responsible for the gift Zeidman was ashamed to confess he didn't know a thing about the oranges. Since then he has ruled that workers must tell him of every donation and donor that comes to the mission He has always acknowledged money gifts in writing

Zeidman has also asked that an policeman be stationed near the mission or summoned unless a man is too drunk or obstreperous to listen to reason. He will not permit workers to greet customers with What can I do for you?" they must say "hello" or "good day" Workers may not accuse people of taking advantage of mission aid nor may they turn needy people away simply because the mission must go out of its way to fill their need.

Recently a strugly haired girl of eight came to the mission for a new pair of shoes. There were none in her size so Zeidman ordered that a new pair be bought especially for her Within a few hours seven little girls of the same age were at the mission door begging for new shoes Five were found to be needy and five pairs of shoes were bought.

Often on his way home from the mission at night Zeidman has felt a tug on his coat sleeve and heard the pleading voice of a hungry man He has always reopened the mission and

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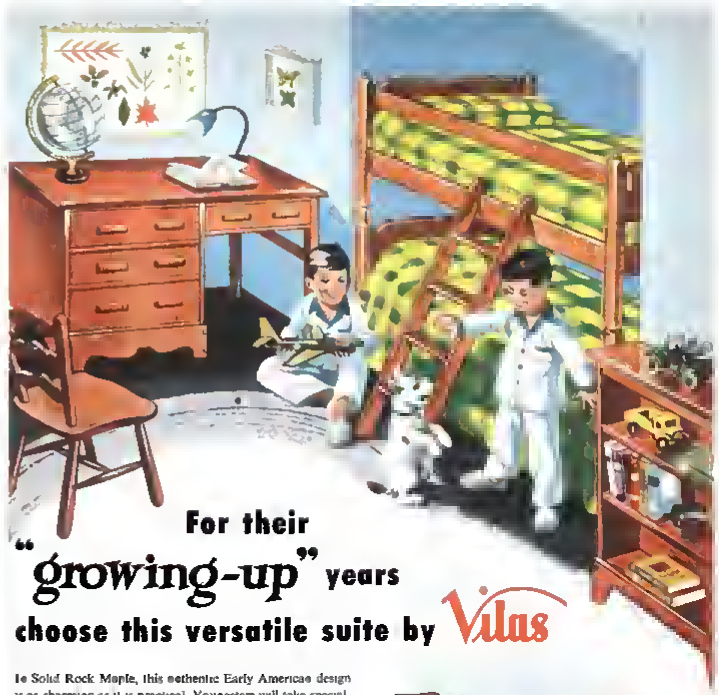
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takes the man to the kitchen where he's made him a ham sandwich or heated some tinned spaghetti.

Although the mission windows are dotted with Bible verses and religious pamphlets are displayed in the dining room there is no compulsory religious observance apart from the grace said before each meal. Still, close to one hundred men attend the hour of worship before the first meal on Sundays, one hundred and forty children go to the mission Sunday school and another forty are enrolled in a Sunshine Class held after school on Fridays, and sixty women come to the religious service Thursday afternoons.

Each day Zeidman's mail brings letters from people asking him to pray for them or to give them advice. He also hears frequently from people he has helped in the past.

Four years ago Zeidman found a job for an Austrian and later heard that the man was in a Toronto mental hospital awaiting deportation. The director visited him regularly, took full responsibility for him on his release, so that he could remain in Canada, and found him another job. Three years later the Austrian wrote Zeidman from a British Columbia logging camp, thanking him and enclosing a five-dollar donation.

Recently a Toronto businessman telephoned Zeidman and made an appointment to see him. When he arrived, an 6-foot tall and expensively dressed, he handed the director twenty-five dollars. Zeidman thanked him and asked his name for receipt purposes. Tears came to the businessman's eyes. "Don't you remember me?" he asked. "Not long ago I ate all my meals here."

He wasn't by any means a typical case, but not all of the men lined outside the mission are 60-a-day wills. I found that out when I went to Scott Mission and watched a day unfold there. Some of its customers are just down on their luck, some are ill, some have tried but can't find work, some are too old to hold jobs and some need help to stretch pensions.

In the shaggy queue outside the mission at eight thirty in the morning was a dark wrinkled man in his late forties dressed in a soiled blue shirt and blue jeans. He was talking to a tall grey haired companion who leaned against the building with his hands in the pockets of his baggy black pants.

"Pension's all gone for the month," the dark man said.

"How much do you get?" the tall man asked sharply.

"Thirty-seven fifty a month. But I can't work you know. I take fits."

While in the army during the war his skull was fractured in a motor accident. He has suffered from epilepsy ever since. He tried a series of factory jobs, leaving every time he had an attack. Finally he drifted to Toronto where he used his government pension to rent a seven-dollar a week room and depends on the mission for food and clothing.

"Dr. Zeidman's going to get me a regular job chauffeuring," the tall man said. "Haven't held a steady job for four years now. Been drinking too much, I guess. I've quit now though. Did you know I used to be a cop?"

The dark man's eyes grew bigger.

"I'm New Brunswick before the war I got a couple of kids there. I'd like to go back there someday, but not like this."

Farther down the line a strapping twenty-year-old was asking a stooped old timer if he thought the mission would have any odd jobs for him. He said a factory had laid him off the day before his unemployment insurance became valid and he had to get work because his wife was expecting a second baby.

"Sure," said the old timer. "I used to get work here before my arthritis got so bad." He stared gloomily at his twisted hand. "Now I get to live off the old age pension."

Standing silently in the queue away from the knots of gossiping men was a stocky Italian of twenty-two, with long unkempt black hair and snapping brown eyes. He wore a maroon shirt over a soiled white T-shirt and blue jeans. He learned English from soldiers in Naples, where during the war a bomb wiped out his house and his family and a German sniper shot him in the leg. The wound bothers him now as he walks from factory to factory looking for work. In two years in Canada he has worked steadily for only six months and picked up part time jobs the rest of the time. But he was optimistic that he would soon land a job that would pay him a regular salary.

All this time as more ragged men drifted into the line-up workers inside the mission were busy at their morning tasks. The director had already conducted a fifteen minute devotional service for the staff on the mission office at the back of the building.

In the main hall a woman helper was loading tables with plates of quartered Spanish onions, white rolls and fancy sandwiches—pinwheels, banana rolls, and dainty lobster bites. The sandwiches—left over from a party—had been sent to the mission that morning. A bakery had donated the rolls.

The hall looked shabby and cheerless in the early morning light with its dark maroon tile flooring and walls painted half maroon and half pale green. Apart from ten tables set up for the first one hundred diners, the only furniture consisted of a carved upright piano, an old-fashioned radio on legs and a corner bookshelf sagging under the weight of hundreds of hymn books. Rubber plants lined the windows, pots of blue and white hydrangea sat on the piano. On the wall by the door religious pamphlets hung under the sign "Take One."

In the kitchen at the back of the hall a worker was busy piling sliced ham and sliced bologna onto plates. Two giant kettles of water—enough to make fifteen gallons of coffee—were heating on the black six-burner cook stove. Beside it, thirty gallons of potato soup simmered on gas hot plates. The soup was part of a donation of five hundred cases from the Campbell Soup Company.

Downstairs in the basement another woman was sorting clothing from a heap of garments on the floor. This was one of the two afternoons a week when women and children may come in for clothing. (Clothing is given out to men on two other afternoons each week.) Racks and shelves held every type of apparel, from socks to dressing gowns. One rack was set aside for more valuable clothing such as overcoats, suits and tuxedos. The tuxedos go to men with jobs as waiters. Trousers are the most precious item around the mission because they wear out so quickly and, as they have sales value in the used clothing market are often stolen from men in flophouses. Once a man turned up at the mission in a blanket. He'd been robbed and had all his clothing stolen.

At five minutes to ten Zeidman unlocked the mission hall door to admit the first one hundred hungry men. Removing their caps, they shuffled across the room, filled up the tables farthest from the door and sat studying the bread in front of them.

After Zeidman said grace, he brought in a soup tureen on rollers. For a moment the sharp smell of steaming potatoes overcame the odor of onions and unwashed clothing that was spreading through the room. As the director moved from table to table dishing out soup, women followed him with trays piled high with meat and cheese and crackers.

The men ate quickly and hungrily, bending over their food. Many had difficulty chewing, they ripped bits from the rolls and softened them with their soup. They speared onions with their forks and munched cheerfully on the fancy lobster bites.

In fifteen minutes the men were finished. Still chewing the last mouthful they got up from the tables, dropped uneaten buns or bread in their pockets and walked to the door where they helped themselves to loaves of bread or boxes of rolls placed in a carton.

Mission workers spent the next fifteen minutes clearing tables and setting them up for the next shift. In the scullery off the kitchen, two women were washing dishes that would be used again before all the four hundred and one expected that morning would be fed.

Back in the mission office Mrs. Margaret Rowan, the Zeidmans oldest daughter, was talking on the telephone with a man who wanted a part time worker to cut grass and paint cellar. She was an attractive girl in a navy blue sweater, tartan skirt and flat heeled shoes. She had no sooner put down the receiver when a man with hollow cheeks opened the door and shouted. "Any place I can make one or two dollars quick?" She gave him the address of the man who had just called.

"Got a New Club Bag, Doc?"

The next customers in the mission office were men asking for haircuts. Zeidman wrote their names and addresses on forms entitling them to free shaves and haircuts at the Barbers Academy where they would become guinea pigs for student barbers. Three men had no permanent addresses. One had spent the previous night in a flophouse, another in a parked car and the other in the park.

A bouncy little man with a weathered face called to the director. "How do you like my new shoes, doctor? Pants fit fine too." The week before, the man had come to the mission desperate for shoes and trousers. Zeidman finding they were the same size, brought from home some almost-new beige slacks and brown shoes he seldom wore.

"Don't suppose you could get me a new club bag, doctor?" the man went on. "This one's practically rotten. Things have been bad all week. Made only two dollars on cleaning jobs. Look here."

He pulled a raincoat and a ground sheet out of the bag.

"That is what I use for sleeping out. Soon I'm heading over to Leamington to see if I can get some heeing jobs. Sure could use a new club bag."

Zeidman told him to come back the next day and he'd see if he could dig one up.

The director sat down at his desk to open his morning mail. A letter written in pencil on the letterhead of a Toronto jail began: "I am now at the above address and would be pleased to have a visit from you."

A woman wearing a torn coat over a faded print dress came to ask for



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 17 1955



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() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name

Address

City Prov.

M-W-2-3

groceries. Mrs. Rowan took a file card from a box on the counter. "There are seven children in your family, is that right?" The woman nodded. "Your husband broke both his legs last year. Is he still not working?"

"No, he has no work." The woman spoke with a foreign accent. "He is a stone cutter. His company uses Italian stone. There are storms and the ships are delayed, so there is no work for awhile."

Mrs. Rowan called her sister, Eloise Zeidman, a slim dark girl with brown eyes and pale face bare of make-up who brought the woman a bag of groceries costing three dollars' worth of tinned goods.

And so it went all morning. In the afternoon, while helpers distributed clothing to forty women and children, the office staff was busy filling every kind of human need. A German woman wanted to register herself and two sons for summer camp. A couple who had just arrived from Alberta asked for groceries to tide them over until the husband found work. A woman needed four dollars for bus fare to visit her daughter in a mental hospital seventy miles away. Three schoolchildren gave the director two cartons of tinned goods and two dollars—a donation from their class. A struggly haired woman in the last stages of pregnancy ordered a layette. A dozen men came in for liquor or certificates for haircuts. A man deposited two cartons of clothing inside the mission door. Another man, who had recently got a caretaking job through the mission, dropped a two-dollar bill on the office counter and hurried out.

Ten minutes before the mission closed at five-thirty, a man in his twenties burst into the office. "I can have a job in a restaurant tomorrow if I can get a newspaper pants," he said.

"Do you have to have them tonight?" asked Mrs. Rowan.

He explained that he couldn't have the job if he wore his jeans and he had to let the restaurant owner know right away.

"I'll fix you up," said Zeidman, getting up from his desk.

When the director returned from the basement a middle-aged woman was waiting to speak to him about her daughter. Zeidman told his family to go home without him.

It was six-thirty that night before the director arrived home—a nine-roomed house in a central city district that houses five members of his family, including two sons still at school. He just had time to clean up, put on his clerical collar, which he wears only on special occasions, eat dinner and drive five miles to a home and school association meeting at which he was guest speaker. His day ended at midnight, the next world begin before seven. Unlike most people he could not look forward to a week end of rest.

Zeidman suspects he would not know what to do with leisure time if he had any. When he first came to Canada at sixteen he worked ten hours a day in a machine shop and attended night classes to get his high school matriculation.

On week ends he used to drop into the Christian Synagogue on Elizabeth Street in Toronto's Chinatown district. Founded in 1912 by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the mission dispensed free medical care and held social and religious classes for the streams of Jewish immigrants who came to Canada before World War I.

Dr. J. P. MacPherson Scott, convener of home missions for the Presbyterian Church and minister of a city church, took an interest in the bright young Jewish boy. A man of Zeidman's build, with a thin mustache and stern determined face, he spent hours feeding the boy's curiosity about Jesus Christ and convincing him that Christianity was the fulfillment of Judaism. After attending classes and studying scripture for several years Zeidman accepted Christianity, a decision that cost him Jewish friends and disappointed his family in Poland.

Not long afterward, Scott offered Zeidman the opportunity of entering the Presbyterian ministry and working at the Christian Synagogue. Zeidman took it. From the time he started theological training, he was assigned to the mission as a student helper. He was ordained into the ministry in 1925 and appointed missions director in 1926.

While a student he met the daughter of devout Scottish Presbyterians in the city who worked voluntarily at the mission visiting poor families stricken by the flu epidemic of 1918. The mission director married them, and for eight years they lived on the third floor of the Christian Synagogue.

The Zeidmans had their most difficult financial times during the Thirties and Forties. In depression years they fed up to a thousand men a day. The number of unemployed decreased during World War II and public sympathies and savings turned from charity to the war effort.

In 1941 Zeidman broke with the Presbyterian church home missions board which, he felt, was restricting his efforts to expand his charity work. By acting independently, he reasoned, he would have a freer hand to raise and spend money. On its side the board was unhappy about some of Zeidman's preaching methods and, while it favored his charity work, it considered he was spending mission funds unwisely and making unreasonable requests for additional money from the church. The parting left wounds at the time but today the church fully supports Zeidman's work.

The church sold the Elizabeth Street building and did not open another Jewish mission in Toronto. To Zeidman, the break meant he no longer had a salary, a place to live, or a place to work.

Mrs. Zeidman remembers he was shaking and perspiring when he signed a five-year lease for another building this one on Bay Street in what was then mid-town Toronto. He had cashed insurance policies and she had sold a diamond ring and other jewelry to pay the rent and salaries of three employees. The Zeidmans drew no salary the first year and to make extra money Mrs. Zeidman, who fourteen worked after school as a waitress in Kresge's. Five years of careful management and hard work built a successful mission, now named for Dr. Scott and billed as Non-denominational and strictly Evangelical."

In 1948 the mission building was leased at a higher rate than the Zeidmans could match, to a restaurant next door which wanted to add a cocktail bar. Once more on the street, the Zeidmans found the present Spadina Avenue building for sale for thirty-two thousand dollars. They scraped up six thousand dollars—not enough for a down payment—and launched their first and last appeal for funds which brought in four thousand dollars. The owners accepted the ten thousand-dollar down payment with two mortgages and the building was the Zeidmans'. Donations to the building fund came in at such a rate that in two years the debt was paid off.

Today, the man with a mission who broke all the rules, is sitting on the peak of his world—a world built solely on faith. People call it uncanny. Zeidman calls it Providence. ★



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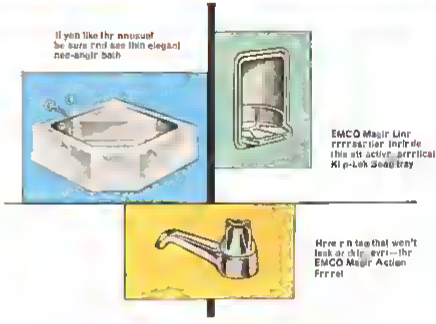
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1955

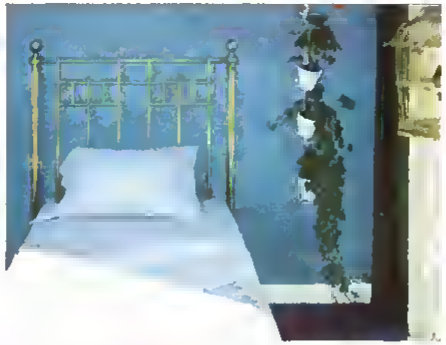
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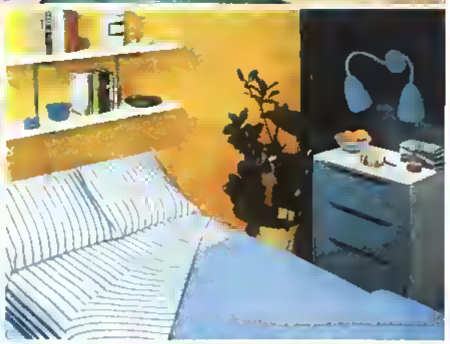


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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

day following the sentencing of Ruth Ellis, the Home Secretary had gone to his room in the Home Office where the case of Ruth Ellis confronted him as the first problem of the day. He could discuss it with the judge who sentenced her, he could talk with psychiatrists, he could study every known fact about the condemned woman, but eventually he alone had to decide whether she was to live or die.

It is a terrible responsibility. No one man should be subjected to such an agony of the spirit. The judge sentenced her to death and was finished with the case, knowing that his sentence might be revoked by the Court of Appeal or the Home Secretary. But for Lloyd George there was no easement of the mind or of the spirit. He is the court of last resort.

Although we have been friends for years I have not talked with him about this case, but I have done so with many others. I did my best, both in conversation and by letters to the newspapers, to try to secure a reprieve. But nothing that I published could compare in sincerity or eloquence with what was written by the columnist Cassandra in the hard-boiled Daily Mirror. On the morning of her execution he wrote in his column:

> The secrecy surrounding her execution shows it compassion is not in us then at least we still retain the dregs of shame. The medieval notice of execution will have been posted on the prison gates and the usual squalid handful of fauts and rubber necks will have had their own private obscene delights.
>
> Two royal commissions have protested against these horrible events. Every home secretary in recent years has testified to the agonies of his task, and the revulsion he has felt toward his duty. None has ever claimed that executions prevent murder.
>
> Yet they go on, and still parliament has neither the resolve nor the conviction nor the wit nor the decency to put an end to these senseless affairs.

How did she die—that is, how did she comport herself?

Let us hear from Dr. Williams, the medical officer in attendance. First, he assures us that the execution was expeditiously and humanely carried out and death was instantaneous.

But the good doctor was not content with that comforting statement. With a dignity that reaches ludicrous solemnity he added: "Mrs. Ellis was in good health at all times and in a fit state of health for execution."

If that does not make the gods laugh on Olympus then there is no humor in them. How comforting to know that we, the community, did not hang a woman who was sickly or suffering from a weak heart or rheumatic fever. Apparently the rope is so fastidious that it would be reluctant to end a life that was not, in the terms of life insurance, a first-class risk.

There was, however, a smell of brandy and it seems that the woman chose it in preference to the hearty breakfast which is usually mentioned in the jargon of judicial murder.

Fortunately, we have the evidence of a second medical specialist—Dr. Keith Simpson, the Home Office pathologist. After the execution he conducted a post mortem. Let us read his expert and comforting words.

> There was a fracture and dislocation of the spine and there was an odor of brandy in the stomach. There were marks of suspension normally apparent, and injuries proper to the judicial execution from which it was clear that death was instantaneous.

There must be many Maclean's readers at this moment who are saying, "Why should we be harried with such horrible morbid details? We have horrors enough in Canada without having to take on British ones."

With respect, I cannot share that view. If I was not the executioner who hanged Ruth Ellis—it was civilized society. We, the people, are the masters and so no can challenge our authority. On that late night in 1946 when in parliament we abolished hanging we lit a candle that the whole world could see. And when that candle was put out there was darkness over the land.

But there is irony in all things. About the same time as Ruth Ellis was facing trial a British sergeant in Germany forced a court martial on the charge that he had murdered a fellow noncommissioned officer and later had married his victim's widow. He too was sentenced to death.

But did he hang? Oh no. He commuted his dreadful crime on the soil of West Germany a state that has done away with the death penalty. So he will live on and, after a term of years, will be a free man again.

Thus we have the Germans advancing along the road of civilization while Britain, Canada and the United States cling to their medieval standards.

But why be illogical about it? If hanging is a deterrent to murder, then why not bring back the thumbscrew, the rack and the *auto-da fé*? If it's deterrents you want, why be squeamish about it?

It's the Innocent Who Suffer

I want to be strictly fair, despite the fact that I hate and denounce the death penalty with all my heart and mind. Therefore let me admit that the outcry to save Ruth Ellis was not wholly logical in view of our silence in other cases where murder was committed by a woman.

The fact that Ruth Ellis was a young and pretty woman may have roused a latent chivalry that is as deep in men as life itself. I had a word with Sir Winston Churchill about it, for during his terms as Home Secretary no less than forty murderers were executed. It was he who gave me that figure.

Naturally I cannot quote him, but knowing his gallantry and delicacy of spirit do you doubt that as Home Secretary he would have been deeply anguished at having to refuse a reprieve to a young and comely woman?

Unhappily the judicial murder of Ruth Ellis does not end with the comforting medical statement that she died in perfect condition. There are always the innocents who suffer and in this case they are her two small children. They are branded for life.

No doubt they will change their name but the shadow of the gallows will be on their thoughts and will haunt them in their sleep.

Well, we shall try again. Regardless of party divisions and party discipline we who are determined to do away with the death penalty—if only for a trial period—will force another debate. And if we do it is almost certain that we shall win the day.

Then Great Britain will take her place with West Germany and the other six countries that have done away with this hideous survival from the Middle Ages and we shall march again in step with civilization.

Perhaps in that little tent of blue that prisoners call the sky we may yet see Christ's Spirit giving light to the stars. ★



10 Seconds

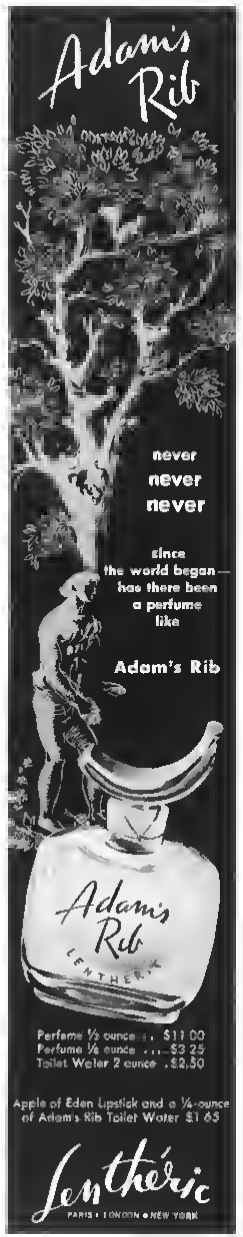
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What It's Like to Kiss a Tiger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

cat jumps to the ground For weeks, ten or fifteen times a day the same start has to be made The cat eventually gets used to the moving object and finds that if he stays on it he is immediately rewarded with a piece of meat.

Once this progress is made—and it will take a month of daily training to do it—the assistant pushes the ball a little farther each day, and gradually the cat walks backward on the ball rolls forward. This is the time to dispense with the fork Now comes the main difficulty. As soon as the cat feels the ball moving away from beneath his paws, he takes a jump that sends the ball flying off the rails, since it is no longer steadied by the fork This will happen ten or twenty times The trainer must stand close to the cat to guide the animal with the meat laden stick just in front of the paws and to touch the paws lightly with the butt of the whip In this way he will keep the cat on the free ball and will succeed finally in leading it on its journey along twenty feet of rail

A good sense of balance in a cat is an invaluable help to a trainer It was essential in the training of my old friend, the tiger Maouzi when I set about teaching him how to ride around the ring on my shoulders Actually when I set out on this experiment the trick was new to both of us and we both had to learn how to go about it.

Every morning for a week, in an effort to start his training in this respect, I made him pet on two stools far enough apart so that in profile Maouzi looked like a living bridge of fur. I tried to fit him on my forearms, passing them beneath his belly. Each time he heaved a deep ominous sigh, and obviously uncomfortable Jeff tried to bite though he showed no personal ill feeling At that time Maouzi weighed some three hundred pounds, and I knew that it would be impossible to fit him in my arms The only solution was to take him on my shoulders.

Toward the end after he had made his bridge, I slipped a noose around his neck At the other end of the rope was an assistant with instructions to pull hard if the tiger attempted to bite me I took special precautions of this sort because I was taking into account the fact that, while I was slucking under his belly Maouzi could seize my head in his paws before I could even see his attack coming

The fence made me safe from his teeth but I could find no protection against his claws I bent my knees and with my head and shoulders under Maouzi's belly, reached up to grasp the loose skin of his neck Then, avoiding any rough or sudden movement I began to straighten myself Maouzi gave a faint snarl as his forepaws left the stool The deadly paws fell heavily against my side but fortunately he did not put his claws out. I remained in this crouching position for several seconds Maouzi half balanced across my shoulders, his forepaws dangling, his hind paws still on the stool I had certainly not found the ideal position If I tried to stand upright I felt that the tiger would slide down my back Going almost to my knees, I managed to get Maouzi's paws back on the first stool and to release myself.

My tiger, who had nearly lost his balance appeared nervous and I had to soothe him for quite a while before I judged him ready for another try I lifted his forepaws first, this time taking one of his hind paws in my left hand Straightening suddenly I found myself completely upright with Maouzi on my shoulders.

The deep sigh he heaved seemed to last for an eternity, but no threatening movements followed The tiger was barely on my shoulders before I felt his heavy almost inert body sliding backward Fearful of falling Maouzi snarled again and put out his claws to save himself One paw tore my trousers to shreds and the other lacerated my thigh At once I bent my knees, then straightened quickly and flung three hundred pounds of tiger over my head I was free

The next day I tried a bolder approach Once underneath Maouzi, I put my head very close to his so that the weight of his body as it hung on my shoulders, came from the chest rather than the belly This was obviously an improvement for when I lifted him in this new way Maouzi's sigh was barely audible. I kept him on my shoulders for about ten seconds, and when I noticed the first signs of sliding I heaved him over my head without waiting for the previous day's damage

Ten days later both Maouzi and I had the trick down pat and the crowds were delighted with our piggy back routine

Like the cats he trains, the trainer is always learning new tricks. I had been working with a lion named Caesar In the act that I had planned I was to put my head in his mouth but the thought that there was nothing to prevent him from closing his jaws while my head was between his teeth chilled me One night I made an experiment in an effort to get him to hold his mouth open for some time so that the spectators could have a good glimpse of his enormous teeth The moment he tried to close his jaws, I used my thumbs to press the sides of his thick lips over his teeth. Caesar realized immediately that he could not close his mouth without biting his own lips, and so he reopened his jaws with a growl As long as I kept up a light pressure with my thumbs he kept his mouth open growling continuously

But training wild animals is not always such a simple matter Men have died learning this. There was a trainer named Mellier, a gentle fellow, a trifle indolent but oblivious to fear or to danger We were in Spain when I decided to let him work with my tigers. I warned him particularly that three of the cats were especially dangerous and that he should never take his eyes off them.

Don't worry, he said, smiling "Nothing will happen to me When I'm alone in the cage on my own, I'll be on my guard"

Don't drive the animals ' I told him "Take the act quietly Later, when you have them well in hand you'll be able to allow yourself a few capers' I opened the door and let him into the cage He moved the animals from their first pyramid, and since everything seemed to be going perfectly I fastened the door, which I had been holding partly open ready to intervene Things are going well, I thought. Mellier listens to what he's told He'll make a good tamer I lighted a cigarette I looked up from the match to see Bengali, one of the dangerous tigers, crouched down from his place and make a sudden spring toward Mellier whose back was turned to him

I gave a cry but it was too late Bengali had seized Mellier by the left leg and was dragging him among the other tigers I dashed into the cage empty handed and ran to the front, shouting, Bengali! To your place!' The moment I arrived behind him, Bengali, hearing my voice let go and withdrew a few paces. The six other tigers by this time had come down from their places and were roaming around us. Painfully, Mellier raised himself from the ground

In the second that followed Mellier's fate was decided Bengali's attack had only been delayed Mellier still had his whip and his stick in his hands and could have defended himself or tried to. But he had an instant of panic which cost him his life Instead of turning to face Bengali—which he could have done even though he was wounded—Mellier lost control of himself He came hopping toward me on one foot, crying "Save me!" At that moment Bengali reared on his hind paws and leaped again Turner and tiger fell at my feet Bengali's teeth were in the nape of Mellier's neck. With another stool I struck the tiger furiously on the head, and he let go But the terrible damage had been done

"The Tiger Has Killed Me"

I finally succeeded in getting the tigers to one end of the cage and taking hold of Mellier beneath the arms got him as far as the door Bengali, rearing had sprung at us once more I upset the big pyramid, blocking the tiger's charge and then whip and stick in hand forced Bengali back. It was only then that I was able to drag Mellier out of the cage

After a few moments he gained consciousness, opened his eyes and murmured a few incomprehensible words He held his bloodstained head in his hands and said, He's killed me I felt everything crack'

Mellier did not speak again.

After Mellier's tragic death I felt that I was the only man who should face Bengali It would be inexact to say that I was afraid that day for if I had been genuinely afraid I would not have worked the tigers at all, especially Bengali, six hours after Mellier's death But I cannot claim to have felt no apprehension.

I was going to avenge Mellier No sooner was I in the cage than I placed the tigers so vigorously that they understood my intentions at once I stayed on my guard, however knowing from experience that a cat lies in wait for an opportunity to repeat an aggressive act I could not punish Bengali for the crime he had committed that morning since he would not have understood such a delayed punishment. My plan was to tempt the tiger and to invite his attack

A few paces away from Bengali I turned my back to him watching him from the corner of my eye I was right the opportunity I looked for to him He still remembered his bloody victory of the morning He came down from his place and leaped at me trying to catch me from behind I turned swiftly and stepped him a yard away with a heavy blow of my club I admit I was glad Caught in the act, Bengali was not to



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escape punishment. It was my turn to be brutal and brutal I was.

All the clubs I had left in the cage were broken; one by one on Bengali's head and lashes came down on him like an avalanche, each cutting deep into the tiger's shining coat. I continued this treatment for two or three minutes until he took refuge in the corner of the cage. We were both out of breath, and Bengali looked as though he understood at last that his attack on his trainer had been a mistake. He had received his punishment and exactly the right amount. He understood the lesson perfectly, so well that when I turned my back on him again but very severely, declaredly prolonging the delay, he did not stir from his place.

But two years later Bengali was to kill again. This time his victim was a trainer named Vanek, a Polish boy. I was in bed at the time with congestion of the lungs. From my room, loitering to the words of command and the cracking of the whip, I followed the different stages of the act from day to day and was able to judge the progress made. Our circus was preparing to move out of town. Vanek went into the cage for a final rehearsal with the tigers.

When I heard the animals come in I thought I noticed some unusual circles of the whip. I reasoned that the tigers had started a fight among themselves. Then a frightful, agonizing clamor arose. It seemed to last an eternity. I sent a boy to the cage for news. He came running back deathly pale.

Vanek, a lot himself, got caught, he gasped. There's no one to get him out.

Shivering with fever, I managed to take a few steps. As I heard a salvo of revolver shots I fell in a faint at the bottom of the stairs.

The Night the Cats Escaped

Later I learned the details of Vanek's death for he was killed that day. Bengali had repeated the deadly attack he had made on Mollier. The cage boy had shouted as Bengali moved in from behind. Vanek turned around, the boy fired a revolver. But it was too late. Vanek got a paw in the face, fell to the ground and was half devoured in the cage.

I suspect that a tragedy of this sort only heightens the secret fear most people share when they watch wild animals at a circus or a zoo and wonder what would happen if, somehow, these animals suddenly broke loose. On a night in May 1925 that fear developed into reality for the people of the small French town of Saint-Amand.

That was the night eleven lions and tigers escaped into the very centre of town when a workman neglected to close a cage door. At the news of the breakout, I rushed into the town square to find a terror-stricken crowd shouting and running in all directions.

One tiger, frightened and confused by the commotion had taken cover under a wagon. He was quickly cornered and caged. Another I was told, had gone into a café. I rushed to the scene. One of the cafés big windows was shattered and there was complete pandemonium as its door spun like a top, casting forth men and women yelling in terror. When I got into the now almost empty café all the tables were overturned and most of the chairs broken. At the back breathless but armchained a lion paced and roared. I recognized Caesar.

In spite of his flashing paws and bared teeth I was able to get a running noose around his neck. A cage boy, trying to get a second lasso around him was ripped in the shoulder and collapsed, his body covered with blood. At last we were able to truss Caesar securely enough to drag him into the street where a cage from the circus waited to take him home.

The dangerous Nero was having more immoderate sport and the Princess Nelly had gone through the window of a modish shop. A tigress had sprung through the window of a butcher's store and another arriving tiger landed in the parlor of a grim old newlyweds who were just on the point of going upstairs to bed. They catapulted up the stairs and locked the door after them. We ran a ladder to their window and brought them down. The tiger remained inside.

Four lions had been sighted together three-quarters of a mile away. It took us over an hour to get four or five lassos around each of them. Then we raced back to town anxious to check the newlyweds' sector as we went by. I can still hear the bride's plaintive voice as she broke into our discussion of strategy. "Do you know, *monsieur*, if Armand and I are going to spend all of our wedding night in the street?"

It was three in the morning. I went into the shop where Nero was hiding. Among some casks I saw a curious object, small, dark and shaped like a curtain tassel. It was the pompon of a lion's tail. I gave it a sharp pull—and Nero leaped through the only window still intact and vanished into the night. The lioness Fanfare scuttled out after him. We followed them for a mile. Nero raced into the Saint-Amand school yard. Fanfare took refuge across a canal.

I returned once more to the newlyweds. My tiger to give him credit, behaved like a gentleman. At the first prod from my fork, he left the upper passage of the house, ran to the dining room and then into his cage awaiting him at the door.

My wrist watch showed five o'clock. I expressed my regrets to the young couple. As we drove away, the young husband called down from the window: "We'll remember this night for the rest of our lives!"

A single blow from the paw of the tigress in the butcher's store my boots and laid my knee open, but then she entered her cage without further resistance. She was fat with ham and pork roasts. The butcher presented his bill in the morning. At the mediste's, Nelly left the sofa on which she was stretched, and which her claws had left in tatters, mewed and allowed herself to be lassoed and caged.

Out at the Saint-Amand school again, I confronted Nero on a flight of stairs. His attacks were particularly savage. I called to the cage boys to bring me two buckets of cold water. I seized one of the buckets and flung it at the lion. The cold water, together with the crashing of the bucket as it rolled down the stairs, surprised him. He hurled himself toward the ground floor and into the waiting cage like a thunderbolt.

We found Fanfare hiding in the bushes by the canal. In the damp and dark silence I stood for a moment to plan my next move. Suddenly she was springing at my throat. I fought her off with my fork. She repeated this plunging attack many times in the next fifteen minutes, and half an hour later she was still defying us.

I spoke to her gently. "Fanfare! Ou ah! Come on, Fanfare. Come kiss your master. Ou-ah ah."

She replied with two or three tentative "ou-ahs." I was two yards from her. She stretched out her neck and then, a little shyly, came to me like a kitten. She rubbed herself against me, nearly knocking me over. I stood beside the open cage door. Tempted by the fresh straw, she went joyfully into the cage and rolled in her own bed again.

Midday sounded from the church of Saint-Amand.

The only other time any animal of mine escaped happened fifteen years later—in Madison Square Garden of all places. Sure that war was inevitable I had accepted a contract from John Ringling North, manager of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus in the United States, and left Europe without delay.

The opening at Madison Square Garden was scheduled for the fourth of April. I had my dress rehearsal in the presence of "a select few" as John Ringling North had suggested. I was disagreeably surprised to see over a thousand guests around the ring, with a score of photographers and a battalion of reporters clamoring for interviews.

I went to the centre cage and had my team of magnificent leopards sent in. Terrified by the noise and confusion, the new surroundings, the music and the hundreds of spotlights blinding them, the animals were exceedingly nervous and I had endless trouble getting them in their places.

One of the black leopards attacked me savagely and I barely escaped being hooked. All at once, with the speed of lightning, an Indian leopard called Bombay leaped to the top of the cage. The overhead net had been badly fitted by the circus hands and, in less time than it takes to write this, the leopard slipped between the bars and out and was out at the cage.

He crouched for a moment, then spotted a gangway and rushed up it. There was a tumultuous panic. The privileged guests took to their heels by the hundreds. I was in the cage with all the cats; there was no question of my taking part in the chase. My assistants went after Bombay with forks, ropes and nets, cornered him in a corridor and caught him in no time. Tied with lassos, he was deposited at the entrance of the tunnel. There, freed from his restraints he was made to enter the cage again and went grumbling to his place, breathless and slightly sheepish. The spectators now thought that a first-class prologue. Little by little they trickled back and once again the photographers' bulbs flashed.

The staging we had planned for the show was dramatic. Three acts would work simultaneously in the three rings, the effect to be heightened by blackouts and concealed lighting. Synchronization was of prime importance and the production problems were particularly difficult, for I intended to give the New York audience an absolutely novel performance. All the properties, the apparatus, pyramids and pedestals on which I grouped my cats had a horizontal surface of unbreakable glass. There were lights of one thousand watts strength, like searchlights, inside each one, and these when turned on would illuminate the cats from below.

Each act consisted of five routines, each routine ending in an ensemble pose. All the animals therefore had to work together to within two seconds for the grand finale. Then the circus would be plunged into total darkness until the searchlights in the apparatus suddenly flooded the groups of cats with light. It was a completely novel act and I felt, genuinely impressive. The New York crowds agreed.

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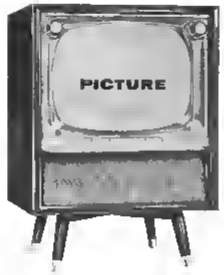




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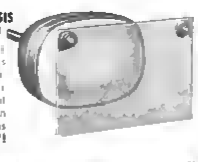
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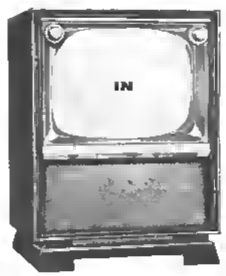


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America went by during which I made a collecting foray into the mountains of Colorado that netted a fully grown puma with its two cubs, a couple of lynxes and other animals. I drove them back to winter headquarters in Florida in a special trailer behind my car.

I was antsy and wanted to retire. Robert Ringling, the new manager of the circus, had finally agreed to buy my animals, but only if I succeeded in producing a certain act for the coming season. It was one that I had suggested, since I knew our new manager could scarcely imagine a circus act without girls and dancing. It was to be a new and mixed group of a dozen leopards—and a dozen girls.

The girls did not come to our training sessions for a long time. Their roles were played by my assistants and cage boys who wore pink tights for the occasion. I must admit that these sessions grew rather hilarious.

When perfection was attained Ringling proudly appeared with his battalion of girls. They gathered around me looking a little pale and plying me with questions. "How shall we begin?" "What should I do if the animals start to fight?"

I replied calmly. "Do just what I tell you and nothing will happen. If an animal springs at you, it is up to me to stop him and that will be done before he gets to you. If the leopards fight, don't move. It is up to me to separate them. The act has been trained with men. All you have to do is take their places and look more graceful than they did, which won't be difficult."

There was a milenza as the girls digested what I had said. I ordered the animals sent in and went alone into the cage to "place" each leopard on its seat. Then one of my tamers took over the animals. I left the cage and took one of the dancers by the hand.

"You go first, Pat," I said, and without giving her time to think I took her into the cage with me. Hand in hand we strolled in front of the leopards who sat motionless a few yards away. Her hand trembled slightly but Pat had real courage. The leopards were accustomed to seeing several people in the cage and seemed undisturbed. When I went nearer two or three of them eyed Pat with much interest and got whacks on the head to remind them that it was I, not the dancers, whom they were to watch. After ten minutes strolling I stationed Pat at the back of the cage, gave her a strong stick to hold, and left her under the supervision of one of my assistants.

Going to the door I told a dancer named Verena that she was to be next. After a few steps she was frightened.

"All your animals are staring at me," she said. "They're going to spring at me."

I measured her swearing that wild animals had an aesthetic appreciation of beauty. She finally made the walk with me in front of the animals and gradually regaining confidence went to join Pat.

On the second attempt each of the two girls was posted next to a man and in effect understudied him. At the third attempt the girls played the parts themselves and the cats worked without taking any notice of them.

The next day there were four girls. Little by little the men gallantly gave up their places. Two routines were mastered, then three and finally the whole act. We called it The Beauties and the Beasts, and the act was an enormous success.

I had completed my agreement. ★

This is an excerpt from M. Court's memoirs, My Life With The Big Cats, to be published later by Simon and Schuster Inc.

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The Most Exotic Meal I Ever Ate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

He wore Arab dress except for Argyll socks and a bright-red necktie. Eighty years old, he is one of the most remarkable characters in all Africa. He is the feudal chieftain of a million Berbers spread over several thousand square miles of the Atlas Mountains country. As Pasha of Marrakesh he is chief administrator for the French regime for much of southern Morocco. His loudness for the French has led to three recent attempts on his life by Moroccan nationalist rebels. He has, it is believed, four wives and four principal concubines. Probably he has twenty or thirty children.

The Pasha joined us and we moved across a courtyard filled with orange trees to another division of the palace where a bar was functioning. Of course the Glaoui—as the Pasha is called—being a Moslem did not drink the cocktails which were of a brilliant pink color.

Dinner was announced by a majordomo who entered abruptly and casually twitched the Glaoui's elbow. We crossed another courtyard and emerged finally into a room big enough to seat two hundred people. The chief colors here were pink, lettuce green, white and purple. The Pasha with a chortle of satisfaction, slid out of his slippers unobtrusively, climbed gaily over a hassock, sat down on a divan, and invited us to sit around him.

Finger Licking Is Bad Form

Guests of a Moorish meal sit on cushions or low divans, with a large white napkin laid over their knees. You may use this, but not too conspicuously, to clean the lips, but not the fingers. You may hold bread in your left hand—the bread is in large soft chunks—but otherwise the left hand is not supposed to touch food, because of a Moslem custom. There are no knives, forks, spoons, plates, chopsticks or other implements. The tablecloth is put on the floor, to catch crumbs.

You eat with your right hand, taking everything from a common dish, and if you are a purist you use only the thumb and first two fingers. The hands are not supposed to touch the mouth. To lick the fingers, no matter how greasy they may become, is bad form. These procedures are simple enough with some types of food, but not all. *Couscous* (a grain food) is difficult. Or try picking up a blazing hot fried egg with three fingers and get it into your mouth without touching the lips or spilling. Bones and similar debris are tossed on the floor or table.

First, a servant arrives with a copper kettle or pitcher with a thin spout, and pours water into a bowl over the hands of each guest. (After the meal this ceremony takes place again, this time with soap.) Next comes mint tea, thick and sticky. Then *plat* after *plat* arrives, each makes a separate course.

Food is brought in on very large trays or in casseroles, and is kept warm by tall canopies made of straw, like crazy hats. Then, as in a Chinese meal, you reach over to the common dish which all share, and choose a morsel to your taste. Women of the household are never present at a *diffa*. Each dish of anything is left to passed on to the women who are waiting in a different part of the castle or dwelling. When the wives and concubines have finished it goes on in turn to male servants, then to female servants and finally to retainers, hangers-on, or slaves.

This is what we ate:

1. A pale green soup composed of almonds, peas and bits of white fish. This was a concession to the uncouth West. Moors know that existence is impossible to a Frenchman unless dinner begins with soup.

2. A whole roast of lamb, served naked. This, the staple course of an elaborate Moorish meal, usually comes first. It is known as a *mechoui*. With infinite dexterity the Glaoui broke into the hot, crackling skin and seized from underneath especially tender morsels which he then passed on with his fingers to my wife. There is often a lively competition among guests to get meat deep down from the ribs, which is particularly fat and tender. This procedure may sound gross, but is not. Nobody tears off big chunks of flesh. People eat slivers and delicate strips. Sometimes at a big *diffa*, the course following this is another whole roasted lamb, prepared with some sort of sauce to make it taste different from the first.

3. A *pastilla*. This *plat* which takes forty-eight hours to prepare, is the pride of a good Moorish cook. It is a pie, almost three feet in diameter, the crust of which is an unbelievably fine flaky *mille-feuilles* on which a design is made with powdered sugar. Underneath, as a bold guest dents the crust, and usually burns his fingers doing so, will be found a miscellany of shrimp, tripe, sweetbreads, olives, liver, *cervelles* (mussels, and whole eggs. It is a veritable treasure nest, and delicious beyond compare.

4. Squabs, with a sauce like none other I have ever tasted before or since, a kind of hot, liquid and milky hollandaise.

5. A covey of whole roast chickens, stuffed with olives and swimming in a lemon dressing.

6. A *ragoût* of lamb, onions, *aubergines*, various other vegetables and hard boiled eggs.

7. Another *ragoût*—slices of lamb and tenderly atop a bed of peas and almonds.

8. Strangely shaped pretzels seasoned with molasses, the equivalent of the sherbet still served occasionally at formal dinners in the West. It is sweet, and a refresher before what is to come.

9. *Couscous*. This, the basic food of Morocco for rich and poor alike, is made of semolina. The mound of grain

MACLEAN'S



What has a monkey got, anyway?

When Oscar Cohen takes his ten-year old son Michael to Toronto's Riverdale Zoo they carry large paper bags full of food for all the animals *except* the monkeys. They feel that the other creatures don't get a fair break with the handouts. This is what started Oscar on this issue's cover. He hopes that the sorrowing look of the baby polar bear will help his one-man crusade to put those chattering show-off monkeys to their place.



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may contain anything else from cool skinned grapes to chunks of mutton that of the Pasha came with turnips, carrots, and hazelnuts. *Couscous* like rice in Japan is always served toward the end of the meal so that you can fill up if you are still hungry, and it is bad manners to take too much. It is hard to manage with the fingers since it is almost as dry as sand.

The Glaoui is one of the world's foremost manipulators of *couscous* balls. We watched him with he wildered admiration. He picks up a handful of the hot grain, tosses this in his palm without touching it with the fingers, and gently bounces it in the hollow of his hand until by some miracle it forms a cohesive ball, this he then pops into his mouth, catching it on the fly. It was like watching a man with one hand make and eat golf balls.

10 A cake of frozen figs.

11 Tangerines. The end of dinner came when the Pasha parked his napkin and dropped it on the table cloth; this is the conventional gesture to indicate that the meal any meal is over. During all this we of the West drank champagne. Finally—the end is the beginning—we had mint tea again the anniversal drink of North Africa, which is supposed to be an aphrodisiac.

Now, the ladies of the harem danced for us, first five Berber girls then five Arabs. These were not necessarily concubines but members of the Glaoui's private ballet. That we should be allowed to see them (and they to see us) was an exceptional privilege. The Berber girls were somewhat stout and danced what is known as an *Aouache*. One had golden castanets, which made a bell-like sound in the background a male musician played something that seemed to be a musical saw set athwart a long mandolin; the sound was like no other I have ever heard. The dancers' shoulders and arms were covered but with sleeves slit so that the skin was visible; legs and ankles were completely concealed and they gave a serious provocative quality to the rhythm of the dance. They danced in unison, forming a circle, the movement was mostly with the hips and feet.

Then came the Arabs, who were slimmer, prettier, and more sophisticated. The musician was a violinist and the performance more deliberately erotic. The girls wore turbans draped so that the hair could be seen (or it was caught up with bright ribbons), blouses with the arms bare, and flanking golden chains and bracelets. They carried small drums called *gembri* the beating of which accentuated the rhythmic flexing of their bodies. Their movements spread from the belly up and down even the head oscillated in a sexual motion, and the dance came to a climax when each girl, bending forward and back sharply, while still rotating her torso, pinched at her sash. While doing this they seemed almost hypnotized.

I suppose this was the most thrilling small dance I ever saw. ★

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A LITTLE DOES IT!



So You Think You Can Drive . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

sure enough, had learned the same bad habit from daddy.

The daughter had one other driving weakness: her parking. It's a thing that seems to baffle many people who've been driving for years. Yet parking is easy—when you know how. Here's what to do:

1 Make a conspicuous signal that you are going to stop or slow down.

2 Pull up beside the car in front of the space you want to park in. The distance between the two parallel cars should be one to two feet.

3 Make a "go ahead" signal with your left hand. This tips off the car behind that they should go around instead of waiting at the rear.

4 Back up slowly, turning the steering wheel as far to the right (clockwise) as it will go. This will throw the front end of your car to the left, so be careful of other cars passing on your left. Stop when your car is at a 45-degree angle to the roadway and the front right door of your car is about opposite the left rear fender of the car in front.

5 Now ease slowly back, turning your steering wheel to the left (anti clockwise) about twice as fast as you turned to the right, making sure your right front fender clears left rear fender of car ahead. After that it's just a matter of straightening your wheels if necessary. Throughout this whole operation, the secret is never to fully engage the clutch, but to bring clutch pedal up to the "friction point" and nudge the car slowly backward, keeping it under control. Remember the faster you move backward the faster you have to turn the steering wheel.

Be extra careful when parking on a hill. Don't leave all four wheels facing forward instead cramp the right front wheel against the curb for additional braking. If you're facing downhill, leave the gearshift in reverse. If you're facing uphill leave it in low. (With automatic transmission select the P for park position. Then pull on the hand brake—hard.)

Here are some other tips to drivers:

- Check frequently to make sure your lights, horn, starter, windshield wiper and brakes are working properly.
- Don't tire yourself needlessly by the way you sit at the wheel. Sit up straight, with both shoulder blades touching the back of the seat. Believe me, this is less exhausting than the slouching and sprawling practiced by some drivers under the heading of "comfort." Sit slightly to the left of your steering wheel and grasp it firmly—but not tensely.
- Don't dangle your arm over the side you might suddenly lose it in a side-swipe collision. Use the interior arm rest if necessary. Besides your dangling arm may slow up traffic by looking like a signal to other drivers.
- Proper way to take a curve: ease off the gas pedal as you approach the curve, then as you get into the curve, feed gas lightly. This will overcome the centrifugal force which tends to throw your car sideways. Using brakes when turning a corner tends to increase centrifugal force causing squealing tires and skids.
- How to dodge a head-on collision. If you see another car coming right at you in your lane, don't panic—do something about it. First give him the horn. If it's at night flash your lights at him. Put on your brakes and slow down. This will give him a chance to get out of your way. If worst comes to worst, hit the dirt by swerving

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SOMETIMES it's hard to choose between one good product and another. Especially if it's a roof.

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Eaton's new Service Building, near Toronto, will hold merchandise brought from all over the world. Ken Rose, Superintendent for Redfern Construction, is shown here (left) discussing the 23-acre roof with Barrett's special representative John Lyons. John's wide roofing experience came in handy he arranged for "hot-pitch delivery", for greater speed and economy on such a large job.



Tonofterton of roofing material were required for the gigantic warehouse. So scheduling of shipments was an important part of the job. Luckily Barrett's warehouse supervisor John Adamson had handled such big jobs before, was able to keep orders rolling smoothly.



Technical assistance on a big job comes in handy. Bert Geary, Barrett supervisor, stays close by for the T. Eaton Co. project, and provides additional technical answers for the many questions that come up on a job of this size.

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Kitchen "office" with phone, recipe files and desk area can be built into limited space. Split proof, warp-resistant fir plywood makes design simple, construction easy. Note the notched finger holds in file drawers—no need for expensive hardware. Plywood edges need only be filled and sanded before painting.



Odd-shaped utensils can be stored in tidy shelves and compartments built with fir plywood. Note ¾" thick dividers for pans and baking dishes.

to the right along the shoulder of the highway or even into a ditch. Almost anything is preferable to a head-on crash. Above all, don't pull over to the left—you may run into oncoming traffic or the wrong-line driver may return to his correct lane at the last split second and you'll hit him in spite of everything.

● Blowouts are less common than in the old days, but they still happen. If a tire blows, hold the steering wheel tight and don't use your brakes until the car loses speed. When you're sure you have the car under control apply the brakes carefully.

● Much the same advice holds good for pulling out of a skid. In the words of Harold L. Smith, of Detroit, one of the top American authorities on driver training, "the best way to stop a skid is to stop it! Use brakes and quit doing whatever started the skid." Keep the clutch engaged—"coasting" will only make things worse. Steer in the direction in which the car is skidding, no matter how strongly this may go against your instincts. Such instincts aren't really normal; they've just panicky.

● If your brakes fail or if you *think* they have faded, try pumping them anyway—they may suddenly grab hold and save you. Pull up your hand brake and leave it on. If that doesn't stop you, shift to second gear (or "low" on an automatic). As a last resort, pick a crash spot off the roadway where you'll come into the least possible trouble.

● When driving on ice or any other slippery surface don't start in low. Use second or high — you'll be less likely to spin. If the wheels slip when starting, rock gently back and forth by alternating between low and reverse, taking advantage of the car's forward weight to get rolling. Go easy on the brakes. Remember, the instant your brakes lock your wheels on ice you turn your tires into *skates*.

● Deep snow brings special problems that can usually be solved with a bit of forethought. When stopping momentarily in snow on a straight stretch of road, back up a bit so that when you start forward again the snow won't be piled up in front of your wheels. The momentum you'll thus get by starting in your own tracks should keep you rolling. Before parking in deep snow run your car back and forth two or three times, creating a runway for your departure.

● On driving in heavy mud, try to keep moving at a moderate rate of speed. Don't feel yourself that a low spot with gooey mud but no water is safer than a low spot filled with water. It's the low spot with water that will have a solid bottom; the gooey spot probably is a quagmire. Use the waterholes to run your car back and forth to, washing off excess mud.

I'll never forget my own first driving lesson. I was fourteen years old. My father took me out one afternoon in his latest Model T Ford, showed me how to start and steer and stop, then left me alone at the wheel in an Alberta new pasture. "Okay," he said with a grin, "when you've got nerve enough to drive it back on the road and go into town you're all right!"

That kind of "lesson" would chill the blood of a professional driving teacher nowadays. In defense of my dad's casual approach, however, I'd like to point out that cars were a lot slower and traffic a lot thinner in 1927.

I was given a much more drastic lesson about four years later. A friend asked me to drive his car home from a country dance. Six of us piled in and we tootled off along a two-lane highway. When a car ahead of us began slowing down I swung left to pass, and at that moment *he* turned left too into a dim sideroad which I hadn't even noticed. I tried to slam on the brakes—and discovered I didn't have any. We smacked into that other car amidships. Nobody was hurt, but twenty-four years later I still break out in a cold sweat at the memory of those girls' screams and the sound of that crumpling metal.

What did I learn from that long-ago collision?

1 I should have tested the brakes before beginning the trip.

2 When the car in front began slowing down I should have slowed down too and stayed behind him until I could see *why* he was reducing speed.

The idea of opening a driving school after the war occurred to me while I was in a German prison camp in 1944. Some of the other POWs doubted that people would pay for driving lessons when they could learn free from friends or relatives. I gambled on the thought that there were thousands of amateur golfers around too but not a lot of people preferred to pay a professional who could teach them correct habits.

I had one dual-control instructional car and one instructor—myself—when the school opened June 10, 1946. Today we have twenty-two instructors and a fleet of twelve dual-control cars, including one with automatic shift.

Most of our students are divided into three groups. One third have never driven before. One third have tried to learn from friends or relatives but haven't made much of a go of it. The other third may have driven a bit but were never very good at it or else they haven't driven for years and feel the need of a refresher.

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somebody to drive? We find this varies widely with individuals, but it averages out at eight one hour lessons for teenagers, nine hours for people in their twenties and ten hours for people in their thirties. The early forties usually need about eleven hours, and after that the total increases unpredictably. We've taught dozens who were in their seventies, and one man of eighty-one who finally passed his provincial test and drove home in triumph. But it took him twenty-seven one hour lessons to do it.

Ideally, we prefer that the student take one lesson every day until he is ready—in his own opinion and in ours—to be tested for his license.

Our instructional fee in Vancouver is four fifty for one hour. This is about average in Canada. Some schools in Toronto charge a bit less. Nowadays there are dependable driving schools in almost every city or larger town.

It's a shrewd idea to take one "reconnaissance" lesson when you first move into a different town where you'll be doing a lot of driving. Thus you won't be caught unaware by unfamiliar local signs, regulations and traffic traditions. For example, pedestrians in Toronto are accustomed to screeching for their lives in Vancouver even a jaywalker is the king of the highways and can cause brakes to squeal. In all directions every time he saunters out into the traffic. A Toronto driver may get into trouble in Vancouver in a hurry if he hasn't been forewarned.

Shocking though it may be to the gents who insist on the doctrine of masculine superiority, my own professional experience has convinced me that women on the average are better drivers than men. I'm not talking now about phenomenal feats of manual skill and endurance on the professional speedways. I'm talking about *average* day by day driving under usual conditions. The two words "women drivers"—generally followed by a hiss—have become a curse-phrase with millions of males, but the implied scorn and accusation are hardly borne out by the facts. Insurance statistics show that men drivers have at least twice as many accidents as women even in proportion to the number of miles driven. Further, most of the really bad smashups are blamed on the males. The women, true enough, often scrape fenders or make bewildering signals or get flustered in parking lots, but it's usually a man at the wheel when another of those big ugly traffic headlines hits the front page.

Here's a peculiar point, though, about women drivers. I've never known of even one verified case in which a husband successfully taught his own wife to drive—that is, without getting into quarrels and misunderstandings sometimes even serious enough to endanger the marriage.

Exactly why this should be, I leave to the psychiatrists and the Courts of Domestic Relations. I'm a professional instructor, and an instructor of instructors, but I tried and failed to teach my wife and finally had to turn her over to one of the teachers on my staff. He had no trouble with her at all and she soon became a first-class driver. Ironically, the instructor who taught my wife had been having the same trouble in his family. So *I* taught *his* wife.

Just for the record, during all of 1954 there were precisely two accidents chargeable to my driving school. Both were minor bumps, with nobody hurt. One student driver was a man, the other a woman. In nine years not one of our forty thousand students has ever been injured while taking the course, and their postgraduate records at the wheel have been impressively better than the average of the driving population. Since our school was first opened, into insurance rates in general have steadily gone up. Our insurance rates have steadily gone down.

As to the future—well, I suppose every driving school manager occasionally suffers from a nightmare which was rather ghoulishly sketched a few years ago in a magazine cartoon. Two men are shown sitting side by side at the dual control steering wheels of a driving school car headed the wrong way amid a swarm of traffic on a one-way street. Both drivers look panicky, and one of them is saying: "*I'm* not the instructor. I thought you were!"

We've never had two of our students pull a stunt like that, and I hope we never will. But each new pupil is a fresh challenge to the instructor. I'll always remember, for example, one woman who was having persistent trouble with her steering. Try as we might, we couldn't train her to keep glancing well ahead and sizing up the traffic. Instead she fastened her gaze on the hood or barely in front of it, like a walker gazing down at her own toes.

Finally I had to tell her she seemed to be one of those rare persons who simply cannot learn to drive properly. Her eyes filled with tears as she sat in my small private office. Battling for self control, she told me it would be a tragic disappointment if she failed to qualify for her driver's license. For twenty years she said, she had been guiding her blind brother around the city on foot, in and out of crowded streetcars and buses. This had become increasingly awkward and now she just *had* to learn to drive because she had saved up for a car and it would make things so much easier for her brother.

After that it didn't take us long to figure out the cause of her steering difficulties. She had developed the habit of looking down, matching her own stride for twenty years with the slow and very plodding of a blind man. We merely pasted a strip of paper along the lower portion of the windshield, forcing her to lift her gaze into the stream of traffic ahead. She earned her driver's license a few days later and gave us a happy honk of her horn as she breezed past our office on her way home. ★

Teaching his wife to drive could wreck a man's car, and maybe his marriage too

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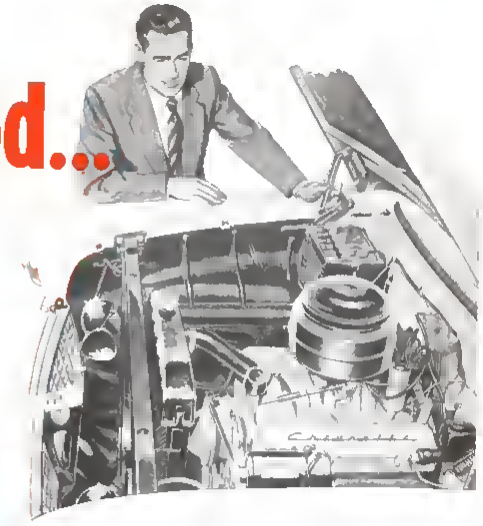
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Take Me Home Again Irene

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Sandy were still alive and remembered.

She would wear the dress that night with the fawn coat carelessly open and she would stand casually down near the big hotel as if she were waiting for her escort to bring up his car and a young man who was tall and handsome and who was assistant manager of a mine in the wide wild rocklands would look at her with admiration and would take her into the dining room and they would eat Lobster Newburg and when they danced his hand would rest lightly on her shoulder. He would ask her in a rather embarrassed way to go with him to Montreal where there is a great ski hill and where his parents had a house on Mount Royal — a great house with a great fireplace and two Great Danes that would race down the driveway to meet the car. His mother would be pleased that she had come!

HENRY BARSTEAD had come to the city on business that would take him a few days. He also had a vague notion of buying a house.

He didn't need a house for he had one back home that he liked, though it was somewhat old fashioned even after he had spent nine thousand dollars remodelling it a bit — putting in picture windows, and taking off the wide verandas and making a tiled kitchen. He didn't remodel the third floor and the attic because that part was absolutely no use any more and never had been of any use except as a playland for the kids and their noisy, boisterous chums. Crude crayon pictures of a Humpty Dumpty were still on the wall where John had painted them on the white plaster. The piano was still there since Joan Ann and her college friends had learned the steps of the Bunny Hug and the Black Bottom and enjoyed a nonsense like that.

From the house he could look down the mountain to his mill.

He also had a town house in Vancouver where his wife entertained, but three of his children and their children had come east one by one and eventually he, perhaps, would buy a house in Toronto or in Montreal, or in Ottawa.

He had the uncomfortable feeling that he was no longer of any particular use in the world.

It had been a pleasant trip from the west. He loved his car and had never quite got over the youthful thrill of having a powerful machine doing just exactly as he wished it to do. He liked to park at a curb without one bit of waste movement, and though he had worn out a dozen cars since cars were first made he was pleased to think that so far as he could know he never once touched somebody's fender nor scraped a white wall tire against a curb. If somebody honked behind him in a traffic jam he found himself mentally checking to see if the jam was partly his fault.

He had lived with a dread of being in the way.

Educated people, who study such things perhaps would say that this unhealthy attitude stemmed from the time when he lived in a family of eleven in a very small shack, and when the long ears of childhood had overheard a mother wondering to a neighbor, over a glass of beer, why God had cursed her by giving her a child who would be a burden to her all her life. His older brothers were strong and his younger brothers were clever. He had to wear an iron thing on his leg until he was quite a big boy.

A Marjorie used to pull him to school on a sled, or dawdle with him as he limped along until they were both late. Several times when they were too late, they played truant and sat all morning on a bank by the river and she showed him the mysteries of take away questions and multiplication questions, and pointed out that if they were going to get strapped for being late they might as well be strapped for playing truant.

She said, "You might as well get spanked for being a goose as for being a gander!"

Sixty years later he could still hear the Marjorie saying that as he rode alone in his big car in the sunshine through Dakota. She was smart. It was her father who told a doctor to take the iron off his leg and who gave him his first job at picking slab ends from the corner belt that carried mill waste to the burner.

The Marjorie went away to a higher school and then in the holidays he felt very shy when she brought other girls and boys who played tennis and talked of algebra teachers and of a Latin teacher who was an ogre. Sitting hour after hour at a conveyer belt, he had fallen deeply in love with red cedar and fir and the grain in hardwoods and lowly things like that . . . for removed from algebra and Latin and he felt he would be a hero to the Marjorie and her college friends. While they talked and washed about going someday to Hollywood and New York and Paris he dreamed of going someday to see such things as teak and mahogany growing in their native places.

Thus it came that he lost the Marjorie though sixty years later he found himself speaking to her as he came in his big car in the sunshine through Dakota and again when he stopped to look at a sunset in Minnesota.

Since those days he had been to Africa where he had seen teak and mahogany and even banyans and palms in their natural habitat. His men had cut a million million feet of lumber that had made houses and television cabinets and bridges over canyons and props to hold up mine shafts, and playground slides for little children. His associates described him as a hard square businessman.

ON THIS leisurely trip east he had passed through cities where if he wished he could have called on a judge and a physician and a publisher whose way he had paved through college. If he had wished to detour north and east and west and south to other towns he could find eighteen others whose way he had paved and also to a nineteenth whose way he had paved in vain.

Of course he did not call on them for he felt he had given them nothing but money and he did not want to embarrass them by pressing his acquaintance and perhaps making them feel obligated. Of the twenty two young folks whom he knew by name and by genealogy and by press reports, one only had written a warm letter of gratitude to The Memorial Bursary Fund c/o the Trust Company as if a Memorial Bursary Fund were a human thing that could appreciate a warm letter of thanks.

Henry Barstead had more money and time than he could use. On this delightful leisurely trip east he had picked up a hitchhiking youth who had told him of his ambitions. And he had chatted with a business associate in Duluth as they sat in a club and talked of ships and shipping. And he had given a push to a dilapidated tin car that would not crank and had been pleased to notice that he could not tell the exact moment when his shiny chrome bumper engaged the rusted machine that was stuck, pleased again when the ancient wreck picked up its own engine stroke and chugged on in a cloud of blue brown smoke. He waved and lighted when the driver of the wreck waved a hand to him as he passed him on the other side of the hill. It is a kindly world and probably there is nothing in the world more dreadful than the sun in some smoky air over a river near Detroit.

He had not made an appointment for his business in Toronto for he had more time than he could use. He could sit around for a week or for two weeks, for Toronto is a very interesting town just as Chicago and Vancouver and Goderich and Primrose Corners are interesting towns.

He would call up his associates and make an appointment to sell their concessions. He had decided to sell to Milford and Willis even though their offer was some thirty thousand less than the offer of General Wood Products Inc.

He didn't like the Inc. It sounded impersonal and he liked human beings with names. He could afford to pay for his fancies.

In the hotel suite he had bathed, and room service had brought a dinner to him. He shaved leisurely with the old straight razor that he liked, and then called up Joan Ann to ask how she was and to say he was in town. She was delighted to hear his voice.

"Do come around. Father before you leave town or get too busy. I'd ask you to come tonight but a few of the girls are in and you would probably be bored by our hen talk. Can you drop in tomorrow? Or, no! say Thursday. Tomorrow the Murchinsons are coming to dinner and you don't know them, and I want a long long time to talk to you and get all the news from home. How is Mother? And oh! that inlaid cabinet is just perfectly darling. Edith Marsh says she would give her eyeteeth to have it or one like it. You're far too good to me, Father."

He said he would see her Thursday at seven.

He put a call through to Vancouver and talked to his wife.

She was glad that he had called and glad that he had had a nice trip and hoped that he would sell to General Wood Products Inc. She would call him back next day at three for she was just dressing now to go to the luncheon at the Art Academy and had to rush.

He called up his son. A woman's voice answered.

"Hello," and after a pause of a few moments, "Well, he is not in. He won't be in till tonight. Will I tell him somebody called?"

He called up his son's wife.

"Oh, it's you, Daddy, isn't it!"

How are things going, girl?"

"Oh, not too bad. Both Bert and Audrey have grown so you would hardly know them."

"Will Audrey get her part in that play?"

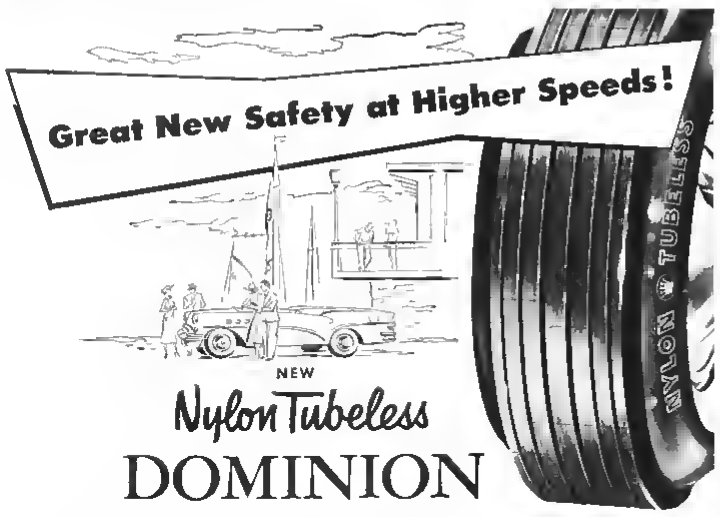
"It's almost certain she will. Oh, Daddy, she's good. I worry a bit lest all that will turn her head. She's awfully young yet. And she has her father's fingers at the piano. Oh, I'm proud of her."

"Does John ever . . . ever see her now?"

"Oh yes, . . . well, no; we met him in the street three or four weeks ago but I think perhaps . . . maybe he didn't see us. Audrey took it keenly, but I suppose we get over things . . . when we are young."

"I'm rather busy this trip. Listen, and

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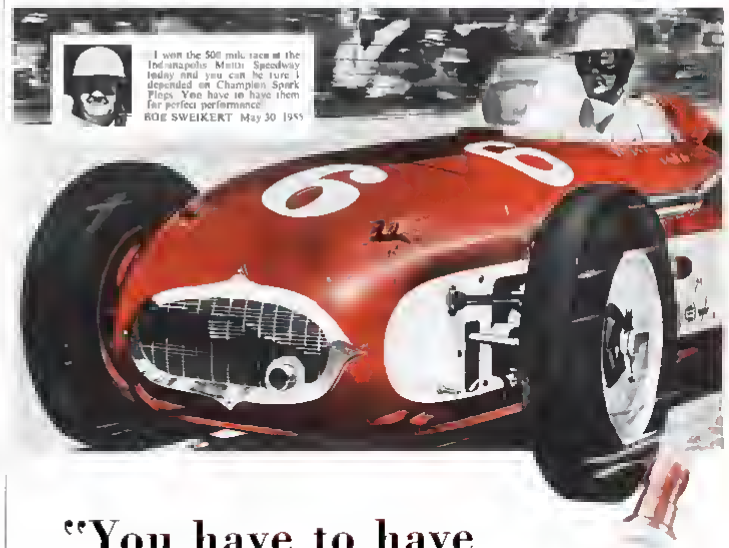
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won't be able to come over. But look, girl, you'll tell me what you'll I can be of any use . . . you know, for a crust of bread or a trip to Spain or to Siam for you and the kids . . . or maybe for a coming out dress? You know."

"Oh, Daddy you're too good to me. I really . . . really I have everything I need. It makes me feel good when you call me up . . . Daddy."

"Well I guess . . . well maybe I'll see you . . . well good-by."

HENRY BARSTEAD stood looking at the silent phone for several silent seconds.

He read the papers the boy brought him and then went down and walked on the lighted streets among crowds who were going to theatres. He did not meet any person he knew and was just using up time, of which he had more than he needed.

He slept. Next morning he stood at a doorway while the man brought up his car, and at that corner he gave a dollar.

He drove around the city a bit and noted various construction jobs and noted office buildings where men he knew would be working at dictating letters or opening mail at their desks. He noticed several men he knew by name but did not stop. He drove down the crescent past the house where his son's wife lived, but he did not stop at all except for traffic lights.

Downtown again he met the manager of the Scales Company. They chatted of old times and his friend told him to park his car in the private parking space. "Park it there all week . . . right next the hotel. Might save you a lot of time."

Henry Barstead laughed and said that time was what he had too much of lately. His friend laughed too and suggested that he ought to go and look over the engineering work the city had put into their subway tram lines.

Go and call up Engels and he'll show you the whole works or he'll send one of his engineers to show it. He's mighty proud of the job."

Henry Barstead took the subway just to go where it went. At the end of the run he transferred to a bus and at the end of the bus route he walked a bit.

There was a tang of frost in the air and he liked it.

He walked down a byway and stood on a wooden bridge and looked down at a tiny stream and at tin cans and rubbish and presently he was thinking of a river where he had learned a multiplication table. Then he was thinking of three million feet of lumber in logs in a big river and every log good white pine and every log his.

Instead of tin cans and rubbish in a creek he saw an Ontario river piled with pulp wood, and then he saw planes circling over a fire that had broken out in a beautiful stand of fir in British Columbia.

The smoke came in his eyes and he made to lift his hand to wipe his eyes and then he knew it had happened. His hand would not lift.

His knees seemed to give way and he grasped at the rail with his other hand to keep from falling.

He had a fleeting moment of fear as he saw his hat fall into the creek and his face felt frozen or stiff. He would be in the way if he fell there on the road and he clung very tightly to the wooden rail of the bridge and he pressed his face against it and noticed foolishly that the rail was good clear elm, badly warped with age and he tried to smile but his face would not smile.

He must get out of the way! If he had his car he could perhaps drive away to some place where there was forest.

This was a strange city he was in, and if they found him lying down they would take him to a hospital and his wife would have to come from far away, and his daughter would have to cancel her dinner party and his son's wife would be worried, and his business friends would come, or send their secretaries, and assure him that he was getting better and they would give him cards and gifts and shake their heads among themselves in the hospital corridors and hurry back to their offices where their work was piling up. He was the only one who had more time than he needed.

Once upon a time he had been talking to a man in a hotel rotunda in Chicago, when the man just stepped in the middle of a sentence and fell sideways to the stone floor and looked up with a surprised foolish grin on his face.

Henry Barstead knew what had happened to him and he was not afraid. If he could just get to the bus line he might get back to his car and could drive somewhere! He did not want to be in the way.

He clung to the rail of warped elm for a long time and then found he could move along it inch by inch, sort of dragging his left leg. Then he stumbled. Trying to get to his feet, he rolled into the brush by the lane and perhaps he came unconscious for a time.

Snow started to fall.

IN LATE afternoon he managed to get to his feet. He was not conscious of cold. He was only conscious of a heavy iron weight in his left leg and of somebody saying: "We might as well be spanked for a goose as spanked for a gander!" He could walk half a step at a time, reaching for help to the bits of brushwood by the lane.

A diminutive Boy Scout at dusk asked "Where you goin', mister?"

"Bus . . . just up to bus," and he leaned heavily on the small child's shoulder.

More than a busload of people were waiting in the cold for the bus to turn and the little Scout Samaritan tried to help the old man in through the crowd. Boy and man both fell flat over the step as the crowd pushed. The alarmed bus driver helped the man to a seat and did not bother to ask for a fare. His run was already three minutes late.

At the subway the press of people carried him off and somebody steadied him for their own convenience and in a moment he was alone again leaning against a smooth wall and holding tight to his key ring. He would be able to get to his car!

He must get to his car! He could walk. He would get to his car and would drive away into a bush of pine trees. His car was at the other end of the subway. The stairs below him stretched far beyond the distance he could see. Presently somebody would come and help him just a little bit.

People hurried past but did not notice him. As he leaned against the wall he held out his hand trying to ask for help but did not know how. It was something he had never done.

The iron weight that seemed to be on his left leg was heavy so that he could not lift that foot at all. He seemed to see derelict men standing by walls and mumbling. "Gimme a dime for cuppa coffee." He saw hundreds of them and he wished he could give them all dimes. They were all around him and were coming closer and closer and it was just then the bunch of exuberant girls brushed against him and knocked the keys from his hand to the stone floor as the laughing bunch crowded and pushed to the stairs and the man half fell over into the crowd.

One recovered the keys she had knocked from his hand and gave them

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EASY as CILTONE is to use, you'll get better results if you follow a few simple rules which apply to any painting job. First, walls, ceiling and woodwork should be clean and dry — free from grease, grime and dust. No paint — not even CILTONE — can give satisfactory results if the surface is at all damp and greasy.

Wash off dirt and grease thoroughly with a strong solution of any good cleaning powder. A cellulose sponge does an excellent job on smooth surfaces, but a soft brush is better on rough walls. Wash the ceiling first, then the walls and finally the woodwork. If there is any dirt in baseboard corners and around door and window frames scrape it away with a putty knife.

If the room was painted previously, scrape off any blisters or loose scale and, if necessary, sand these spots with fine sandpaper to get a smooth even surface. You don't want plaster cracks, gouges and the like marring the new painted surface, so take enough time to fill them up before you start painting. Small cracks are easily filled with what painters call "spackling" compound but for larger cracks use patching plaster (you can get them both from your C-I-L Paint Dealer). Before using the patching plaster, wet the edges of the crack with water and sand the surface smoothly with fine sandpaper after the plaster dries.

CILTONE can be applied with either brush or roller, but most people find a roller faster and smoother than brushing. However, if you prefer a brush, the 4 inch size is about right for walls and ceilings and a 2-inch brush for sash and door work.

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to him and another who had tripped him said, 'I'm sorry,' and Marjorie came from the crowd and said, "We are a goose and we are a gander" and then ten or twenty or forty Marjories came and seemed to carry him down the steps and into a train. He felt very happy for there was light and brightness all about him and his keys were tight in his hand and his car was beside Scales office and there was a long road leading away north without end into a land of spruce and jack pine and birch and poplar.

No other person was left in that train when it came to the terminal. He dragged his left foot with the very very heavy iron brace where the train stopped and there Irene met him.

She had stood quite near the great hotel entrance where young assistant manager might pass, and she had left her fawn coat open so that her taffeta dress could be seen. The doorman had told her to go away. She went to the corner and stood again and a policeman told her to 'Go on!" She had gone a bit up the side street and then back to the bright corner as often as she dared and then would circle a block and step down into the subway where it was a bit warmer. She could be there for some time before somebody told her to move on and then she could walk down a long corridor until somebody else told her to go away. Presently she would let a policeman take her to a station and she would have coffee and a place to sleep.

She was just moving toward the stairway when she saw Henry Barstead. It seemed to her he was ill. And he tottered, she moved toward him quickly but still let her fawn coat fall open so maybe he would see her beautiful dress of papery taffeta.

He tried to draw back from her but the iron weight on his leg was too heavy and he bent his head on her shoulder.

She asked, "Where do you go?"

"The bush. I want to go to the bush,' and he held out his ring of keys helplessly. 'Your name is Irene.'

On the street the wind was bitter and the slush was deep on the walk. They went slowly down the block and he led her to his car.

She tried three keys and one opened the door and she helped the old man in. He put his hand on the wheel helplessly and looked at her but his other hand would not lift up. She helped him over and got in behind the wheel.

She was a princess now with a beautiful dress and a beautiful car and was no longer cold or hungry.

"Where do you have to go to?" she asked again.

"To the bush. I want to go to the bush.'

"Will there be a house, maybe, in the bush?" There could be maybe a shack and I can make a fire? I like to be in the bush. I have a dog there, maybe. It's Sandy.'"

And then in a little while she said, "My name is not Irene. I just said that. My name is Elsie.'"

Henry Barstead said, "You are a good girl," and as the car pushed steadily and evenly through the slush he leaned over against her. She took her hand from the wheel and stroked his hand and noticed it was cold. She said, "I never had anybody like you. We will get a house in the bush and I can make a fire."

TRAFFIC was moving slowly because of the thick wet snow that clogged the wipers. Three hours later traffic had almost ceased because of the storm. There were trees on both sides of the road now and when they came to the fork that led to the bush where she had left Sandy some five or six years ago she slowed to turn but then took the other road. She found she was crying and the feeling was good.

Long after midnight the dial said there was not much gas and the girl felt in the sleeping man's pocket and took his wallet. Working it open with one hand as she drove, she held it down to the instrument glow and saw that it had paper money.

She turned into a place that had one light burning over a sign that said 'Office.'

When she pulled up at the door a youth came out, sheltering his head from the freezing rain and snow that was coating the world with ice. When he saw the expensive car he said:

"Was you the party for No. 4? I'll turn on the lights and you can pull right to the door. They said to tell you they put the things in the cupboard."

The girl made her big car follow him across a driveway where he went to turn on bright lights and as she parked in the breezeway the youth put down his head against the storm and went back to his solitary night watch in the office. Later, if some traveler came through the storm and found his reservation taken, perhaps the dull youth would have other room for him.

The room was comfortable, clean, and warm, and in a cupboard there was a tray with sandwiches covered with a linen cloth and there was cream and sugar and a small flask of liquor wrapped in store paper, and there was a package of cigarettes. Plainly the room had been readied for somebody who mattered.

The girl poured rye for her man and set coffee to perk on the electric stove and turned on the radio. She had found a house in the bush and had a man who said she was a good girl.

She took off his shoes and his clothes and bathed his feet and his limp cold hand and the other hand that held hers so tightly. She helped him into one of the white beds and tucked him in as a mother tucks her child. He smiled at her and closed his eyes without speaking.

When he seemed asleep she poured herself coffee, rye after cup, and ate sandwiches that had been prepared for four people.

She hung her precious dress of taffeta on a hanger and caressed it and hung up her fawn raincoat. She filled the great tub deep with hot water and made herself clean. Then she put on her soiled clothes, all except the beautiful dress, and sat down beside the sleeping man who was breathing deeply and heavily. She touched his grey hair and smoothed it and he did not wake. His good hand that had held hers so tightly was outside the coverlet.

She turned out the light, then gently let herself down on the bed beside Henry Barstead so nearness might waken him; put her hand on his and with the other hand turned out the bed light and they slept.

WHEN the bright sunshine of morning sparkled through the windows from all the ice-coated bush trees she woke up.

When she went to the office the proprietor and his wife stared in astonishment. When she said, "My father is dead" they managed to detour her in a garage building until the police came.

When they searched her they found the dead man's wallet under her dress with his papers and addresses and much money.

The doctor came, and then the coroner and they said the cause of death was obvious. Everybody questioned the girl and a policeman told her she was lying, and a doctor said:

"You've got yourself into a fine mess" but the girl had turned sullen and would not talk or even cry.

She wanted she had picked the man up in a subway and he wanted her to take him to the bush.

They held the girl in the little country jail and the police tried to get John so that he might make official identification of his dead father. But John could not be located, so they phoned Edna's wife to ask if she could give them an address of some near relative who might advise them. Joan Ann and John's wife came in the police runner and then almost at once John came too from another town.

There was no foul play. The cause of death was obvious and the only thing they could charge the girl with was theft of a wallet and put her away for a couple of years perhaps where she couldn't talk. The embarrassing circumstances could be kept hushed.

John Barstead lit a cigarette and said, "I'd like to have a look at that female just for hell's sake!" and the policeman brought her in with a bit of chain on her wrist.

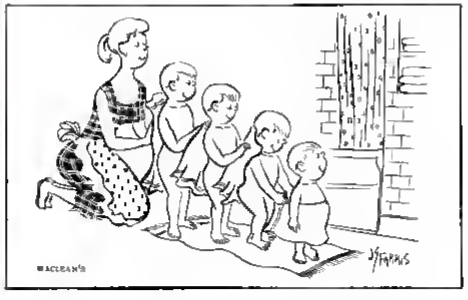
She was hard and sullen and looked ghastly. John asked her where she got her dress and she told him to go to hell.

When they badgered her some more she repeated over and over again. He told me to take him to the bush where there were trees and Sandy and then she saw John's wife looking at her and she looked back and all at once burst into sobs and put her hands over her face. "And I wanted to go to the bush and trees and Sandy.

John's wife turned from the girl to the little audience.

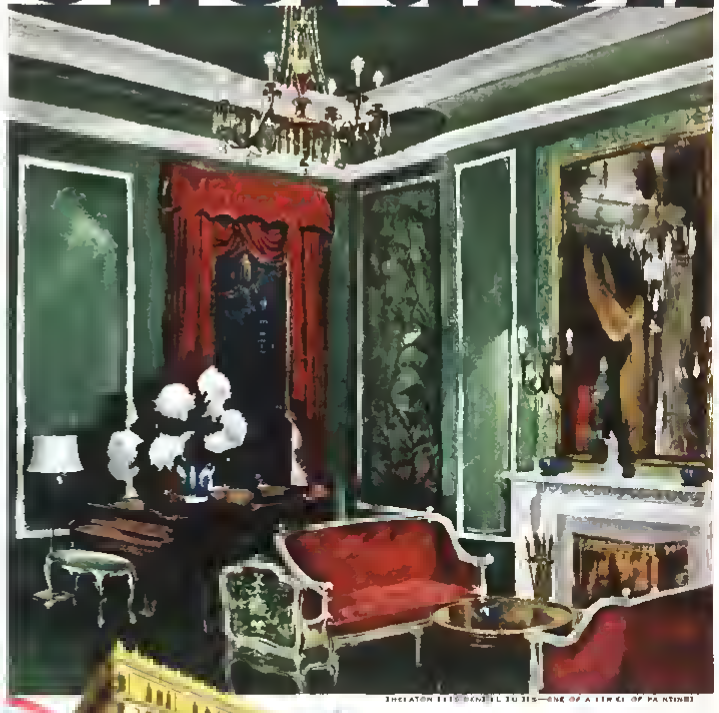
"This is to be a hush hush affair. Give the girl that wallet and let her go!"

There was an awkward silence. Then John meekly handed over the wallet and a policeman unfastened a bit of chain that was on the wrist of Elsie, alias Irene. ★



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How Alcock and Brown Flew tha Ocean

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Early in February 1919 the United States also announced an all-out effort to be the first to fly the Atlantic with the big Curtiss flying boats operated by the navy. But the plan was to fly via the Azores as the Americans admittedly did not qualify for the Daily Mail prize.

Alcock, like Brown, had nursed an ambition to fly the Atlantic throughout the war but now, with the war ended, he couldn't find a plane. He observed, however, that the Vickers Company, of all the big plane manufacturers, had said nothing about an Atlantic flight. Alcock talked to Vickers executives Charles Knight and Maxwell Muller and convinced them the Vimy could be first across the Atlantic. They agreed to back him.

Brown found himself a member of the transatlantic team almost by accident. He went to Muller looking for a job. Muller, learning that Brown was a navigator, asked him if he could navigate a plane across the Atlantic.

"Yes," said Brown simply.

"Come and meet the pilot," said Muller, and thus began the history-making partnership.

Interest in the Atlantic competition grew. On April 13 a wealthy London businessman, Lawrence Philipps, added a thousand pounds to the stakes. A tobacco company put up two thousand guineas. On April 18 a Captain Wood and his navigator, named Wyllie, took off from Holyhead, Wales, for Ireland in a Short Shamrock they intended to fly to Newfoundland. The plane crashed in the Irish Sea and the first Atlantic try failed.

On May 4 Alcock and Brown left for Halifax. At the boat train Brown kissed his fiancée, Kathleen Kennedy, goodby. There was to be the romance of the year.

The Daily Mail, anticipating that the Atlantic flight might be the biggest story of the year, sent Fred Mumery, an ex-RFC officer, to St. John's as special correspondent. Three other reporters were sent to strategic points in Ireland to await the first landing. For a few months St. John's became the centre of interest for airmen all over the world as the Atlantic contestants arrived with their aircraft. Hawker and Mackenzie Grieve were the first arriving in Newfoundland on March 29. Only Captain Fenn, the Sopwith manager who had already spent two weeks in Newfoundland, was at the depot to meet them.

It had not been easy to find a suitable airfield. Captain Morgan of the Marconi Company had already leased the best site on the hanku of Quidi Vidi Lake. The Handley Page Company had secured a stretch of land at Harbour Grace, a small town sixty miles from St. John's, and one hundred men were working there to prepare the land for the giant four-engine bomber. Captain Fenn had scanned all around St. John's and had arranged for a field at Glendenning's Farm, six miles out of the city.

Meanwhile, corps of reporters had gathered for the race. Every day a conference was held with Lieutenant Clements, the RAF "met" expert. The days passed in a whirl of activity, drawing nearer and nearer to April 16, the night of the full moon, which Hawker and Lieutenant Clements agreed would be the most favorable time for the flight.

The Postmaster-General of Newfoundland, Dr. J. A. Robinson, decided that each contestant should carry a special bag of mail on the flight. No special airmail stamps then existed, so a limited number of current three-cent Newfoundland stamps were overprinted "First Transatlantic Air Post, April 1919."

The Sopwith team had been in St. John's for only a few days when they were given an unwelcome reminder that they were not alone in the race. Lieut.-Commander P. L. N. Bellinger of the squadron of American flying boats sailed from Boston on board the destroyer USS Burnley to survey the harbors of Newfoundland for a base. The U. S. was definitely in the race.

With a test flight of his Atlantic on April 13, Harry Hawker served notice on his rivals that he intended to be first across. No one thought the Martinsyde team, which had just arrived in Newfoundland, had a chance to be ready before Hawker left, but Freddie Raynham was gambling on the weather to stall the Atlantic. By working day and night his mechanics had the Raymor ready for a test flight five days after they arrived in Newfoundland.

Then began the long wait for a break in the weather that was to last for almost two months.

The Americans Arrive

The monotony of waiting was broken on May 4 when a small armada steamed into Trepassey Bay on the south coast: the USS Aroostook, a mine layer; two destroyers and an oil tanker, the advance party for the American flying boats. That was the scene when Alcock and Brown arrived on May 13—the last of the transatlantic teams to reach the starting line.

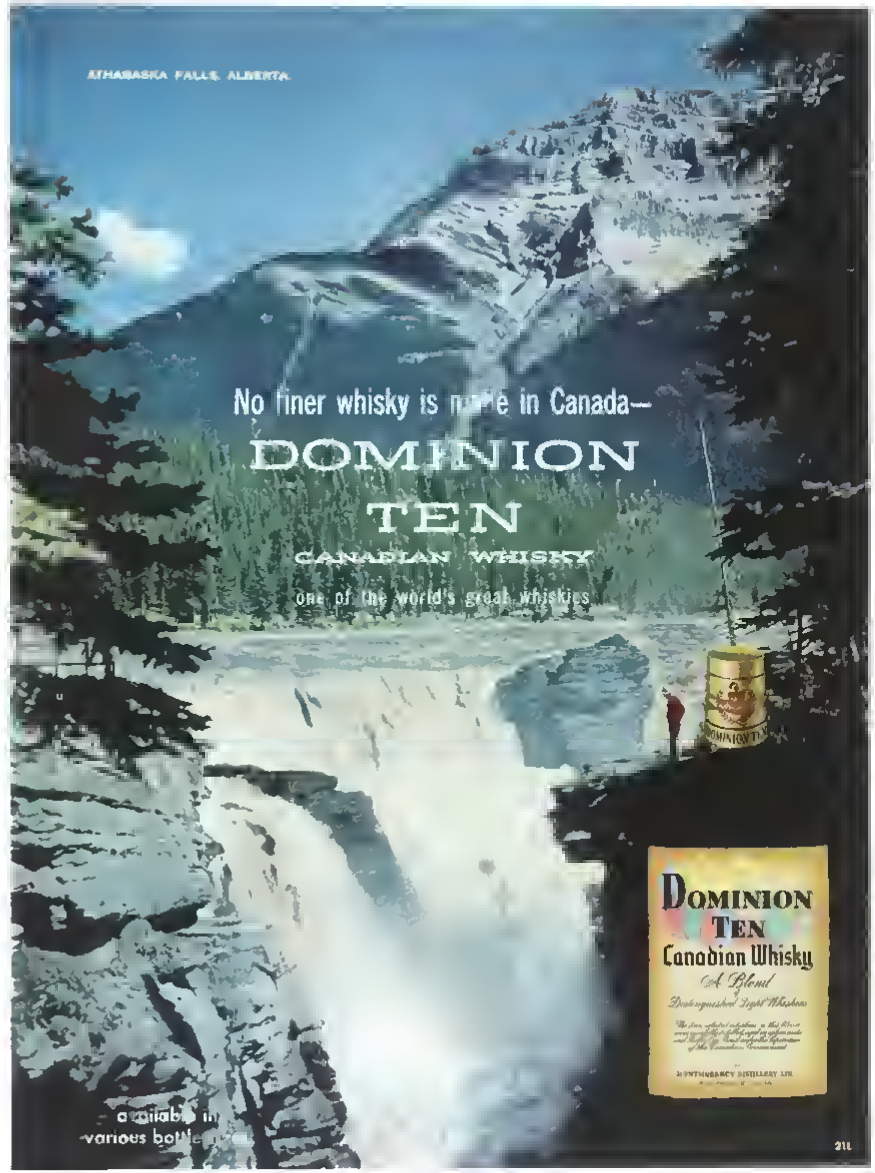
On the morning following their arrival Alcock and Brown appeared in the dining room. Alcock in riding breeches and a thick tweed coat, Brown in lace up boots, breeches and a smart Norfolk jacket. When Alcock walked into the room there was a moment of silence, then a great yell of delight as Hawker and Raynham bounded up to greet their old friend.

By the time they had drunk their second cups of coffee Alcock and Brown had heard enough to realize how greatly they had underestimated the difficulties of the project. The news about the weather did not surprise them, but they were not prepared for Hawker's next bombshell.

He told them that their chief difficulty would be to find a piece of ground for an airfield. He doubted whether there was any land suitable for the Vimy within thirty miles of St. John's. They asked for news of the Handley Page. The plane and the crew had arrived in Newfoundland three days before the Vickers party. Admiral Mark Kerr had set up his headquarters in Harbour Grace, a small town sixty miles along the coast northwest of St. John's.

Breakfast was over. Agnes Dooley came in and gave Hawker and Raynham packets of sandwiches and flasks of coffee. They collected their flying kit, said farewell to Alcock and Brown

The transatlantic flyers would carry mail. But who had any airmail stamps?



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1955

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and drove off Alcock and Brown watched them leave with mixed feelings wondering whether they would see them again that evening or would there be empty places around the supper table

Alcock immediately began his search for an airfield for the Viny which needed a clear run of five hundred yards But the land around St John s was all swiss—rocky barren swampy or covered with forest Alcock drove around hopelessly in a rented car and got glummer each day

Three days after their arrival the Vickers team and others at the Cochrane heard that the three American flying boats had left for the Azores The assault on the Atlantic had begun The flying boats roared out of Trepassey Bay at 7 30 p m on May 16 and by nine the next morning the fastest of them an NC 4 sighted the first island in the Azores Two hours later the plane landed at Horta with an easy nine hundred miles to the coast of Europe

The other two flying boats however didn t reach the Azores in flight they were forced down at sea but both the crews were saved

The news of the arrival of the NC-4 in the Azores reached St John's on Saturday May 17 Hawker and Raynham heard it as they were walking into the Cochrane Hotel

Early on Sunday morning Lieut Cdr Hurts visited the Cochrane with good news All his weather data indicated that the storms over the North Atlantic were abating a full moon was due that night the prospects were better than they had ever been during the past three weeks

By 3 30 p m the Sopwith Atlantic stood ready outside the hangar on Glendenning s Farm At 3 48 p m Hawker and Mackenzie Grieve raised their hands in a final salute the throttle was opened wide and the little biplane started rolling across the uneven surface of the field to lunch into the air after a run of three hundred yards

The noise of the Atlantic flying over St John's served to tell everyone that the long-expected race was on Hundreds more people walked rode or motored down to the Quidi Vidi Lake to join the crowd already there Raynham was not worried by Hawker s early start He knew that the Martinsyde was the faster of the two planes

When the Martinsyde mechanics had finished their work the trim scarlet and yellow Raymor was wheeled out of the hangar to one end of the field Raynham and his navigator Morgan climbed into their flying suits

Exactly one hour after Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve had taken off the chocks were pulled away from the wheels of the Raymor Everyone cheered as the machine began to roll over the ground with increasing speed All went well for about two hundred yards the little plane struggled into the air when a sudden crosscurrent of wind hit it and it buckled into the ground There was a crash of splintering wood the machine turned partly over and stopped dead Raynham and Morgan were badly shaken but not severely injured

The flight of Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve was to become one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of British flying and although unsuccessful it attracted almost as much publicity as the flight of Alcock and Brown Fifteen hours and fifteen hundred miles from St. John's the cooling system in the Sopwith failed By one chance in a thousand Hawker picked out a small steamer in the vast expanse of ocean and crash landed his plane in her path He and Mackenzie-Grieve were saved but there was no wireless aboard the steamer and for six days the world thought the two flyers were dead

Exactly a week after the departure of Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve a messenger boy handed Alcock the cable he had waited for so impatiently

"SS GLENDEVON CARRYING VIMY AIRCRAFT VICKERS MECHANICS EXPECTING TO DOCK ST JOHN S MORNING MONDAY MAY 28"

That evening Fred Mowery electrified the Cochrane Hotel when he bounded into the dining room excitedly waving a cable and shouting "They're safe Harry and Mac landed in Scotland this morning"

On May 27 two days after Hawker and Mackenzie Grieve reached Scotland, the first crossing of the Atlantic by air was successfully completed when the American NC-4 landed on the Tagus at Lisbon

With Hawker out of the race and Raynham a doubtful starter the betting odds were limited to the Handley Page V/1500 and the Vickers Vimy By the end of May the odds had shortened to 4 to 1 on the Handley Page Travelers coming into St John s from Harbour Grace brought ranging reports of the preparedness of the four engine plane and the St. John's folk shook their heads over the state of the Vimy

During the first week in June the weather improved and the Vimy began to look like a real biplane But Alcock still was worried because the nagging question of an airfield had not been solved Then unexpectedly a hauling contractor named Lester who had transported the Vimy out to the Martinsyde field at Quidi Vidi stopped by one day to ask how things were going

"Jolly well" said Alcock "but I still haven't got a field What a country!"

Lester asked how much land he would be wanting

A good clear run of five hundred yards

Lester then announced that he could help Alcock out with some land he owned for grazing horses Alcock looked dubious He could not believe that any level land remained within sixty miles of St John s which he had not already surveyed However Lester persuaded him to have a look at his field

'We'll Call It Lester's Field"

The land was a long rectangular meadow dotted here and there with young spruce trees and large boulders of granite One end dropped down to a marsh while the other rose up over a small hill A stone dike ran across the middle of the field with a deep drainage ditch on one side If the trees and boulders could be cleared the dike removed and the ditch filled in it would serve Alcock was startled when Lester offered the field for nothing and then announced that his men would help clear the ground

"We'll call it Lester's Field" said Alcock bubbling with enthusiasm

The airfield was ready by June 8 "It'll do Teddir It'll do" said Alcock to Brown as he stood surveying the results of their labors But I hope we only have to use it once!" Alcock made up his mind to fly in the morning

It was a perfect morning when he awoke the Vimy stood complete and ready The tanks were filled with petrol and oil for a short trial flight With the help of Raynham s mechanics the Vimy was trundled to the end of the short runway where a fortnight before Raynham and Morgan had their crash

"Contact!"

First one engine, then the other, burst into roaring life, the slipstream sending waves rippling across the lake, scaring the loons and gulls into the air Both engines were running sweetly Alcock glanced round at Brown, a broad smile on his face The take-off was perfect a short run of three hundred yards and the Vimy was airborne flying low over the suburbs of St. John's.

Over Lester s Field Alcock slowly lost altitude He made a perfect three point landing on the new airfield

That evening Alcock cabled to Vickers 'Machine absolutely top hole"

Now the weather steadily deteriorated A wind of near-gale force blew for forty-eight hours without a break The Vimy had to be tethered down in the open and the mechanics stayed on watch day and night listening for the sounds of splintering wood and ripping fabric

Friday June 13 dawned grey and cold Heavy rain clouds hung low over St John s, hiding the summit of Signal Hill from the anxious eyes of Alcock and Brown. A gale was gusting in from the Atlantic whipping the white crests in the harbor and driving the rain against the windows of the Cochrane Hotel.

When Alcock went down to the hotel kitchen he found Agnes Donley cutting sandwiches and filling thermos flasks with hot coffee. Day after day she had performed a similar service for Harry Hawker and Fred Raynham Only she had watched them leave with high hopes for their airfields at Glendenning s farm and Quidi Vidi, only to return dispiritedly in the evenings, her sandwiches uneaten and coffee undrunk

The rain had stopped by the time they reached the camp on Lester's Field, but the gale continued to blow harder then ever Lieutenant Clements arrived with weather reports from ships in the Atlantic Alcock pounced on him and tried to wring an admission that the gale would die down Clements remained adamant the gale would blow all that day and probably well on into the next Alcock shook his head in dogged disbelief and calmly gave the order for the Vimy to be fueled up in readiness.

Everyone lent a hand to roll the heavy drums of petrol and oil across the soft ground The fuel had to be pumped up by hand and passed through filters into the tanks Alcock watched eagle eyed for a particle of dirt When fully loaded the Vimy carried 870 gallons of petrol and forty gallons of oil stored in the regular tanks and in three extra tanks fitted into the bomb bay There had never been occasion to load the machine fully before everyone watched anxiously as the fuel was pumped on board A mechanic was standing with Brown, apprehensively staring at the undercarriage wheels which were sinking into the turf under the load Suddenly he clutched Brown s arm and cried out What s up with them axles?

"Good God!" said Brown. A shock absorber mounted on the axle had broken in two The broken part meant an end to any plans for a take-off that day There was nothing to be done but off load all the fuel and water

The storm continued throughout that night but shortly before dawn on Saturday June 14 the wind dropped The sudden silence woke Alcock Almost unable to believe his ears he ran to the window and looked out. A gentle breeze was blowing and the sky was



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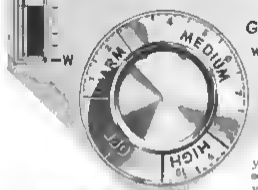
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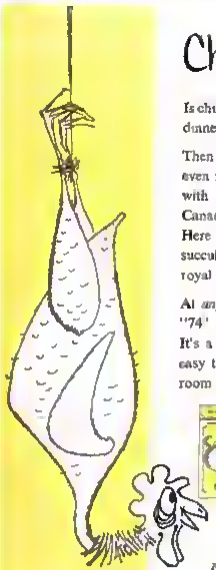
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cleaning In great excitement he woke Brown There was no time to waste no time to collect any food or say farewell The lull in the weather might only be brief Both men were in a fever of impatience to be off

It was shortly after 3 30 a m when they reached Lester s Field The sun was just rising over Signal Hill Maxwell Muller and the mechanics had finished their work on the Vimy The machine stood ready inert but loaded complete to the last split pin

There was little room inside the cockpit for the two men to sit side by side Brown went was on the port side Alcock s on the starboard Between them lay the bulky electric battery for heating their flying suits The sextant was clipped on to the dashboard in front of Brown. The course and distance calculators were fastened to the fuselage at his side The drift indicator a glass plate through which the motion of the waves could be observed lay under his seat. The Baker navigating machine the chart and log lay on the floor By twisting round in his seat Brown could reach a small locker behind him. Here he kept an electric torch and Very pistol The torch would be used for inspecting the engine gauges at night The Very pistol would be used for signaling if they were forced down into the sea

While Brown was still in the cockpit a boy arrived on a bicycle He had been sent from the Gerbrene by Agnes Deeley with sandwiches and coffee Brown stowed away the food and coffee, together with some chocolate which had been a present from Lady Mackenzie and a bottle of beer These were all the refuges they intended to carry

By one o clock the weather had improved and the wind had dropped to a steady 30 mph. Alcock and Brown finished their lunch and then quite casually walked over to the Vimy The mechanics removed the tethering ropes and the Vimy responded with a giant shudder Alcock told Brown that if they did not leave then they would probably never leave Brown agreed

A few last words to reporters, a minute to pose for photographers then they climbed into the cockpit Their bulky flying suits cramped the limited space Someone handed Brown his walking stick. He ran his eyes over the instruments and strapped the log to his leg Alcock ran his hands over the flying controls trying out their movements. Aileron? Check Elevators? Check Rudders? Check Everything in order

A small group of people had gathered on the ground under the cockpit to wish their friends *bon voyage* Lieut. Clements was there as official starter for the Royal Aero Club fixing the club's official seal on the side of the fuselage This was to ensure that Alcock and Brown did not cheat by flying from Newfoundland in one plane and landing in Ireland in another Apparently no one had thought out just how the substitution would be made in mid-Atlantic! Postmaster Robinson handed over the little white canvas bag that contained 197 normal letters.

The time was now 1 24 p.m.

Under the direction of Maxwell Muller some forty volunteers took up positions against the leading edge of the wings and the tail ready to hold the Vimy back until Alcock gave his signal for release

"Contact!"

The port engine fired. Smoke gushed out from the two exhaust pipes Alcock warmed the engine up into a deafening roar The starboard engine started up and the men holding back the Vimy took a firmer grip Alcock ran the two engines up to their full revolutions and then throttled them back to a subdued roar.





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The onlookers saw his hand rise in the signal of release The engines roared all out A mechanic whipped away the wheel chocks. The men holding the Vimy dropped on their faces as the wings passed over their heads. Slowly desperately slowly, the Vimy lumbered into the westerly wind

Not a second was heard from the spectators as they watched the great ungainly machine lurch along, gaining speed with every yard. Raynham watched breathlessly recalling his own unhappy take-off four weeks earlier

Gradually the Vimy gained speed the roar of the two Eagle engines echoing back from the hills around Lester s Field stampeding the horses in neighboring pastures. Alcock held the Vimy on the ground as long as he dared, until barely a hundred yards of open ground lay ahead Then with consummate skill he slowly raised the Vimy into the air, clearing the boundary dike and woods by inches

1 45 p m (4 13 p m Greenwich Mean Time), Alcock and Brown were airborne

Suddenly there was silence Clements looked up to see that the Vimy had dropped from sight behind the hill at the end of Lester's Field There was a moment of horrified immobility before the crowd started running toward the far end of the field convinced that the plane had crashed

She s down! She's down!" cried a mechanic tears streaming down his face

Seconds later everyone stopped running Their ears picked up the heartwarming note of the Vimy s engines. There in the distance gaining altitude all the time flew the Vimy

The Vimy Leaves Newfoundland

As they crossed the coastline Brown looked at his wrist watch and noted the time it was 4 28 p m (GMT) He looked at the aneroid and saw that it was registering twelve hundred feet The sun was hidden by clouds and the rocky contours of Newfoundland were becoming obscured by mist

He then transmitted a wireless message

VIMY CROSSED COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND 4 28 GMT

When the panic had died down and some sort of order restored to the cable office Lieutenant Clements claimed priority to send off his official cable to the Royal Aero Club

CAPTAIN ALCOCK AND LIEUTENANT BROWN LEFT ST JOHN S NEWFOUNDLAND IN A VICKERS VIMY MACHINE ON A FLIGHT TO ENGLAND TODAY JUNE 14 AT 4 13 GMT.

This was the first news to be received in Britain of the start of the flight The cable did not reach the Royal Aero Club until late that evening too late for the story to be spread around London and many people learned of the safe arrival of the Vimy in Ireland before they had realized that an attempt to fly the Atlantic had been made After Clements Fred Mc mery managed to file an interim dispatch to the Daily Mail which began with the memorable words Brown flying to his bride

By 5 p m Alcock and Brown had left the clear coastal weather behind them Straight ahead lay a great bank of fog rolling off the horizon like a mountainous curtain Within a few minutes they were enveloped in fog, at first only a few grey wisps of moisture floated past the wing tips, then it grew thicker and thicker until they were unable to see even these They searched for signs of a break but there were none to be seen The noise of the engine echoed back dully from the walls around them They had no sense of motion no feeling of being airborne they were hanging in space

There were still no signs of a break in the fog when Brown decided to send a wireless message back to Newfoundland With the transmitter key balanced on his knee he started to send off another message Estimated position of Vimy

But something was wrong with the transmitter The needle of the milliammeter failed to kick when the Morse key made contact His signals were not being sent out He checked over the connections and terminals within the cockpit, but everything seemed in order Brown glanced outside the cockpit and realized what had happened The current for the transmitter was supplied by a small dynamo fixed to one of the wing struts and driven round by a small propeller which spun in the wind At some time after leaving Newfoundland this propeller had sheared off leaving the transmitter useless.

Brown leaned over to Alcock and yelled in his ear "The wireless generator has smashed The propeller has gone" Startled by hearing the word "propeller" Alcock looked round Brown gestured towards the broken dynamo and Alcock smiled with relief beneath his goggles. For a second he had thought but the loss of the wireless transmitter was a small matter

The Vimy was still heavily overloaded with oil and petrol and Alcock nursed the engines. Slowly he nursed the Vimy upward, never forcing the engines unduly but always gaining altitude Brown had almost despaired of ever seeing the sun again when he sensed a change in the atmosphere He nudged Alcock excitedly Was it im



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origination, or did the fog seem to be thinning out? Now he could see the wing tips quite clearly—and then he zoned them. Suddenly the Vimy soared up out of the fog into the clear air above. Brown looked up eagerly for the sun only to be disappointed. Above them stretched an unbroken bank of cloud reaching to the horizon. They were flying along a corridor of clear air—above them a ceiling of cloud and below a carpet of fog.

It was now close on 8 p.m. The tail wind was holding and Brown estimated that they had covered two hundred miles, but he was still worried about being unable to sight the sun. He urged Alcock upward feeling that they must make altitude if he was to see the sun before nightfall.

Edging the joystick back a fraction Alcock took the Vimy up nearer and nearer to the ceiling of cloud until once again they were swallowed up in mist. All of a sudden the smooth rhythm of the flight was shattered. A loud clatter like machine gun fire at close quarters was coming from the starboard engine. Both men glanced at each other in horror. A vivid memory of the engine trouble that had forced Harry Hawker down flashed through Brown's mind as he craned over Alcock's shoulder to look at the engine. He saw a frightening sight. A section of the inner exhaust pipe was splitting away from the engine casing and vibrating in the wind. Slowly it turned red, then white hot and incandescent until finally it melted away, leaving the six inner cylinders exhausting into the slipstream. Flames were belching out and were blown backwards in a long fiery streamer by the wind, but so far as Brown could see after a hurried inspection they were not playing on any part of the Vimy's fabric.

Hapa Returns With the Sun

The noise from the unsilenced engine was deafening, thrumming and drumming through their heads. Speech became impossible and from then on Brown could only communicate with Alcock by hastily scribbled notes in the log. After minutes of tense watching and waiting they realized that the starboard engine was still running smoothly and they could relax.

7.40 p.m. They had been flying for over three hours and had covered an estimated four hundred and fifty miles. They ate some sandwiches and had a drink of the whisky. They were still flying through unbroken cloud at five thousand feet. Brown worked out their position once again relying on dead reckoning, but two hours had passed since his last sight of the sun in these clouds he had no means of estimating their drift with the wind, and he was becoming worried. Brown to Alcock: "If you get above clouds we will get a good fix tonight and hope for clear weather tomorrow. Not at any risky expense to engines though." Alcock nodded and took the Vimy higher, trying to break out of the world of clouds.

Another hour passed by. The Vimy was flying through cloud at six thousand feet. They had almost given up hope of ever seeing the sun again when Brown saw what he had been longing to see. There was a break in the clouds ahead. Alcock noticed it at the same time and headed the Vimy straight for the gap as Brown prepared to take a sun sight. For a brief ten minutes the sun shone on them, warming their backs.

Brown picked up the sextant and kneeling up in his seat twisted his body round to sight the sun which was now shining through the port wings from directly behind the Vimy. This done, he settled down contentedly to work out their position. His estimates based on dead reckoning had been accurate they were only a few miles to the south of their projected position on the Great Circle course. Brown was human enough to feel rather flattered.

The breakout from the clouds was brief. No sooner had Brown given a slight course correction to Alcock when they were back in the clammy turbulent mists.

9.30 p.m. It began to get dark. Somewhere behind them the sun was setting, hidden by the clouds. It became much colder and the cockpit dripped with moisture.

To add to their misery their electrically heated flying suits began to fail. The battery that supplied the current was not large enough to warm their hands, feet and bodies, and Brown had to switch over from one circuit to another. Soon the battery failed on all circuits and the two men had only their body warmth as protection against the cold.

Brown to Alcock: "Can you get through clouds at, say, sixty degrees? We must get stars as soon as possible." In the darkness Brown was forced to hold his pencilled messages in one hand and use the torch with the other so Alcock could read them.

Alcock and Brown flew into Sunday, June 15. The only illumination was the soft greenish glow from the instrument panel which reflected eerily on their faces, and the flicker from the exhaust.

The Vimy was flying at six thousand feet, impressed between the endless layers of cloud. For eight hours Alcock had been carefully nursing the engines flying with them between half and three-quarter throttle and avoiding any sudden strain. By now the long flight was taking effect. Under the ceaseless clatter of the broken exhaust Alcock's ears caught a change in the rhythmic beat of the two Eagles. Their rhythm had become more irregular their sound more harsh.

12.05 a.m. Brown to Alcock: "I must see the stars."

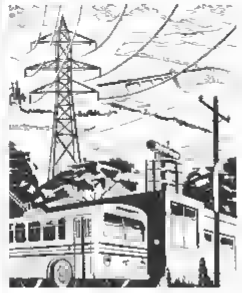
Gently Alcock eased back on the joystick and opened the throttles a fraction, putting the Vimy into a gradual climb as they passed into yet another layer of cloud.

As the Vimy bored upward through the blanket of the clouds it seemed to them that the texture of the mass was changing. It was becoming lighter and thinning out. Within a few minutes glimmerings of moonlight were shining through the vapor, casting soft shadows in the cockpit. Then all at once at a quarter past midnight they flew into all the wonder of the clear night sky with the moon and stars bright overhead.

Alcock dug his fingers into Brown's shoulders and pointed upward at the moon grinning broadly at his navigator's excitement. There to the northeast shone the star Vega and there above the port wings, was the Pole Star. At 12.25 Brown reckoned their position to be latitude 50° 7' N and longitude 31° W. This proved to be slightly south of his plotted course, but they had covered nearly half the distance. He jubilantly scribbled a course correction for Alcock to see and folded his chart into two.

His calculations showed that they had flown just over eight hundred and fifty miles (nautical) at an average speed of 106 knots. They had covered almost half the Great Circle route between Newfoundland and Ireland without serious mishap. From now on there could be no turning back.

Now that they were sure of their position they felt they could relax. Brown laced a cup of coffee with a generous measure of whisky and passed it over to Alcock. Brown could see Al



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sock's mouth opening and closing wordlessly as he sang happily to himself

She's like the swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry

The wind snatched the words away to be drowned in the roar of the engines.

3 a.m. They had been airborne for close to eleven hours and all was well. Ireland was barely six hundred miles ahead of them... they had plenty of petrol in reserve... thanks to Alcock's careful handling of the Rolls-Royce engines... and they were flying steadily eastward at a good average speed of 106 knots. The sun would soon be rising in front of them, the monotony and fatigue of the night would soon be past.

Brown to Alcock: Immediately you see sun rising point machine straight for it and we'll get its compass bearing.

3.10 a.m. The Vimy was dodging in and out of clouds when quite suddenly as they emerged into a space of clear air Alcock and Brown saw a great lowering mass of cumulo nimbus straight ahead, blocking their path like some vast range of black mountains.

There was no time to alter course, the Vimy flew straight into the centre of this storm. A sudden turbulence gripped the machine and tossed it around like a falling leaf in a gale. The wings quivered and vibrated, the rigging wires humming in sympathy. The dreadful suddenness of the storm caused Alcock and Brown to lose all sense of direction and balance. The rain turned to hail which drove into their faces with cruel violence. The Vimy was out of control, plunging like a crazy horse and throwing the two men around in the cockpit with only their safety belts to hold them in place. Alcock fought to regain control and keep the machine on the level, but with no horizon to see and his senses knocked out of balance by the violence of the Vimy's plunge it was impossible. Their instruments became useless, the bubble of the artificial horizon had long since vanished and there was only the pressure of their seats against their backs to show that they were not hanging upside down in space.

At that point disaster nearly overtook them and finished their venture. The storm was at its height when the air-speed indicator jammed, showing a reading of ninety knots. Alcock wrestled with the joystick, trying to force the nose of the Vimy up, but they were moving too slowly for this to be effective. For one sickening moment the Vimy hung motionless in the air, then she stalled, tilting over and dropping in a steep spiral dive down toward the Atlantic. Neither man could see anything through the swirling mass of cloud that had swallowed them up.

4,000... 3,000... 2,000 feet... the Vimy was plunging downward with both engines roaring and wings threatening to pull away from the fuselage. It was then that Alcock showed what a supremely good pilot he was. He managed to regain control over the engines and throttle them back, but he still could not check the headlong plunge.

2,000... 1,500... 1,000 feet and they were still dropping through the black and savage cloud. For all they knew it might reach down to sea level and there would be only the shock of impact as they hit the water and the crumpling of wood and fabric to tell them of the end.

1,000... 800... 250... 100 feet. The needle of the altimeter was almost resting at zero when they left the storm as quickly as they had entered it. The Vimy fell out of the cloud only sixty feet above the ocean. But to the startled eyes of Alcock and Brown the ocean was not in its customary situation below them; it was standing up sideways, almost vertically to them. Alcock looked up at the waves that seemed to be above him... and at the horizon, and instantaneously regained his sense of balance. Instinctively he controlled the joystick and rudder. The Vimy responded at once. Alcock opened the throttles wide, the Rolls-Royce engines roared out and they regained flying speed, skimming the crests of the waves, at times so close that the spray of the white horses beat on the undercarriage of the wings. The danger was past.

After a few minutes, Brown regained his composure and looked at the compass. He took another look and saw that, instead of pointing east, the lubber's line was pointing due west. They were heading back to Newfoundland! He nudged Alcock and pointed to the compass. Alcock looked and burst into a roar of laughter (but he swung the Vimy round in a wide turn and back on to course for Ireland).

In the stress of the storm they had missed the sunrise, but now, half an hour later, they were flying in daylight with the sun hidden behind banks of storm cloud. Heavy rain started falling, turning to hail, cutting their faces and rebounding like shot from the wings. After a few minutes snow started to fall heavily. The wind drove the snow inside the cockpit and caked over their goggles with a white screen. The wing surfaces and struts became sheathed in ice.

Alcock needed all his strength to move the flying controls, heavy with snow, but he contented to climb, hoping to fly out and over the storm and perhaps to catch a glimpse of the sun. The two engines were labouring, feeling the altitude and the dead weight of the ice that encased the Vimy. The cold became intense, forcing both men to huddle down behind the windscreen for protection.

Altitude... 8,000 feet. From his shelter behind the windscreen Brown screwed his head round to look at the engines. It was difficult to see at all clearly through the driving snow but it looked to him as if the fuel intake gauges on the side of each engine were completely iced over and the air intakes on the engines were becoming blocked with snow. Already the two engines were beating irregularly, starved of air by the altitude and snow. Reluctantly Brown straightened up in his seat and looked again, taking off his goggles for a better view. He saw that if he did not act quickly they would be in trouble.

Brown, the cripple, released his safety belt and pulled off his mittens. As he stood up in the cockpit and started climbing back on the fuselage Alcock looked round and realized what he was trying to do. He tried to pull him back, but Brown savagely pushed him away and scrambled up on the centre section of the fuselage. Then he lowered himself inch by inch onto the wing, gripping the wooden strut that braced the port engine. The snow sheathed his body in a shroud of ice as he clung grimly on to the strut and fumbled in his pockets for a jackknife. He had to cling on with all his strength, the wind tore at his face and hands, forcing him backward... his feet were slipping on the icy surface of the wing.

Brown Walks a Wing

Painfully, with short blows of his knife, he chipped the ice off the gauges. The exertion made him pant and gasp for air, his heart pounded with the altitude and the great gulps of icy air that he breathed in burnt his throat and lungs with cold. Once the gauges were clear he reached up to clear the air intakes. The propeller was only a few inches away from his body and the slipstream became an added force trying to loosen his grip on the Vimy. The exhaust was roaring in his face, but somehow Brown managed to clear the air intakes of the port engine to be rewarded by the noise of all twelve cylinders beating regularly.

Meanwhile, Alcock had to use all his skill as a pilot to keep the Vimy in level flight. One false move, one slight tilt to port or starboard, and Brown would be sent hurtling down to the Atlantic nine thousand feet below. Brown clung gasping to a strut on the port wing, trying to summon up enough strength to tackle the starboard engine. He had to fight every inch of the way. He clung to the starboard engine almost defeated with the flaming exhaust only inches over his head. With his last reserve of strength he cleared the air intakes and worked his way back into the cockpit.

The ordeal of Brown was not finished. The storm continued to rage without a break. Five times more he had to fight his way along the wings.

7.20 a.m. Altitude eleven thousand feet. At last they climbed out of the storm and could see the sun, a pinpoint of light glimmering through the clouds over their heads.

For the last time Brown pulled off his mittens and picked up the sextant. He found that they were still on course and were within reach of Ireland. Brown to Alcock: We had better go lower down where the air is warmer and where we might pick up a steamer.

They had been airborne for fifteen hours, had survived two terrible storms and had flown over eighteen hundred miles of ocean. Within another hour they should be sighting Ireland.

All at once the starboard engine began to misfire. They looked at it in alarm. Alcock realized that their only chance lay in shutting off both engines and gliding down through the cloud banks as slowly as possible in the hope that the warmer air near the ocean would thaw the ice and snow.

11,000... 10,000... 9,000 feet they were gradually dropping, diving to gain flying speed and then leveling out again... then diving as Alcock felt the Vimy reach the point of stalling. All the time they were thrown about by the turbulence of the clouds and they cursed the walls that shut them in.

9,000... 7,000... 5,000 feet, the Vimy was still volplaning silently through unbroken cloud. As they turned their heads to look back at the machine, their hearts quickened, for they could see the effects of warmer air. The ice on the wings and fuselage was thawing... sliding off the fabric surfaces as its grip was loosened. The ice was melting in the hinges of the aileron and Alcock found they responded when he moved the controls. The snow inside the cockpit was turning into a wet slush which worked through their flying clothes.

3,000... 2,000... 1,000 feet. Fifteen minutes had passed and there were still no signs of the ocean. Brown had a sudden twinge of pain when he glanced at the needle of the altimeter which registered a bare 1,000 feet. He had little faith left in the instrument after the tremendous buffeting of the electric storm.

On this occasion, as once before,







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BRITAIN CHEERS ITS FIRST ATLANTIC FLYERS



Eton schoolboys storm the railway carriage as the transocean flyers arrive at Windsor Castle, where they were knighted by King George V

their luck held good. They glided out of the clouds into clear air a bare five hundred feet over the restless seas. Alcock immediately opened both throttles. The two Rolls Royce engines responded without a falter, the starboard one firing perfectly as all twelve cylinders.

The moment of panic was over.

Brown had just turned round in his seat to stow away the empty thermos flask when he felt Alcock grab him by the shoulder and twist him round, pointing ahead excitedly and yelling inaudible words of delight.

There in line with the nose of the Vimy were two tiny specks. For the last time Brown opened his charts and searched for two islands off the coast of Ireland. There were hundreds of possible choices. The coastline and the contours did not fit in with Galway Bay, but there farther to the north, they seemed to fit exactly. The islands must be Inish Boffin and Inish Turbot, the mountains were the peaks of Connemara, and that little town that he could just see on the mainland must be Clifden.

It was 8.16 a.m. when they first sighted land. They crossed the coast of the mainland at 8.25 a.m., flying over the two islands and following a deep sea bay up to the town of Clifden where the Marconi transatlantic wireless station was situated. Alcock brought the Vimy lower, circling over the town until the noise of their engines fetched people running out into the streets. Brown saw their faces looking up, their hands waving, and he fired off two red flares from the Very pistol to celebrate their arrival. Alcock was unable to spot any likely landing ground in the vicinity of the town, but near the Marconi station he had seen what looked from the air like a wide expanse of green grass. He banked away sharply from Clifden and steered for the aerial masts.

The wind whistled softly through the wires, beckoning them on toward the grass. Now they were close enough to distinguish details. Pleasure changed swiftly to horror as the greensward resolved into tufts of marsh grasses and pools of slimy water. There was no time to act. The wheels of the undercarriage ran into the watery mire sending up a shower of muck. For a few seconds their momentum carried them along before the Vimy came to a sudden stop. The nose dug into the soft ground and the tail jerked skyward. Only their safety belts prevented Alcock and Brown from being catapulted headfirst into the bog.

They had flown across the Atlantic nonstop a distance of 1,890 miles in sixteen hours and twelve minutes at an average speed of 118 mph.

Brown was the first to move. With his navigator's instinct he looked at his wrist watch and noted the time. It was precisely 8.40 a.m. Then, moving with exaggerated slowness he unbuckled his safety belt and eased himself out of his seat.

"That's the best way to cross the Atlantic, eh Jack?"

By Monday morning the whole world rejoiced in the triumph of Alcock and Brown. The headlines told the story:

Daily Mail £10,000 Atlantic Prize won
1,880 miles flight for a bride
British air triumph — Alcock and Brown the heroes
Historic ocean dash in 16 hours
Alcock synthetises sport at 120 mph
Ocean flight paves way for commercial planes.

Alcock and Brown had become headline heroes. The Press, fully alive to the fascination of Atlantic flying for the public gave them a generous treatment of ballyhoo and publicity which became standard procedure for all Atlantic flyers, successful and unsuccessful. It began with the flight of the NC-4 and the drama of Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve, and it reached its apogee in the hysterical adulation of Lindbergh eight years later.

Congratulations to the two airmen poured into the Royal Aero Club from U.S. President Wilson and British Prime Minister Lloyd George among hundreds of others. One Hollywood producer Thomas Ince offered three fifty thousand dollars to fly the Pacific.

On June 20 the Daily Mail held a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel in honor of the Atlantic flight. Alcock and Brown were the guests of honor, and Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War, was invited to make the presentation of the £10,000 prize. All the leading personalities of the aeronautical world were there.

Churchill concluded his speech with a pleasant surprise:

"I am very happy to be able to tell you that I have received His Majesty's gracious consent to an immediate award of the Knight Commandership of the Order of the British Empire to both Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown."

Their reception in London, the award of the Daily Mail prize and the accolade of knighthood shaped a heroic finale to the story of Alcock and Brown.

For a few weeks they impatiently endured their roles as public figures. A visit to Windsor Castle was followed by frêtes, garden parties and public appearances. By the end of July they were finished with this limelight. At last Brown was free to marry Kathleen Kennedy, who became Lady Brown.

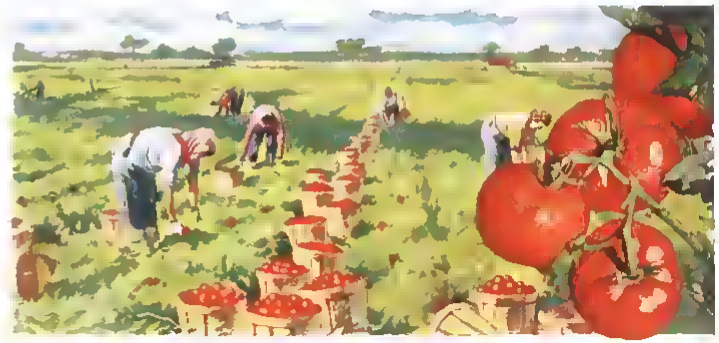
Alcock happily returned to flying for Vickers, testing and delivering new aircraft. His contract as a staff pilot was due to expire at the end of the year when he planned to use his half of the Atlantic prize money in opening a motor-car business. The Atlantic flight had already faded into memory when he celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday in November 1919. In December the first postwar Aeronautical Exhibition was held in Paris. Vickers entered a new amphibian the Viking, which Alcock intended to fly from Brooklands to alight on the Seine in front of the exhibition buildings.

December 18 was a blustery, rain swept day. The management of Vickers tried to dissuade him from flying to Paris, but he laughed at the weather. Flying over Normandy Alcock became enveloped in a dense layer of fog. He was descending to ground level in an attempt to pick up his bearings when the Viking struck a tree and crashed in a field at Côte d'Evrard, near Rouen. A priest, Father Cellier, heard the noise of the crash and after a long search through the fog stumbled upon the wreckage. Alcock had been thrown clear; he was lying unconscious on the ground, blood flowing freely from a head injury. With the help of some farm laborers he was carried into a farmhouse. But before a doctor could be summoned, Alcock had died.

Brown was working over his drawing board in his Ealing home when he received a telegram announcing the death of Alcock. The Atlantic flight had forged an intimate kinship between the two men. Now that Alcock was dead some of the meaning of life was lost to Brown. He never flew again. Heartbroken by the loss of his only son in the Battle of Arnhem, Brown died in Swansea in 1948.

Over the years the attendants of the South Kensington Museum learned to recognize the limping bowed figure of Sir Arthur Whitten Brown who celebrated the anniversaries of the Atlantic flight with a visit to the Vimy, which was preserved after being taken from the bog at Clifden. They remember him well, standing quietly in the Aeronautical Gallery and looking up at the Vimy, reliving in his mind those crowded hours he shared with Alcock, cramped together in that small cockpit so far above the Atlantic. ★

From the book, The Flight of Alcock and Brown (Putnam & Co., London) to be released in Canada soon by McClelland and Stewart



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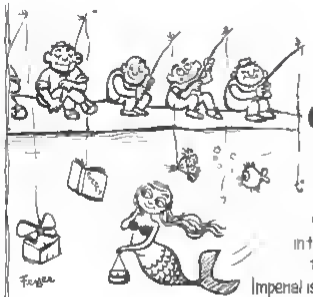


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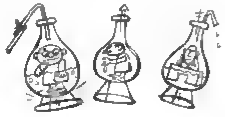
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How a "Progressive" Teacher Works

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"Right. Jimmy, can you tell another way we know it is seven?"

"Because I have three blue ones left over at the other end and seven is three less than ten."

They check off a few more problems. In each case they are reasoning out the answer instead of reciting figures from memory as was the custom twenty years ago.

Next each child pulls out a home-made cardboard ruler, marked into ten inch units but with no numbers. This way they learn to estimate distances with the eye. They hide their eyes while Jean measures a line on the chalkboard. Everyone guesses its length. It's six inches long and most of the class guesses correctly. Jean draws another line below it. By reasoning that four is two units less than six most of them estimate correctly that this line is four inches long.

Jean brings out a handful of cards, spotted with varying numbers of colored polka dots. She shows one for an instant, then:

"How many dots?"

A forest of hands goes up.

"Cheryl?"

"Four," says a red-cheeked girl with a pony tail hairdo.

"How did you know?"

"There were two reds and two blues and that makes four."

"And was this an odd or an even number? Joanne?"

One of the blond Harper twins says, "An even number because if you put it in two groups of two there'd be none left over."

Next they try simple geometry. On a flannel-covered easel Jean sticks colored paper triangles, squares, circles and rectangles, each with a flannel strip on its back. The pupils identify them all, although sometimes using oversimplified definitions. "A square has four straight sides all the same." "A rectangle has four sides but they don't have to be the same" and "a triangle has three sides."

The teacher hangs a large square board at the front of the room. It's studded with nails and marked in quarters, two red and two green. One hundred colored disks hang on the nails in rows of ten, red disk against green board and vice versa. Jean rapidly removes thirteen disks.

"How many are left? Grant?"

"Eighty-seven," says a boy with six guns stamped all over his shirt.

"How did you know?"

"Because there are eight full rows of ten, that makes eighty, and five red and two green makes seven."

Later Jean explains she sawed and painted the board herself, hammered the nails and, before buying plastic disks, used wooden spools as markers. She begged the empty spools from friends, sewing boxes painted them herself and still has several dozen left over which she's trying to find a use for.

Another time, after taking a box of vitamin pills for tonsilitis, she was idly examining the box's perforated lining and suddenly realized it had five rows, ten holes to the row.

"Ten units," she thought. "Just right for arithmetic!"

She begged pillboxes from her friends, who have learned never to throw anything away. Now each pupil, using a pillbox lining as a pattern, can draw neat ten unit rows of circles in his arithmetic book.

"Mind you, all these ideas of mine are based on ideas in books or as taught

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"I have no children but you," said Miss Dey. "Guess that's enough," a boy piped

in university," Jean adds. "They're available to any teacher who takes the trouble to look."

As she explains this in an undertone a boy sauntered away from his desk. Jean permits a certain amount of classroom wandering for specific errands but this trip is unnecessary. She does not raise her voice but her meaning is unmistakable.

"Alan!" A nod toward his desk. "Quick!" Alan moves quickly. "We're going to have to put a little glue on that desk to make you stick!" Alan grins sheepishly and stays put.

Now the class invents its own problems. Grant Keddie, of the six gun shirt, says, "We had ten dogs and we sold five. How many are left?"

The class tells him. A girl invents a problem with daffodils. Another makes up a question about cats. The buzzer sounds recess.

Recess is no uproar, especially in wet or snowy weather when coats and galoshes must be worn. Jean fastens four chinstraps, wraps five scarves and ties two sets of pigtails.

Miss Dey, may I please have the skipping rope?"

"I don't really think you need it, Lesley, there's a foot of snow."

"Miss Dey, this morning you and my sister—"

"Who?"

"—uh ... my sister and *I* had to shovel snow till a quarter to nine."

"Miss Dey, somebody took my boots."

"Miss Dey, will you please zip my zipper?"

"All right, let's see if we can walk out quietly."

A heavy silence settles over the room. Miss Dey settles into a chair and tells how, a few days earlier, six year old Jonathan Sibun asked: "Miss Dey, do you have any children?"

"Why, no—except for all of you in the class."

"Oh," said Jonathon thoughtfully. "Well, I guess that's enough for any woman."

The buzzer sounds again. As in most modern schools the pupils relax heads down on desks, then stand and stretch, then bunch down on the floor a moment to compose themselves after recess.

By this time two mothers have dropped in to sit quietly at the back of the room. Jean greets them cheerfully and goes about her business. After a few tentative giggles the pupils ignore them too. Both teacher and students are used to spectators. Every day for eighteen weeks in the year, Jean has two student teachers from the university under her wing. Occasionally, the university or school board brings exchange teachers from foreign countries or other special visitors to see her in action.

But she is particularly glad to see parents. At the beginning of each year she urges them to drop in anytime. Through the term she seizes every opportunity to renew the invitation. Last March during Education Week most teachers allotted all parents one half day to visit school. Generally the resultant crowds made a normal half day's teaching impossible. Jean Dey divided her parents into five groups, invited one group each morning of the week and proceeded with normal routine. Each afternoon she coached student teachers.

I was nearly dead by Friday night," she confesses, "but I thought the parents might as well see a normal school day in action. It's awfully important that they know me and I know them. I want parents to realize that although the pupils may appear to be wasting time, I know exactly *what* they are doing every minute and *why* they are doing it."

At first the parents were astonished at being wanted around school but by May this year all but six of the forty two homes had been represented by a visit from one or both parents. All were delighted with what they saw, particularly with Jean Dey's reading results. According to critics like Dr. Rudolf Flesch (Modern January 1, 1955)—modern primary-school children can read only what they study in school primers.

But Mrs. Frank Morris, a former teacher, says, "Our Marsha brings home one of Miss Dey's library books every night."

Elizabeth loves her library books," says Mrs. L. A. Douglas, another former teacher. She has learned not only to read but to think about what she is reading."

Mrs. Robert Harper, wife of an oil company president and mother of the twins, says, "Joanne sometimes gets up at six thirty in the morning to finish a storybook she brought home the previous night. When she and Marianne start out to read me a story they want to read the entire book!"

What Interests Children

Jean Dey also quarrels with Flesch's theories that primers are duller than they used to be, that phonetics and the alphabet are no longer taught and that modern children memorize words without grasping their meaning.

"Here's one of those 'interesting' primers of the past," she says, producing the 1932 Alexandre reader. "Listen to this dandy little story *I* had in grade one.

Apples, apples, fine red apples.
Will you have one, will you have one?
Take my apples, take my apples.
Please take one. O please take one."

Next she produces a modern primer, We Look and See, the first of a five-book series that Canadian grade one pupils study. The series is one of three approved for use in Alberta. She reads a passage:

Come. Puff
Come and go up
Go up, up, up
Come down, down, down

"Naturally that's dull for adults," she says, "but it isn't meant for adults. It interests children who have never read before and it is usually all they are capable of reading in the beginning."

She turns to Our New Friends, the fifth book in the series, which her class was studying by Easter this year. A typical passage begins:

One fine day a little yellow duck went for a walk. As he walked along the road he met Grey Kitten.

You see, these are straightforward little children's stories with little repetition," Jean says. "And they are reading these in their first year. As for children simply memorizing the stories from their readers—well, obviously Flesch hasn't seen reading taught reasonably. My pupils not only read but they discuss the stories, draw

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posters about them cut and paste pictures of the characters in them and build cardboard projects related to them

And she points out the posters lining the walls

We most certainly do use pictures she continues Pupils don't sound out words the way I did years ago Instead they learn to look at and analyze words They form a mental rather than a vocal image They learn that if this word says thank that one says think and so on

She divides her reading class into three groups partly because her class is large and partly to separate the rapid and slower readers This first group dives for a low table surrounded by small chairs at the back of the room Jean prints words on the chalkboard

You've been having trouble with these two She points to 'story' and 'story'

Morinans do you know the letter?

It's 'y'

And what do we hear it say?

Ee

That's right Now we know the letter 'e' on the end of 'story' sometimes says 'ee' too but in this word it doesn't This is just one of those words we're going to have to watch

They study other difficult words than upon the primer Our New Friends to a story about a squirrel First they discuss it from the illustrations

What does it look like the squirrel is doing Linda?

He's looking for nuts

And what does he see? Reid?

Well I guess he sees those nuts Dick and Jane picked

What do you think he'll do? Well let's read the page over to ourselves and find out.'

They read it silently looking for information rather than mere words Jean hurries back to the other pupils who are printing sentences concerning the day's lesson in their exercise books She returns to the reading table and asks more questions Everyone understands the story now To prove it they take turns reading aloud smoothly and with a surprising amount of expression The shifts change until every one has had an oral lesson

Then Jean stands an easel in front of the class and produces some of the hundreds of pictures she has cut from magazines and pasted on cards ('I spend hours doing this The other teachers call me Cut and Paste') She props a picture on the easel

Who knows what this is?

Hands fly up everyone knows it's a goat She writes the word in chalk Someone spells it aloud obviously these pupils know their alphabet They repeat the drill with a picture of a boat They recognize the rhyming phrase 'oat' in both words They discover that using it with 'c' makes 'coat' By the same process they learn to build 'pan' and 'pail' from 'man'

I know I'll toss out some of these methods eventually, for we must progress, Jean tells a mother when the lesson ends but I honestly believe this is the happiest form of reading instruction to date if it is properly taught

By this time the children are deep in library books In its first year Coronation School received a forty dollar grant per room to found a small library of extracurricular books Each year since each room has received a twenty three dollar grant to supplement its library But since children's books range from fifty cents to two dollars each, the grants don't go far Sometimes the rooms hold Easter plays or Hallowe'en tea parties for parents, adding a few dollars to their fund Jean



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frequently buys volumes from her own pocket her room has about one hundred and fifty books She can't resist a new one Once a friend saw her in an Edmonton supermarket while other women bought groceries Jean browsed through the children's storybooks

Reading class is followed by livelier fare like music or gymnastics Music means learning and singing simple songs some of which serve the extra purpose of teaching street-safety rules. The hit songs in the room this year according to popular request were God Save the Queen and O Canada

Twice a week there's a gym class running jumping and skipping to music and games like follow the-leader The teacher gets a workout too for she must join in as vigorously as a six year old.

Back in the classroom blond blue-eyed Donna Barber tells the teacher, Today's my birthday Miss Day Don't forget to spank me

So as she does for every pupil's birthday, Jean 'spanks' the child —this time it's seven strokes—everybody sings Happy Birthday to You and Donna passes around a box of her mother's homemade fudge

Why Teachers Need Holidays

The day ends with a few pupils showing and describing some novelty they've brought from home One girl has petrified wood from the Drumheller flatlands. Another has a rocket plane cut from a corn flakes box A boy in blue jeans produces a tin star

Is that a sheriff's star?

Yes, Miss Day

Are you the sheriff of this county?'

A small appreciative giggle runs through the room. A few pupils clean chalkboards and erasers feed the fish and turtles and water the plants. The buzzer rouses a final flurry of coats to be buttoned scarves to be tied rubbers to be found

Miss Day somebody lost a white mitten

And here's a green one, Miss Day

Well put them in the lost-and found box.

Good night Miss Day

Good night, Lesley Now hurry home so your mother won't worry

And the room is empty

Now you know why teachers need two months' holidays every year says Jean People often say to me How do you ever pass the time with grade one? I tell them I just don't have enough time to do everything

With that she goes on working until five or six p.m., either at school or at home

I'm not a grind she insists, I do it because I like it

Her home is a snug one-bedroom apartment on the second floor of a private house An electric fireplace, gay drapes and homemade cushion covers brighten the small living room On the wall hangs her Bachelor of Education diploma earned in 1953 after seven summer-school terms. She is obviously proud of it but jokes casually Why do they write those things in Latin! The only part I can read is my name

After dinner she usually tries the daily Edmonton Journal crossword puzzle and vows she'll solve one some day Then often she does more school work—painting spools sewing costumes for a play knitting and pasting pictures for word recognition cards —while the radio plays softly

I haven't bothered getting TV she says. If I had to watch that I wouldn't be able to cut and paste! Some people take up strong drink I just cut and paste Of course I won't refuse a drink on special occasions.'

Her social life is simple She is an indifferent sports fan, which caused her some embarrassment when Frank Morris co-captain and guard of the Edmonton Eskimos called at school one afternoon for his daughter Marsha

"I might have said something intelligent about the Grey Cup she mourns, but I just thought, Mmm, nice pair of shoulders I'm so used to seeing big handsome fathers come for their children I didn't pay much attention

She likes dancing and sings in an Edmonton teachers' chorus but most of all she likes to sit home reading anything from popular magazines and Pogo to Charles Dickens or the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson Her landlady once remarked as she hurried out to make a speech It's a shame you have to go out tonight Jean You're such good company for yourself

Speeches for home and school associations or teachers conventions occupy much of her spare time For two summers she has taught at the University of Alberta summer school and now her home has opened This year she had to refuse a summer school post at the University of Saskatchewan Obviously Jean Day never strays far from school life

But she has never wanted to. The urge to teach was literally born into her She grew up on a farm near Ardrossan Alta seventeen miles east



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of Edmonton, the youngest of four children. Her mother had taught school in Aberdeen, Scotland. Two aunts on her Scottish father's side were teachers. Her two sisters became teachers. Her brother married a schoolteacher.

Almost as soon as she could walk, Jean began playing school. She cornered and taught the neighborhood kids, taught her dolls, and if nothing else was available taught make-believe classes. While other kids made mud pies she made up imaginary lessons.

The elder Deyn had great respect for learning and in the evening they all sat around the parlor with books or magazines.

"I was furious because I wasn't old enough to do this fascinating thing called reading," Jean remembers. "Finally, when I was about four, I began bringing out a book called What Kitty Did at the Farm. I'd turn the pages slowly and scan them from top to bottom. Couldn't read a word but at least I didn't feel left out."

By the time she was five she had learned to read with her mother's help. But her first years of school were disappointing. Since she could outread most pupils her age she baffled the teachers. One day, to keep her busy, a teacher made her copy a poem into her exercise book. The next day, lacking a better idea, the teacher told her to do it again. Jean refused and was soundly slapped. But no matter how inept the teacher, the young Deyn never sought sympathy at home.

"In all those years I never once heard my mother criticize a teacher," Jean says. "In our house a teacher was just a little below God."

Her dismal school days didn't quench her enthusiasm for learning or teaching. By the time she was twelve she had completed grade nine, the final year in her rural school. That was 1930, the first depression year. There was no money to pay for her board in a high school town. She couldn't even find a housewife who'd let her work for her board. So for three years, with her mother's help, Jean struggled through lessons at home. Each year, she wrote standard examinations and in 1933 completed grade twelve without ever being in a high school.

Two years later she was able to afford a year at Edmonton Normal School. Then an idle year passed before she got a job. In 1937 she went to teach Divide School near the Hush settlement of Lake Isle, about seventy miles west of Edmonton.

"Remember," James Dey told his daughter as she left, "we may be poor, but you don't have to accept just anything. If it's bad come home."

It wasn't good, but Jean stayed. Divide School was a log shack with fifteen children in nine grades. Today the scent of burning tamarack still reminds her of the smoky wood-burning stove. Pictures pasted on the log walls rippled in and out like washboards. One afternoon early in the year her class fell strangely silent. She was congratulating herself on her discipline when a small voice piped, "There's a snake behind you!"

She whirled to see a garter snake shimmying through the floorboards. She swallowed hard and asked the boys to remove it. After that snakes often wriggled through the floor and Jean understood why— the teacher before me ran out of the school screaming."

But it was a good year for Jean. After all she was teaching. She played softball with the pupils ("I was the best first baseman they'd ever had"), dislocated both thumbs and tore the knees out of her stockings. She bunked with a farm family and every night read aloud to the father, a *Canadien* who'd never had a chance to learn reading or writing. She walked a mile and a half to school and ate enormous meals of home-baked bread, potatoes, chicken, rich farm cream and flapjacks. By the end of the year she'd gained twenty-five pounds and earned six hundred dollars.

Her work so impressed the school inspector that she was promoted to the village school of Sangudo, sixty-nine miles northwest of Edmonton, a job every rural teacher in the district wanted. At that it was no bargain. She taught forty-nine children in grades one to six and every day at train time all forty-nine stood up to look out the window.

That is, they did for a week or so, she says. "I can be tough if I have to."

Two years later she moved to Vermilion, Alta., and in 1944 went to Edmonton. Then the postwar student crowding began. For three weeks in 1946 she and another teacher taught sixty-two grades one and two pupils in the same room at the same time. Then the home and school association intervened and they taught a half day each for the rest of the year.

About then the University of Alberta

Pay Attention, Children!

In times of deprivation
The greatest consolation
And comfort and reward are little folks
In their fresh unsullied bloom
They're an audience to whom
I unflinchingly can tell my oldest jokes

P. J. BLACKWELL

faculty of education, seeking demonstration teachers to teach primary classes as the campus for the benefit of student teachers, spotted Jean.

"We chose her from a great many teachers and she did a fine job, a superlative job," says Dr. William McDougall, in charge of teacher training at the university. "A primary teacher must be sympathetic toward children's problems without becoming moodily Jean Dey is that way."

Three years later she was to lecture. This was a coveted job with considerable prestige, but one day, after two years of it, she decided: "I want to accomplish something I can see." She returned to grade one and last fall went to Coronation School as assistant to principal Loren Nichols. By this time she had acquired a measure of fame.

"It was embarrassing for Mr. Nichols and me at first," she says. "I came with this silly sort of legend attached to me and I guess he didn't know what to make of me. For a couple of months we hardly spoke. Then everything turned out all right."

What really happened was that Nichols, a big quiet capable man, simply reserved judgment for a while, then decided that the Dey legend is largely fact. The legend continues to grow, too, much to Jean's embarrassment. It was best expressed on March 11 this year when the Edmonton Teachers' Education Week, the Edmonton teachers' chorus sang at Coronation School.

Naturally, her pupils and their parents attended and naturally, being short, Jean had to stand in the front row. And in the hushed silence before the first number, four-year-old Barbara Barchard, whose brother is in grade one and who can hardly wait until she goes to school, cried gleefully, "WHY THERE'S MISS DEY! I SURE LIKE HER!"

No one had the heart to scold her. *Everybody* likes Miss Dey. ★

The Richard Hockey Riot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

one thousand dollars from the league and another thousand from his club. He was still brooding over an incident that had threatened his winning the top-scoring award. In Toronto the previous Thursday, he had been in a perfect position to score when he was hooked by Hugh Bolton of the Maple Leafs. Bolton was penalized but it still meant that Richard was deprived of a goal he desperately wanted.

The pressures in NHL hockey are numerous and overpowering. The league itself is fighting for survival in the face of competition from TV and other sports and entertainment. Fans will no longer support a losing club. "There is no sentiment in our business," says Clarence Campbell. "Results are what count."

The league feels insecure because of rising costs and diminishing gate receipts. In the 1949-50 season attendance reached a peak of 2,15 million; since then it's gradually slipped to 1,9 million. It now costs twice as much to run a club as it did before World War II. The most successful hockey entrepreneurs have been Dick Irvin, until this year coach of the Montreal Canadiens, and Connie Smythe, owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Irvin says: "People like tough, rough hockey. You've got to play that way to please them." At times Irvin has put his players in what he considers the right winning mood by impressing on them: "You've got to hate the other fellows to win." Conn Smythe shares this philosophy. Probably his most quoted aphorism is: "If you can't lick them on the alley, you can't lick them in the rink." Once after a particularly bloody game where half a dozen major penalties had been meted out, Smythe remarked, "This sort of thing has got to stop or people will keep on buying tickets." To prove that they've accurately sized up the taste of the hockey public both Smythe and Irvin boast that there hasn't been a single empty seat in the Toronto and Montreal hockey arenas in ten years.

Accustomed to the "win-at-any-cost" brand of hockey some fans resort to violence of their own. Once in Boston a woman jabbed Butch Bauchard, captain of the Canadiens, in the hip with a pin as he was entering the rink. Only a few months before the Richard riot a Canadien supporter sprinkled pepper on the towels used by the Boston Bruins to mop their faces. Once after a losing streak a Canadien fan wrote coach Dick Irvin that if he won on the coaching bench that night he would burn the Forum down to the ground. Many observers feel that the Richard riot was merely another example of how lawlessness can spread from players to spectators.

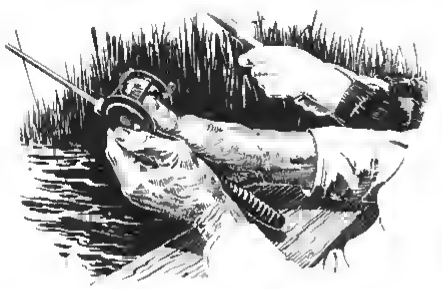
Experienced observers like Vern DeGeer of the Montreal Gazette have pointed out that team owners, coaches and trainers have promoted disrespect for law and authority in hockey by their attitude. They complain bitterly when referees apply the rules strictly. Officials are taunted. A few weeks before the Richard riot, coach Jimmy Skinner was using abusive language from the Detroit bench during a game. Campbell left his seat and approached him. "You've got to stop talking like that," he warned him. Skinner turned his abuse on Campbell. "Beat it, you ———," he is reported to have said. "You're only a spectator here." On another occasion, according to a news dispatch from Detroit, Dick Irvin, coach of Canadiens, publicly bawled out linesman Sammy Babcock and referee Red Storey in the lobby of the Leland Hotel. The incident was reported to Campbell but no action was taken.

Every great player in every sport can expect to be guarded closely by the opposing team. In this new brand of hockey which permits rough play and often ignores the rules, the most harassed player in the NHL is Richard. Thirty-four years old, five foot nine in height, Richard weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and is handsome in a sullen kind of a way. He has dark brown hair is slicked back, he has bushy eyebrows, a small mouth and his characteristic expression is dead pan. His intense penetrating dark eyes seem to perceive everything in microscopic detail. Talking to him at close range, you sometimes feel uneasy.

It's possible that Richard is the greatest hockey player who ever lived. Because of his playing brilliance and the longer hockey season he has already scored 422 league goals. The second greatest scorer is Nels Stewart, who had 324 goals when he retired fifteen years ago. Richard has scored the most goals per season, the most goals in a play-off series and he possesses the highest total league points. He also has more "hat tricks" (three goals or more per game) to his credit than any other player. He performed the unprecedented feat of scoring five times in a play-off match. Canadiens were once offered $135,000 for him — the highest value ever placed on a hockey player. Frank Selke, Canadien managing director, refused, saying "I'd sooner sell half the Forum."

Opposing teams fully recognize





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Richard's talent and use rugged methods to stop him. One—and sometimes two—players are specifically detailed to rattle him. They regularly hang on to him, put hockey sticks between his legs, body-check him and board him harder than necessary. Once he skated twenty feet with two men on his shoulders to score a goal. His opponents also employ psychological warfare to unnerve him. Inspector William Minogue, who as police officer in charge of the Forum is regularly at the rink side during games, frequently hears opposing players calling Richard "French pea soup" or "dirty French bastard" as they skate past. If these taunts result in a fight, both Richard and his provoker are sent to the penalty bench. Opposing teams consider this a good bargain.

Because of these tactics, Richard frequently explodes. He explodes because of frustration for he is prevented from playing hockey as well as he is able to. Richard is a rarity among men as well as among hockey players. He is an artist. He is completely dedicated to playing good hockey and scoring goals. "I'm the most important thing in my life," he told me. "In hockey, Richard has found a kind of personal destiny."

"He's on fire inside all the time he's on the ice," says Frank Selke. "I've never had a player who tries so intensely." Even after thirteen years of professional hockey Richard still approaches each game as though he were about to undergo a major surgical operation. He is in a brooding, unsociable mood. "I feel nervous the whole day," he told me. "I feel sick in the stomach. When we are lined up for the National Anthem I pray silently to God that I might play a good game." As soon as the game starts, however, he loses his queasiness and is unaware of the crowd. "I think of only one thing," says Richard, scoring goals. His concern with perfection is such that he often stays behind to shoot goals at the net after a regular practice session when all the lesser players have gone. He has never been known to miss a practice or to be late for one. He doesn't want to be anything less than the greatest hockey player. "No one will have to tell me when to stop playing hockey," he told me. "When I stop scoring, I'll quit. I wouldn't be able to take that."

He suffers mental agony after a game in which he thinks he's done poorly. He'll slink quietly into the dressing room and sit on the bench for half an hour before making an attempt to get out of his uniform. On some such occasions he's been known to burst into tears. "A poor game makes me feel bad," he explains. "I'll go home and not talk to anyone, not even my wife. I'll sit by myself and think over and over again about all the chances I missed to score. I try to forget about it but I can't. I won't get to bed till about three or four in the morning." On the road, he'll sit on the edge of his berth repeating to himself, "I was lousy. He never affirms alibis or blames a defeat on others.

Most veteran hockey players—and other professional sportsmen—adopt the philosophy that you win some games and lose others. Not so Richard.

He honestly believes that you can win them all. "I says Selke, "and he tries to go ahead and prove it." In a friendly game against a team from Johnstown, Pa., the Canadiens were told to take it easy. Richard scored seven goals in one period, explaining, "I can only play one way—the hard way."

To play better hockey he keeps his body in perfect shape. He seldom drinks or smokes and, during the season, sleeps twelve hours a night. When he shows up for training in September after a four-month layoff he's always as conditioned as anyone, even swimming, tennis and golf. Except for part time jobs he has avoided going into business during the summer. "I might worry about it and that would interfere with my hockey," he explains. Bill Head, the team's physiotherapist, recalls that Richard once played a complete game with a bruised knee that would barely bend. "He can evidently forget everything when he's playing," he says. Head claims that Richard's nervous reflexes are the most nearly perfect he has ever seen.

There are better skaters, better stickhandlers, better checkers and better play makers than Richard, but no better hockey player. He seems to have the power to summon forth all his strength at the very instant it's needed. His strength comes all at once like the explosion of a bomb, says Kenny Reardon, an ex-hockey player who is now assistant manager of the Canadiens. Most of the time this concentrated outburst is channeled into the scoring of goals. But sometimes it is used to strike back at his tormentors—as it was in Boston on Sunday, March 13, when he assaulted Hal Laycoe and linesman Cliff Thompson.

Was Rocket Razzed Too Much?

On the night of the Boston fracas Clarence Campbell was traveling from Montreal to New York by train to attend a meeting of the NHL board of governors where plans for the Stanley Cup play-offs were to be made. In Grand Central station next morning he read about the rumpus in the New York Times. Hurrying to his hotel, he phoned referee Frank Udvari and linesmen Sam Babcock and Cliff Thompson to get a verbal report. Disturbed by what he heard, he announced a hearing would be held in Montreal to ascertain all the facts and to decide on what punishment should be given to the players involved. The time set was two days later—Wednesday, March 16 at 10:30 a.m.

In the interval, during the Boston incident was widely commented on. Dick Irvin was angry at his players. "What kind of spirit have we got on the Canadiens?" he asked. "Them were four or five players on the ice and they hardly gave Richard any help!" He suggested that the Richard hearing be televised. "They did as much for McCarthy—why not Richard?" Most of the comments were less serious than Richard's supporters contended that because of less refereeing their hero had been badgered beyond his endurance. On the other hand, the Toronto Star described Richard as "a chronic blow-top and an habitual offender." Campbell was accused by many out-of-town newspapers to ground the Rocket long enough to teach him a lesson. Marshall Dann, a Boston columnist, said angrily that "if Richard is permitted to play one more game of hockey this season Campbell should be fired." Richard is the most pampered player in the league. For his repeated misbehavior he has drawn only minor wrist slaps or inconsequential fines from Campbell."

By repeated misbehaviour Dann was referring to the fact that Richard had been involved in many hassles and paid more fines ($2500) than any other player in the history of the NHL. The most recent infractions are these:

In April 1947, during a Stanley Cup play-off game against Toronto, Richard had used his stick on Wm. Lyons eye (four stitches) and on Bill Ezinicki's head (seven stitches). He was fined $250 and suspended for one game.

In March 1951, in the lobby of the Piccadilly Hotel in New York, he grabbed referee Hugh Mortleash by the throat and cursed him loudly for several minutes. Richard was protesting what he considered a poor decision that was rendered at a game a few nights earlier. He was fined $500.

In January 1954, in his regular column in the Montreal weekly LaSemaine Dimanche, Richard denounced Campbell as a "dictator" who was prejudiced against the Canadiens and who gloated when an opposing team scored a goal against us." He was required to apologize and post a $1000 bond for good behavior.

In December 1954 in Toronto he charged into Bob Bailey with his stick to make two of his front teeth, then turned and struck linesman George Hayes. He was given two ten minute misconduct penalties and fined a total of $250.

And now, three months later, came the incident in Boston. Both Richard and Campbell refrained from making public statements until after the hearing. Richard, because of his head wound, spent most of the time under observation at the Montreal Western Hospital which was then located across from the Forum. When newsmen discovered his whereabouts his room was switched. On the morning of the hearing, March 16, he got dressed but did not shave. He looked pale and worried and wore a patch over the left side of his head. He walked across to the Forum where he picked up coach Dick Irvin and assistant manager Kenny Reardon. The three men got into a cab. On the way over to NHL headquarters about a mile away, Richard broke his silence only once to observe ruefully, "I always seem to be getting into trouble."

The NHL suite on the sixth floor of the Sun Life Building was a beehive of activity. A large group of young people from the adjoining offices, mostly girls, lined the corridors to catch a glimpse of their hockey hero. Reporters, photographers and TV cameramen had overflowed the outer office, sitting on the desks and monopolizing the phones. Richard posed unwillingly for the photographers, forced a weak grin for the TV cameramen. When he entered Campbell's office with Irvin and Reardon the other participants in the hearing were already seated around Campbell's desk: referee-in-chief Carl Voss, referee Frank Udvari, linesmen Cliff Thompson and Sammy Babcock, Hal Laycoe and Lynn Patrick, manager and coach of the Boston Bruins. The hearing was private.

It lasted for three hours. The officials read their reports of the incident and submitted to questioning. Everyone present was then invited to give his version of what happened. On some points there were sharp differences. Campbell took notes busily. At one point the building superintendent had to be summoned for help: the crowd outside in the halls had become unwieldy and people were peeking in through the keyhole and letter slot. In defense of Richard Irvin said that he had been temporarily stunned by the blow on his head and was unaware of what he was doing. Richard remained silent until asked if he had anything to say. "I don't remember what happened," he replied. Later Richard told me: "When I'm hit I get mad and I don't know what I do. Before each game I think about my temper and how I should control it but as soon as I get on the ice I forget all that."

At 1:30 p.m. the men filed out. They refused to comment to the forty newsmen who had now gathered in the outer office. Richard returned to the hospital, Laycoe got on a cab and rushed to Dorval to catch a plane for Boston where he was scheduled to play against Detroit that night. Left alone, Campbell ordered a ham sandwich on brown bread and a cup of coffee and began studying his notes preparatory to writing out his decision. "I had a hard time making up my mind," he told me later. "By three o'clock Campbell had written out the first page of his decision. As much page was completed it was carried across the office by referee-in-chief Voss to a private office to be typed by Phyllis King, Campbell's secretary.

Clarence Sutherland Campbell, and the man whose future he was now called on to decide, is an interesting contrast in personalities. Richard is a family man who loves his wife's cooking and who spends a lot of time with his four children. Campbell, at forty-nine, is a bachelor who lives alone and makes his own breakfast. Richard is emotional, quick to anger. Campbell is cool, deliberate and is never known to have lost his temper. Richard was born in Bordeaux, Que., had only an elementary education and heard nothing but French spoken until he entered professional hockey at twenty-one. Campbell graduated from the University of Alberta, won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, traveled on the Continent and later returned to Edmonton to study and practice law. Both men are courageous. Campbell joined the infantry at the outbreak of World War II and, after a distinguished career overseas which included winning the MBE and being mentioned in dispatches, ended up as a lieutenant-colonel. He had this rank when he acted as assistant prosecutor at the war-crime trial of General Kurt Meyer. During the years 1936-39 Campbell had served as an NHL referee. As a



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"I intend to kill you," an angered fan threatened the NHL's Clarence Campbell

reference he had made thousands of unpopular decisions—but none nearly so unpopular as the one he made public to the assembled newspapermen in his presidential office at four o'clock that March afternoon.

The attacks on Laycee and Thompson were deliberate and persistent, he found. He discarded the defense made on behalf of Richard that he didn't know what he was doing because of the head blow. There was little conflict as the evidence as to the important facts. An incident occurred less than three months ago in which the pattern of conduct of Richard was almost identical. Consequently the time for leniency or probation is past. Whether this type of conduct is the product of temperamental instability or wilful defiance doesn't matter. It's a type of conduct that cannot be tolerated by any player, star or otherwise." The room was completely silent as Campbell then pronounced the punishment. Richard is suspended from playing in the remaining league and play-off games.

At about 4:30 p.m. Irvin, Reardon, Elmer Lach, a former Richard teammate, and Elmer Ferguson, of the Montreal Herald, were sitting around the Canadien office when they heard the news on a radio broadcast. About ten minutes later Richard came in. He had just been discharged from the hospital. According to Ferguson this is what followed:

Richard asked, "Is the ruling out yet?"

"Are you kidding?" asked Irvin.

"No," said Richard. "I've been over at the X-ray room and I just got dressed and came over here."

Irvin was silent for a few seconds, then said quietly, "Be prepared for a shock, Rocket. You're out for the season — including the Stanley Cup play-offs."

Richard didn't believe it. "You're kidding—now tell me the truth."

Irvin said, "Sorry. That's the way it is, Rocket. No kidding."

Richard gravely searched every face in the office. The truth now seemed to sink in. He asked: "And who's happened to Laycee who hit me first?"

"Nothing."

Richard nodded his head to disbelief. "I'm sorry my career will have to end this way."

Elmer Ferguson promptly asked, "Does that mean you'll retire?"

"There's been enough snap judgments," said Richard. "I'm not going to make one right now. But a thing like this doesn't make you feel like carrying on to hockey. That's for sure."

Elmer Lach said, "They've been after you for years, Rocket . . . now they've got you." Richard shrugged his shoulders, said good night and walked off to his car. Nobody spoke. A few seconds later Lach said, "There goes the greatest of them all."

Richard later told me that the decision came as a great shock. "I didn't expect it to be as severe. I had always been in the play-offs before. I was so disappointed I didn't know whether I would stay in Montreal or not. My first impulse was to go to Florida. But I changed my mind. I wanted to watch my team play. I didn't want the fans to get the idea that I was no longer interested just because I was suspended."

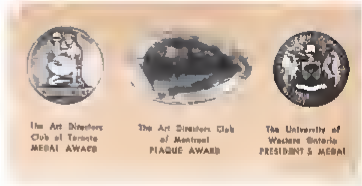
No sports decision ever hit the Montreal public with such impact. It seemed to strike at the very heart and soul of the city. Gerard Filion, editor of *Le Devoir*, says flatly: "Had Campbell been a Frenchman he would have been killed then and there." Upon first hearing of the suspension a French-speaking employee in the Gazette composing room broke down and cried. A bus driver became so upset by the news that he ignored a flashing railway level crossing signal and almost killed his passengers. The French station CKAC invited listeners to phone in their opinions. Ninety-seven percent said that although some punishment for Richard was justified the suspension for the play-offs was too severe. The switchboard became so jammed the station had to appeal to listeners to stop calling. The sports departments of the newspapers were so besieged by phone calls and visitors that some of the writers had to go home to get their work done. A firm selling butchers' supplies ran a large display advertisement in all the newspapers offering Richard a job as salesman. It was headlined: "Richard . . . We are with you 100%. We feel that you were the object of a raw deal." At a social gathering in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa the Russians extended their sympathy to every *Canadien* guest present. They blamed the suspension on the English and the Americans.

'Little Pig" and "Big Pig"

There were portents of what was to happen on the night of March 17 in the phone calls received by Campbell. Many of them were taken by Campbell's secretary, Phyllis King, an attractive, willowy blonde in her early thirties. They were nearly all abusive and they seemed to grow worse as the day wore on," says Miss King. One of the first callers said, "Tell Campbell I'm no undertaker and he'll be needing me in a few days." Another person said: "I intend to kill you and I already have a hiding place picked out." Still another announced: "I'm no crank but I'm going to blow your place up." Many of the callers were so angry they could hardly talk; they said they would never go to another NHL hockey game, nor even watch one on television. There were dozens of crying women on the phone. One of them said that she had the names of one thousand people who would be at the Detroit game on the night of March 17 armed with tomatoes and she dared Campbell to put in an appearance. A forty-year old secretary from Toronto ran up a twenty-dollar long-distance phone bill pleading with Campbell to call off the suspension. Campbell's callers used a wide variety of uncomplimentary epithets, including "dictator," "poor personality," "sick," "coward," "German," "American," "snake from northern United States," "little pig," "big pig," "beast," "face of a snake," "sleven," "yellow face," "large bowl of soup," and "Judas."

The strong racial feelings engendered by the decision should have sounded no ominous warning. These were reflected in hundreds of letters that Campbell received. One of them said, "If Rochard's name was Richardson you would have given a different verdict. You Campbell, are not as good as any French-Canadian walking around. I was at the morgue this morning to look at a body after an accident. I only wish that you had been on the slab, but don't worry—you will be soon." From Verdun: "You're just

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The Best Article By a Women



Barbara Moon won the ANNUAL AWARD Canadian Women's Press Club for What Would You Call This Town? an article about Wawa, Ontario, in the issue. This article [illegible] Canadian life.

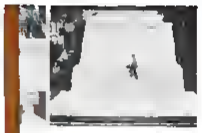
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ANNUAL EXHIBITION
ART DIRECTORS CLUB AT TORONTO

Yousuf Karsh

Won the award for distinctive merit for this dramatic photograph part of his picture essay The Lakehead in the February 15 issue.



ANNUAL EXHIBITION
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF TORONTO

Oscar Cahen

Won a medal award (2 color) for these compelling illustrations which show how the world looks to a blind man in the June 1 issue.



ANNUAL EXHIBITION
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF NEW YORK

James Hill

Merit Certificate—for this full color illustration accompanying the short story The Race for the Dunkerque Diamonds in the July 15 issue.



ANNUAL EXHIBITION
THE ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF MONTREAL

Yousuf Karsh

Plaque Award—for this famous portrait of Augustus John the great British painter, use in the Gallery of Great Faces in Color, in the December 1 issue.



ANNUAL EXHIBITION
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF MONTREAL

Franklin Arbuckle

Award for Distinctive Merit—for two-color artwork of the third installment, Montreal Can Never Survive, of the historical series The Whire and the Gold, which appeared in the April 15 issue.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF MONTREAL

Peter Whalley

Award for Distinctive Merit—for his ingenious cartoons of old-fashioned Christmas cards in the December 15 issue.



ANNUAL EXHIBITION
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF MONTREAL

Paul Rockett

Award for Distinctive Merit—for this black and white human interest photograph illustrating the article What Happens to Family Allowances? in the December 1 issue.

another Englishman jealous of the French, who are much better than you I am writing you in English because the English have not the intelligence to learn that most beautiful language, French." From Montreal: "The Frenchmen have always been slaves and suckers and it's a pleasure for you to see others' blood run." Another correspondent wrote: "You British animal! Why did your vile ancestors set foot on our lovely land? Go back to where you came from—England and hell!"

The extreme fringe of the *Canadien* nationalist element were particularly bitter toward the English-speaking Campbell. They have long regarded Richard as a special champion of their race. Many *Canadiens* feel discriminated against socially and exploited economically. In Richard they see a hero of towering strength who smites down his persecutors. By deep emotional self identification they experience the same surge of triumph themselves.

There's abundant evidence that Richard holds a special place in the heart of French Canada. When Montrealers were asked by the CBC to nominate three personalities to appear on a special New Year's Eve TV program, they voted for Richard, Cardinal Leger and Mayor Jean Drapeau. Within three weeks after Richard started writing a column for the weekly paper, Le Samedi, Dimanche, its circulation jumped by eighteen thousand. On a visit to Sudbury, which has a large French-speaking population, sixty-five hundred people greeted him. Three days later only half that number turned up to greet Prime Minister St. Laurent. This adulation is not confined to those of moderate or inferior financial circumstances. Once, while Richard was dining in a private club with Kenny Reardon, a group of French businessmen at the next table spontaneously passed a hat and presented him with one hundred dollars. While he was shopping at Dupuis Frères department store in Montreal another customer gave him an expensive hat. When he travels in Quebec, he's almost always given the finest suite in the hotel frequently with the compliments of the house. It is no exaggeration to say that Richard's status in Quebec is only slightly below that of a tribal god.

Perhaps ancient nationalist feelings would not have been as important a factor in causing the riot had people in positions of authority urged acceptance of Campbell's decision in the interests of peace and order. Such mollifying statements were not forthcoming in significant number to influence public opinion. On the contrary many prominent people added fuel to the fire. Mayor Jean Drapeau issued a statement castigating Campbell: "It would [be] necessary to give too many such decisions to kill hockey in Montreal," he said. A prominent lawyer, Louis De Zwirek QC, said: "The judgment came so quickly that it must have been preconceived." There was talk that another lawyer, the brilliant Edouard Masson QC, would head a legal effort to have the case reviewed. Al Irwin, president of the Montreal Baskethall League, characterized the suspension as "too drastic." Dick Irvin shouted "Injustice!"

The Montreal press, both English and French, reinforced the fans' feeling that Campbell had victimized them. Le Devoir called the punishment "an unjust and too severe." Le Matin castigated the NHL president for penalizing the public and the fans as well as Richard. One French weekly published a crude cartoon of Campbell's head on a platter, dripping blood, with the caption: "This is how we would like to see him." The English press followed a similar line although somewhat more temperate in tone. Dink Carroll said: "It was a harsh judgment." In the Gazette, white Baz O'Meara in the Star found the decision "tough and unexpectedly severe." Andy O'Brien in the same paper headed a column "Is this justice?"

Once [illegible] (7 at 11:30 a.m. came the [illegible] that Montreal fans would not [illegible] to limit their protests to [illegible] words. A dozen young men [illegible] at the Forum where Canadiens were scheduled to play Detroit that night. They bore signs saying: "Vive Richard" and "A Bas Campbell." Jack Heath on daytime guard duty at the Forum asked them: "Why don't you picket the San Life Building where Campbell is?" They wisecracked back in French and continued their marching. No permits to picket or parade had been issued by the police. Finally the police chased them away but not before a spokesman warned: "We'll be back tonight."

At 1:30 about twenty young men arrived apparently college students. They carried signs, one with a picture of a pig with Campbell's name on it, another had a picture of a pear which in the French equivalent of "knucklehead." The police left they weren't doing any harm and allowed them to march up and down. At about 3:30 another group of men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five arrived. They were well dressed. Occasionally the demonstrators would go into the York Tavern located in the southeast corner of the Forum to use the washroom. The customers drinking beer inside were sympathetic. They treated them with beer and cigars.

As air of excitement and anticipation hung over the city. Newspapers and radio stations headlined every new development. The crucial question now was: Would Campbell dare show himself in public at the game that night? Assistant Inspector Boyle of No. 10 station (to whose precinct the Forum is located) announced: "If Campbell goes to the game there'll be trouble." So did hundreds who phoned the Forum, the NHL and various newspaper and radio offices. When Campbell announced that he would definitely attend, excitement reached a fever pitch.

At four o'clock station CKVL dispatched a mobile sound unit to the Shell gas station across the road from the Forum and set up a direct line to its transmitter. "We were almost certain that there was going to be trouble," says Marcel Hemeregard, feature editor of CKVL. "It was in the air." It was all about this time too, according to a Montreal newspaper report, that an attempt was made to buy up a number of tickets near Campbell for the express purpose of tormenting him.

Why did Campbell decide to go to the game? As he saw it, he would be hanged either way. If he failed to go he would be branded as a coward. "I never seriously considered not going to the game," he later said. "I'm a season ticketholder and a regular attendant and I have a right to go. I felt that the police could protect me. I didn't want all them and they didn't advise me not to attend."

Firecrackers at the Forum

Mayor Drapeau offers a different version. Campbell, he says, phoned the police during the afternoon to announce his attendance and ask for protection. A highly placed officer suggested that he stay away. Campbell replied that he had a perfect legal right to be there. The police officer thereupon suggested that Campbell drive his car to the garage two blocks east of the Forum where he customarily parked it, and visit there for a police escort. Richard, the other central figure in the controversy, was undecided about going until the last minute. His wife finally made up his mind for him. She told me that she was going if I decided to go alone, [illegible] he says.

The activity outside the [illegible] mounted steadily as the hour of the game approached. Bands of gloomy, straiture moved up and down with signs saying: "Usher to French Canadians." At about 6:30 a number of panel trucks circled around Atwater Park across from the Forum a few times and discharged a number of young men in black leather windbreakers bearing white insignia. These windbreakers had special significance for the police. They were the garb of youthful motorcycle buts who had been involved in disorders on previous occasions. Other groups kept arriving steadily. By 8:30, when the game started, in addition to the Forum patrons milling around outside awaiting entrance there were probably about six hundred demonstrators. The Forum loudspeaker announced that all seats were now sold. A picketer shouted back: "We don't want seats. We want Campbell!" This cry was taken up and repeated endlessly with savage intensity. At this point somebody exploded a bunch of hand firecrackers.

A few minutes after the Canadien-Detroit game started Richard slipped into the Forum unnoticed and took a seat near the goal umpire's cage at the south end of the rink. He gazed intently at the ice, a look of distress on his face. The Canadiens were playing sloppy hockey. Our players were as upset and as excited as the fans," said Dick Irvin later. "The Richard suspension had taken the heart out of them." At the eleventh minute of the first period Detroit scored a second goal and the Canadiens saw their hopes of a league championship go up in smoke. "It was at this minute that Clarence Campbell entered the arena. He couldn't have chosen a worse time for his entrance.

An unkind fate had selected this precise moment. That evening Campbell had dined at the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association which is located about one mile east of the Forum. He was accompanied by Phyllis King, his secretary, her sister Audrey, who is a nurse-in-training at the Royal Victoria Hospital and a friend named Hilda Hawkes also a trainee. The dinner had hockey game were a celebration both girls had been studying for examinations and hadn't been out of the hospital for weeks. Miss King warned the girls that they might be in for a rough time but they insisted on coming.

Dinner was over soon after eight. The party then got into Campbell's 1951 black Oldsmobile and drove into the Chevrolet Motors garage on St. Catherine Street about two blocks east of the Forum. "We expected to be met there by a police escort," says Miss King, "but there was nobody there." Instead according to Forum officials, a message was sent informing Campbell that the police were busy with the crowd and for him to wait in the garage until they could get away. Miss King's version of the message is that it suggested that Campbell go ahead to the Forum and enter quietly via the back

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door. They decided to proceed immediately and through the front entrance, sending Audrey and her friend on ahead. At Closse Street, which forms the eastern boundary of the Forum, they ran smack into the crowd. Campbell approached a constable and said: "Please send me the officer in charge. I want to be escorted to my seat." The constable appeared to be somewhat stunned by seeing Campbell in the flesh. Recovered, he brought over a police inspector who led Campbell followed by Miss King, inside the Forum. He went directly to the referee's room where he deposited his overcoat and then proceeded to his regular seats in the second row of Box No. 7, down at the south end of the rink.

As soon as Campbell sat down the crowd recognized him and pandemonium broke loose. They shifted their attention from the game to Campbell and set up a deafening roar: "Shoo Campbell! Shoo Campbell! Vote! Vote! Vote!" "The people didn't care if we got licked 100 to that night," says Dick Irvin. "They were only interested in Campbell. Evidently our players were too because they paid no attention to their hockey." In the remaining nine minutes of the first period Detroit was able to score another two goals, making the score 4 to 1.

The next forty minutes were to be sheer torture for Campbell. Vegetables, eggs, tomatoes, rubbers, bottles and programs rained down on him. They were thrown from the $1.50 seats and standing section far above. Miss King was wearing a brown otter fur coat and a white straw hat decorated with a large black flower. "It was an unfortunate choice," she said. "The hat made a clear target." But it was soon knocked off by a rubber tearing the veil and smudging her face. Campbell was wearing a dark green fedora and a dark-grey suit. They were soon smudged by oranges, eggs and tomatoes. At one point Campbell's hat was knocked off by a heavy flying object and an orange hit him square in the back. "I was afraid to look back for fear of being hit in the face," says Miss King. Most of the missiles were wide of their mark. To correct this, a well-dressed man seated about half a dozen rows behind Campbell stood up and directed the fire of those above him.

Campbell's ordeal was shared by his neighbors. Jimmy Orlando, an ex-hockey player who sat below Campbell, was struck by a potato. Campbell's friends who shared his row—Audrey King, Hilda Hawkes, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Smeaton and Dr. and Mrs. Jack Gerrie were struck and splattered. (Smeaton is a retired insurance executive and a trustee of the Stanley Cup. Gerrie is a plastic surgeon in Montreal.) A young woman seated nearby was struck in the chest by a pop bottle. A city hall employee who customarily sits near Campbell became alarmed by the violence. "Go home. Please go home," he pleaded with Campbell.

But Campbell stood his ground. He was tight-lipped but occasionally managed to smile. He tried to carry on his usual practice of making notes on the refereeing in a black notebook, but had to abandon it as the hail of peanuts, eggs, fast and programs continued. "I tried to avoid doing anything that would provoke the crowd," said Campbell. Each time he got up to brush the debris from his clothes the clamor grew louder. Whenever the Detroit teams neared the crowd's temper rose and the shower of objects on Campbell thickened. His only nervous gesture was reaching for a handkerchief and tucking it in his sleeve. Miss King says: There was so much going on we didn't have time to be afraid." From his rink-side seat, Richard occasionally turned to see what was happening. "This is a disgrace," he said to physiotherapist Bill Head who was sitting beside him.

Shortly before the end of the first period a hatless youth in a windbreaker came down the aisle from above and told the usher he was a friend and that he wanted to shake hands with Campbell. He was allowed through. As he approached Campbell he held out his left hand. When Campbell took his hand the youth unleashed two or three blows. Fortunately Campbell had expected a ruse. He had grabbed his assailant's left hand firmly and leaned back as the blows fell, thus avoiding their full impact. Grabbed by two ushers and Jimmy Orlando, the youth tried to kick Campbell in the legs. He was promptly turned over to the two policemen who were stationed ten feet away. They let him go and he disappeared. Campbell later asked wonderingly: "Why did they let him go? I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine."

Where Were the Police?

The first period ended. Ordinarily Campbell spends the intermissions in the referees' room. Tonight he decided to remain in his seat, believing that this would cause less excitement. His friends in the same row did likewise. A woman going by leaned over and whispered in Campbell's ear: "I'm ashamed. I want to apologize for the crowd." She was close to tears. About a minute later, one André Robinson, a young man of twenty-six who resembles Marlon Brando, confronted Campbell. Without uttering a word he squished two large tomatoes against Campbell's chest and rubbed them in. As he fled down the stairs Campbell kept pointing at him, signaling the two policemen to arrest him. Had he not done so, Robinson would have got away too," says Miss King. At that moment Frank Teskey, of the Toronto Star, aimed his camera for a shot. A grapefruit came whizzing down and knocked the camera out of his hand.

New hordes of people came rushing down from the seats far above, surrounding Campbell's box. The ill feeling against Campbell was growing more intense by the second and there was no one to help him. Looking around at the sea of hate filled faces, Miss King had the feeling that they were closing in for the kill.

Where were the police? On hockey nights the Forum is responsible for maintaining order inside the arena; the Montreal police department outside. Because of the special circumstances on March 17 the police stationed two of their constables near Campbell's box. Frank Selke, manager of the Canadiens, employed eight plainclothesmen for similar duty but they had to be rushed to guard the entrances against the demonstrators outside. Ordinarily the Forum employs three hundred and fifty ushers, twelve policemen and twenty-four firemen; for the Detroit game they added an extra fifteen police—regular constables who were off duty. Ordinarily the police have twenty-five men outside the Forum; on this night they had double that number to start with.

But at 8:11 when Campbell was being surrounded by a hostile mob none of them were there to protect him. At that critical moment he was delivered by the explosion of a tear gas bomb twenty-five feet away. As the thick fumes fanned upward and outward, the crowd immediately forgot Campbell and began fighting their way to the fresh air outside.

Who threw the bomb? This question has never been answered. There is no evidence that the thrower intended to befriend Campbell but that's what he may have done. Chief of Detectives George Allain later observed: "The bomb-thrower protected Campbell's life by releasing it at precisely the right moment."

The bomb, a type not on sale to the public, landed on a wet rubber mat on the aisle adjacent to the ice surface. The people nearby, of course, didn't know what it was. Some thought that the ammonia pipes had sprung a leak; others that a fire had broken out in the basement. Within a few seconds they were coughing and choking as the fumes clogged their eyes, throats, stomachs and lungs. To protect themselves as they hurried out they wrapped programs, handkerchiefs, scarves and coats around their faces. Women were screaming. Somebody yelled: "Fire!" A middle-aged man got stuck in one of the turnstiles in the lobby and was shouting to be released but nobody could hear him above the din. A pregnant woman fought her way to the fresh air outside and had to be taken to hospital. At the height of the exodus, with tears streaming from everybody's eyes, the organist high in the loft began playing: My Heart Cries For You.

Looking down at the mad scramble in the smoke filled arena, newsmen in the press box had the sickening feeling that they were about to witness a horrible and disastrous panic.

Panic was averted by the fast work of police and firemen. When Tom Leggett, director of police, saw the bomb go off he immediately assigned six men who were outside the Forum to keep all exits open and to keep the crowd moving out. Jim Hunter, the superintendent of the building, hurriedly switched on his thirteen powerful fans to suck the fumes out of the building.

Campbell was surprised when he saw the first cloud of smoke. He sniffed the air and because of his military training he immediately recognized it as tear gas. "Let's get out of here," he said, leading Miss King by the arm. He made his way to the first-aid centre fifty feet away under the stands where he found Dr. Gordon Young, the Canadiens' team physician, Bill Head the physiotherapist, and Billy Wray, an undertaker who is also a close personal friend of Campbell's. All these men were accompanied by their wives. Campbell assured everyone that he was unhurt. "What's happened is most unfortunate," he said gravely. Richard had also made his way to the first-aid centre but had never come face to face with Campbell because he was in a different room. He was aghast at what had happened. "This is terrible, awful," he said. "People might have been killed."

In the next ten minutes the outcome of the Montreal-Detroit hockey game was to be decided. Armand Paré, head of the Montreal fire department, was unwilling to have the game continue. He felt that the temper of the crowd was such that there was real danger of panic and fire. Campbell sent the following note to Jack Adams, the Detroit general manager, after conferring with Selke:

> The game has been forfeited to Detroit. You are entitled to take your team on its way anytime now. Selke agrees as the fire department has ordered this building closed.

Since Detroit and Montreal were locked in battle for first place, Campbell was later severely criticized for the forfeiture. He explained: "I had no choice. When conditions prevail which make it impossible to go on with a game it is forfeited to the visiting team no matter which club is ahead."

"Richard Makes Me Ashamed"

Back in the Detroit dressing room manager Jack Adams was in an angry mood. News of the forfeiture seemed to intensify it. "What's happened tonight makes me sick and ashamed," he said. He then turned to a group of newspapermen. "I blame you fellows for what's happened. You've turned Richard into—you did—a man whose suggestion can turn hockey fans into shrieking idiots." Now hear this: Richard is no hero. He let his team down. He let hockey down. He let the public down." Adams was standing on a red seat wide apart, gesturing with his arms, his neck straining at a tight shirt collar. "Richard makes me ashamed to be connected with this game."

Selke brought news of the forfeiture to the Canadiens' dressing room just after Dick Irvin had finished a rousing pep talk. The players didn't say much; some of them threw their sticks and gloves on the floor in disgust. "It was a cruel game to lose. Most of our players never got over the forfeit," says Irvin. "It was on their minds all through the play-offs."

Until the bomb exploded the demonstration outside the Forum was neither destructive nor out of control. The explosion however signaled a change of mood. When thousands of excited, frightened fans poured outside and joined the demonstrators it seemed to unleash an ugly mob spirit which ended in a shameful episode of physical violence, vandalism and looting.

In a mob riot only a small core of people are required to initiate violence. They act as a catalyst on the crowd. Other people are carried away by the excitement and drawn into their activities. In the Richard riot, the core of violence was made up of bands of teen-agers and young adults. There were probably about five or six hundred

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As tear-gas fumes spread, the Forum organist played My Heart Cries for You



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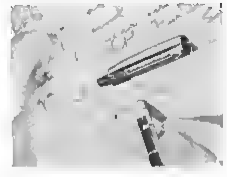
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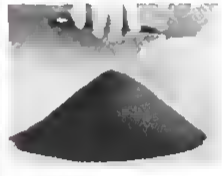
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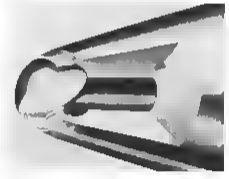
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of them. Like packs of wolves, they moved up and down in front of the Forum, shrieking wildly and inflaming the crowd. They tunk rubbers off the feet of spectators and threw them into the police. There was soon a high pile of rubbers in front of the Forum. They attacked a side door of the building and tore it off its hinges. They hurled chunks of ice and empty bottles, smashing windows. Armed with this ammunition they marched off to where a new hotspot was being built, half a block away, and returned with chunks of brick and concrete.

The police had cleared a wide space directly in front of the Forum, pushing the crowd back to the park across the road. As soon as the rioters discharged their ammunition they sought shelter in the crowd. "It was dangerous to crash into the crowd to get them," says Chief Leggett. "It was full of women and children — some of them in marriages same in arms. It was chaotic. Had we used too much force, many people might have been trampled. As it was, there were several close calls. Once a child slipped and had to be rescued by a squad of police. The same thing happened to a policeman. By the time he was pulled back to safety he had been stripped on his clothes were ripped and he lost his hat."

It is doubtful whether most of the rioters were hockey fans. Inspector William Minogue arrested a husky man in a black and red mackinaw. He identified himself as a lumberjack from Chalk River. "You must love Richard," said Minogue. A blank expression came over his face. "Richard? Who's he?" A miner from Noranda who had to be forcibly restrained said that this was his first professional hockey game. "I never knew that pro hockey was so exciting," he said approvingly. A newspaper reporter approached a group of destructive sixteen-year-olds and suggested that they go home. "What?" they replied. "After coming all the way from Three Rivers for this fun?"

Across the street CKVL broadcasters were giving the Montreal public a dramatic blow by blow description of the riot. "The hoodlums are moving... The police are rushing... [illegible] marathon broadcast... [illegible] treated thousands... [illegible] Forum...

By 11 p.m. the crowd [illegible] at least ten thousand... [illegible] the police on hand to handle... Leggett kept calling... [illegible] the end of the riot there were two hundred and twenty-five men and officers and twenty-five radio and patrol cars on the scene. Another five hundred policemen were attending a meeting of their employees' association about two miles away. They were never called. The total manpower of the Montreal police force is about twenty-six hundred. Later Chief Leggett explained: "More police would only have provoked the crowd."

The Forum was now virtually in a state of siege. It was unsafe to wander in the vicinity of the windows. Don Smith, manager of the box office entered. Violet Trahan and Peggy Nibbs, the Forum telephone operators, to close down the switchboard and leave. Before abandoning his office himself he began to shovel everything portable into the vault. As he was emptying the cash register a small rock came hurtling through the window, narrowly missing him and landing in the ten-dollar compartment of the drawer. Eddie Quinn, a wrestling promoter whose office is on the east side of the Forum, invited a friend in for a chat. "Nobody will bother us here," he said. "Everybody knows I'm on Richard's side." He was referring to the fact that his employs Richard to referee wrestling matches during the summer. A few seconds later a large rock demolished his office window.

Frank Selke was sitting out the riot in the directors' room along with other club officials and newsmen. He ordered that sandwiches and coffee be served. "Looks like we're going to be here for a while," he said.

Campbell remained in the first-aid centre. The trampling and shouting of the crowd and the shattering of glass were ominously audible. Everyone was tense. Did the crowd know where Campbell was? Would they attempt a raid to capture him? Later Campbell said: "I was never seriously afraid of being lynched. As a referee I learned something about mobs. They're cowards." From time to time an injured person was admitted to the first-aid centre for treatment. Chief Tom Leggett frequently looked in.

By about 11:15 p.m. the back entrance of the Forum was fairly quiet. Gaston Boltec, the Canadien trainer, drove Richard's car up to the door and hastily loaded Richard and his wife into it. "What I got home I fattened to the rest on the radio," says Richard. "I felt badly. Once I felt like going downtown and telling the people over a loudspeaker to stop their nonsense. But it wouldn't have done any good. They would have carried me around on their shoulders. It is nice to have people behind you but not the way they did on the night of the Detroit game." The others, all night in the Richard home, saying that Campbell got what he deserved. It was answered by the housekeeper. Richard himself retired at 4 a.m. and slept in next morning.

The Mob's Frenzy Grows

At 11:30 Jim Hunter, the Forum building superintendent, entered the first-aid centre and announced: "I think it's safe to go home now." Mr. Campbell Leggett concurred. There was some discussion as to whether it would be safe for Campbell to spend the night alone at his home. Billy Way was insisting that Campbell be his guest for the evening. Someone else suggested that he check into a hotel. Campbell assumed name. Campbell [illegible] both suggestions. Led by Hunter and a husky policeman, Campbell, Miss King and Quinn made their way to the back of the building where Hunter's dark-blue 1951 Ford was waiting inside. The policeman sat in front with the driver; Campbell and Miss King sat in the back.

Campbell, who lives four miles from the Forum, was dropped off first. As soon as he got home he phoned his father in Edmonton to say that he was safe. Although his phone is unlisted, it started to ring incessantly. Most of the callers were abusive and spoke in broken English. He lifted the phone off the hook and went to bed about one o'clock. He had a fine night's sleep, he said. He got up at his usual hour at 7:30.

Miss King arrived home about fifteen minutes later. Her family was relieved to see her. She sat up in the front door almost all the same time as her married sister from Lachine, who feared the worst, didn't want her parents to spend the night alone.

By midnight the frenzy of the rioters outside the Forum became almost demoniacal. They were unaware of Campbell's departure. They milled around the newsstand at the southwest corner of St. Catherine and Closse Streets, sprinkled it with oil from a small stove they found inside and set it afire. Within a few minutes it was a pile of



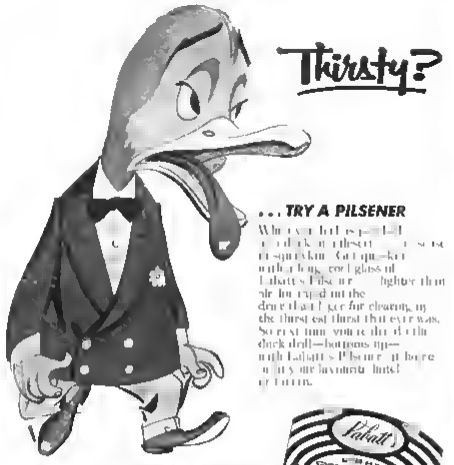
"I brought a treasure back, me lads!"
The Captain said with a grin.
"I loaded the hold with Black and Gold . . .
It's waiting now at the inn."
He skimmed his hat to the top of the pole
And said, "Till it comes down
My colours on high tell every eye
Captain Morgan's in town!"

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'Quality Tells'

smouldering ashes. It was a wanton and tragic act. The stand belonged to Auguste Belanger the fifty-six year-old father of four children. After a considerable struggle he had only recently managed to set himself up in business. "Why did they have to do such a thing to me?" he sobbed.

The rioters now turned their attention to the firms that rented space on the ground floor of the Forum, facing St. Catherine Street. They heaved rocks through the plate-glass windows of the Royal Bank of Canada. The supervisor and three salesgirls of a United Cigar Store had to barricade themselves in the stock room to escape injury. Patrick Maloney, proprietor of a jewelry store, took refuge in the small windowless room where he repairs watches. His windows and stock were demolished by chunks of rock, metal and bottles. Many objects were stolen including a $490 diamond ring. Maloney passed the time brewing coffee. Occasionally he would step into the store and pick up a full bottle of beer or pop that had been hurled in and drink it. Debris came flying through the windows of the York Tavern. Brany Parent, the manager, ordered that the building be evacuated. The police continued the hard task of arresting the rioters. Whenever they had a full load of them the patrol wagon would rush off to the police station with its siren wailing. A young doctor from the hospital across from the Forum stepped outside for a minute to see what was going on, before he knew what was happening he was in his way to the police station in a wagon. A little old lady with fire in her eyes approached Chief Leggett. "Let's start getting tough with them" she said. "I'm with you."

The little old lady was not the only person offering advice to the director of police. Dozens of people urged him to use more forceful methods against the demonstrators. Had he wished to do so the means were at hand. Each constable was armed with a stick and a revolver; a police car stood by with a supply of tear-gas bombs; the firemen had a high pressure water hose ready. But Leggett withheld the order to use any of these strong arm methods. "It might have led to panic and hysteria—and then when people get killed" he said. As it was, not a single person was seriously injured.

By midnight some people had left, but even more had arrived, drawn by the radio broadcasts. Finally Pierre DesMarais, chief of Montreal's executive committee appealed to the radio stations to stop broadcasting news of the trouble. He reached Marcel Beauregard, who was at the scene of the riot. "I would help the police if you went off the air," said DesMarais. Beauregard checked with his boss Jack Tietolman, the proprietor of CKVL, who agreed. CKVL finally went off the air after more than seven hours of on the spot broadcasting. The other stations did likewise.

By one o'clock the crowd had thinned out. About forty policemen, linked arm to arm, formed a solid chain across St. Catherine Street. They started moving slowly eastward taking the crowd along with them. They felt that if at last the riot was on the wane. But they were wrong.

Ahead of them hidden from view by hundreds of people, groups of demonstrators began smashing store windows and stealing their contents. A heavy safety zone lantern was hurled through the window of the International Music store, instruments were smashed and looted. The mob noticed a picture of Richard and the Canadiens in the window of Adolph Stegmeier's photographic studio. To get at it, they hurled a twenty-pound block of ice they found on the road at the window. Before they could reach in and seize the photograph their way was barred by tenants who occupied apartments above the studio. Signs at Red Cross headquarters were torn down. Costly plate glass windows at Ogilvy's department store were shattered. When Gilles Rouleau, owner of a florist shop, heard the crowd approaching he locked his doors, doused his lights and waited. The rioters passed him by. He noticed that the vandals were teen-agers but that they were being egged on by older people, many of whom appeared to be drunk.

In the fifteen blocks along St. Catherine Street east of the Forum fifty stores were damaged and looted. The stolen goods included humorous men's pants, dresses, high-chair pads, shoes, bracelets, cameras and assorted jewelry. At first it was believed that one hundred thousand dollars worth of goods (including windows) had been damaged and stolen. Revised estimates scaled the amount down to thirty thousand dollars or less.

The police now sent out special patrols to find the vandals and recover the loot. They arrested one man who was carrying an armful of alarm clocks. By searching restaurants along St. Catherine Street they were able to pick up three other young men in possession of stolen goods. Only a few items of the pilfered goods were ever recovered.

Most of the stolen objects were mass-produced small items, not easy to identify, says Chief Detective George Allain, "and there were no clues to follow." A few days after the riot A. Jeffries, proprietor of a photo supply store, received a parcel in the mail containing a camera worth a hundred dollars that had been stolen from him. An unsigned note said, "My conscience has been bothering me ever since I took it from your window."

'It Must Never Happen Again"

By 3 a.m. the last rock had been hurled, the last window had been smashed and the last blood-curdling shriek of "Kill Campbell!" had been uttered. The fury of the mob had spent itself.

By the end of the riot the police had picked up seventy people and delivered them to No. 10 police station. Twenty-five were juveniles (under eighteen) and were driven home to their parents. The remainder were transferred to the cells at police headquarters on Gosford Street. They talked hockey for an hour or so, then stretched out and went to sleep. At seven in the morning a guard came in and announced (wrongly) that Campbell had resigned. The arrested men roused themselves, cheered, jumped up and down and broke out in a song.

Addressing the offenders in municipal court the next morning, Judge Emmett J. McMenamy intended his words to go far beyond his courtroom. "Last night a riot," he said, "brings home to the people of Montreal a terrible lesson of the narrow margin between order and disorder. It must never happen again." Some of the men appeared close to tears as the judge spoke. "All those who participated in the riot are not before the court but those who are must accept the responsibility." After a remand the rioters were fined $25 and required to post a bond for one year for $100 to keep the peace.

Who were the offenders? Were they peaceful citizens or did they have criminal backgrounds? Were they caught up in the excitement of the crowd or did they go to the Forum determined to pillage and plunder?

A scientific study of the offenders at the time of the riot might have yielded much valuable information about crowd behavior in a hilarious province. Dr. J. S. Tyhurst, a McGill University psychiatrist interested in mob hysteria, had the opportunity to make only a few preliminary inquiries. He arranged to interview several of the offenders at the court. He found them hostile, suspicious and loathing authority of all kinds. Three or four of them were students. There was no evidence that they were members of an organized gang. They were individuals he concluded that were "coalesced" or molded into a group by the opportunity for violence. There are many people in our society who are bewildered and frustrated and carry inside with them recessive feelings of hostility. Given an incendiary situation like the March 17 parade and they make an explosive attempt at self-assertion and self-expression.

I attempted a study of twenty of the convicted offenders obtaining the names and addresses from police records. The police claimed they had established the authenticity of all the names and addresses by checking them with the Montreal directory. Using the same method I could locate only seven of the twenty. The offenders had given the addresses of YMCA, hospitals and barbershops, in other cases, the addresses given did not even exist.

From police records and from interviews with some of the convicted offenders and on the spot observers, some general conclusions are possible. The majority of the offenders were in their late teens or early twenties. All but two were Roman Catholic. They were predominantly French-speaking. None of them had previous criminal records. Most of them seemed to have been the victims of mob hysteria. In a mob by some strange phenomenon the individual feels anonymous and protected. He is freed from his usual inhibitions. He doesn't think before he acts and he is liable to act in strange and unaccustomed ways.

André Robinson, the twenty-six year-old man who was convicted for upsetting the tomatoes on Campbell's sleigh, is a case in point. He is a tall, handsome six footer who holds down a responsible decking job with a railway company. He has never been in any kind of trouble before. As he describes himself: "I'm the quiet type—I never kick up a fuss." He lives with his parents and two brothers, belongs to a bowling league and likes going to the movies and reading adventure stories in books and magazines. He is an ardent Canadien fan and goes to all their home games, sitting in the $1.50 seats.

"I went to the game feeling mad at Campbell about the suspension," he told me. "But I didn't intend to do anything about it. I was unarmed. When Campbell entered the rink and all the people around me kept yelling and throwing things something happened to me. I was no longer interested in the game. I could only watch Campbell and get madder and madder. I could see that the things being thrown at him were missing their mark. We were too far away. The fellow beside me had a big bag of tomatoes so I asked him for some. He gave me two. I got out of my seat and started walking toward Campbell. As I walked I forget about everything else. I only thought that I must get close to Campbell. I finally found myself standing in front of him. Without saying a word I smashed the tomatoes against his chest and rubbed them in. He looked stunned. I then tried to run away but they caught me and put me in the police cell."

Robinson's subsequent experiences give a clear indication of how strongly



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many Montrealers felt against Campbell. The next morning at 7 a.m. François Morel, the junior partner in a prominent Montreal legal firm, received an urgent phone call from a French-speaking millionaire client. George and find that young man who squashed the tomatoes on Campbell and look after him," he said. "I'll pay all costs—even if it comes to a million dollars." Morel hailed out Robinson for $100 and later pleaded guilty for him. Robinson was fined $25 for disturbing the peace and $10 for assault. This was paid by the millionaire, along with Morel's legal fees.

Robinson became a hero overnight. He received more than thirty gifts—flowers, clothes, radios, cuff links and other jewelry. He returned all the presents with the exception of a hundred-dollar gold wrist watch which was given to him by a group of friends for having been designated as a "star" of the Detroit-Montreal game on the sports page of a French newspaper. He received large piles of sympathetic letters, many of them from women wanting his autograph and photo.

When I spoke to Robinson three rooms after the incident, he seemed to be ashamed of it. "I don't know why I did it," he says. "It's not like me. Now that it's all over, I have no grudge against Campbell."

Spotlight on "Saddle Tramps"

Like Robinson, most of the arrested offenders were the victims of hysteria by contagion. Guy Lebeau, thirty, is a well-spoken, neatly dressed clerk who works in a rubber factory. He lives with his mother. He attended the game and, after the brush exploded, hung around like thousands of others to see what was going on. Everybody around him started yelling and throwing things. "I don't know why but I started doing the same," says Lebeau. Jacques Bibeau, nineteen, went to the Forum to buy a ticket but they were sold out. He met a few friends and they were soon part of a rowdy group picked up by police. Bibeau is convinced that Campbell suspended Richard because "he is a French Canadian and the best player in the game. Campbell does not like Richard or the Canadiens."

One group prominently associated with the riot were "the motorcyclists." The police refer to them as "saddle tramps." On the night of the riot their black leather windbreakers with white insignia were everywhere in evidence. It is estimated that there are about two hundred and fifty of these motorcyclists in Montreal between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. They are held together not by any formal organization but by a common search for adventure and excitement. They generally travel in bands of ten or fifteen. They first made their appearance in Montreal after the showing of The Wild Ones, a movie starring Marlon Brando. In this film a band of reckless young motorcyclists wreak havoc in a town.

The mood of most Montrealers following the riot was a mixture of shame and regret. It was well summed up by the terse opening sentence in Dink Carroll's column in the Gazette on March 18: "I am ashamed of my city." Others, like Mayor Jean Drapeau, were less remorseful. He hurried back from Ottawa where he had been attending a reception at Rideau Hall given in honor of John Foster Dulles, the U. S. Secretary of State. At this important event the riot dominated the conversation. Even Governor General Vincent Massey had strong opinions about it. Back in his office, Drapeau issued a statement which, on the surface, seemed to absolve the public of all responsibility for the outbreak. It came about, he said, because of "provocation caused by Campbell's presence" and it would have been wiser for him to stay away. City Councilor Adéodat Crompt went even further.

We will seek a warrant for the arrest of Campbell for going to the game," he said. He was also going to take legal steps to keep Campbell from ever setting foot on the Forum again." Executive chairman Pierre DesMarais contributed the understatement of the year: "The riot shows that our population is enthusiastic," he said.

Campbell showed up at his office the next morning at the usual hour of 8:30. He refused police offer of bodyguards. Newsmen were asking him for a statement. He said that he had no intention of resigning, as had been frequently suggested. Indeed, several of the NHL governors had already phoned him commiserating him on the way he had conducted himself the previous night. Later in the day he replied to Drapeau.

Drapeau's words are a strange and sad commentary coming from a chief magistrate sworn to uphold the law. Does he think I should have yielded to the intimidation of a bunch of hoodlums?"

Richard was still asleep when reporters knocked on the door of his home at eight o'clock. It was answered by his six year-old son who said: "I hope you didn't come to talk to him about hockey." When the reporters returned later, Richard was attired in a white T shirt and a pair of slacks. His face was lined with fatigue. "This certainly isn't the time for me to say anything," he said. "It might start something again." By three o'clock he changed his mind. He showed up in Frank Selke's office and said that he wanted to make a public statement. Selke said he could see no objection. At seven o'clock, seated in front of a battery of microphones, he made the following short speech in French.

> Because I always try so hard to win and had my troubles in Boston I was suspended. At play off time hurts not to be in the game with the boys. However I want to do what is good for the people of Montreal and the team. So that no further harm will be done I would like to ask everyone to get behind the team and to help the boys win from the Rangers and Detroit. I will take my punishment and come back next year to help the club and younger players to win the cup.

As he repeated the speech in English, Richard appeared restless and upset. He rubbed his eyes, tugged at his tie and scratched his left ear. His words seemed to have a settling effect on the city. The question of his suspension was laid aside, at least for the time being. Mayor Drapeau and other leaders followed Richard with strong pleas for law and order. There was to be no further violence for the remainder of the season, due to the fact that the Canadiens lost the championship.

Emeute Richard," as the riot is now referred to in Quebec stirred up a tidal wave of fear, accusation, ill will and racial antagonism. But it also achieved one more happy result which has not been widely publicized. The Canadiens hockey club told its patrons they were entitled to a cash refund because the Detroit game had been forfeited. Many fans suggested that they didn't want their money back. How about giving the money to Paul Meger, a Canadiens player who had been in hospital for eight months with a serious head injury? Selke made the suggestion public. There was an immediate response: practically all the fans contributed their money to the Paul Meger Fund. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

monstrosity or not, this was Canada at the time. Tear down all the buildings that strike a later generation as ugly, they say, and you'll wipe out all the relics of the past in all countries. This old grey stone block was part of Canada's first Parliament Buildings, and for that reason alone it should be preserved, ugly or not.

If it were possible to leave the West Block exactly as it is, the chances are that the traditionalists would win. Unfortunately for them, something has to be done to it; the only question is what?

Months ago, before the question came up for public discussion at all, Public Works asked for an inspection of the West Block by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who are responsible for fire protection on Parliament Hill. The Mounties took a careful look and came back with a horrified report. They said they could not be responsible for this firetrap any longer—the wiring was archaic, the wood dry and rotten, the heating system decrepit and the whole place unsafe.

Meanwhile, a quite unrelated clamor had been developing in parliament itself for more office space for MPs. They are now huddled together in the Centre Block: two in a room; some have to be content with dim and stuffy quarters in the basement. They want space enough to give each MP a proper office all to himself, and preferably an anteroom for his secretary—something approaching the amenities that congressmen enjoy in Washington. One scheme which got a good deal of support was to erect a new building on the edge of the cliff that drops away from the Centre Block to the Ottawa River; just how many millions this would cost has not been estimated.

With this double problem on its hands, Public Works prepared a set of estimates for three alternative courses to the West Block:

1. Repair the existing structure with out altering it. This would cost at least two million dollars and would add no new office space.

2. Build an extension to fill out the northeast corner of the old building. This would mean shoring to the general plan of the 1860s—fifteen foot ceilings and high narrow windows—and making little change in the appearance of the West Block. Office units would be increased from 273 to 420, and the cost would be about four million dollars.

3. Tear down the present West Block and build another on the same foundations. Its exterior would be designed to harmonize with the Centre Block (rebuilt after the fire of 1917) and the old East Block but inside it would be modern. A building the same height could have five floors instead of four, could be thoroughly fireproof, instead of half fireproof as the repaired structure would be, and could provide no fewer than 846 office units—three times as many as the old West Block contains. This new building, complete with a tunnel connecting it to the Centre Block, would cost an estimated six million dollars.

Advocates of the rebuilding scheme are most emphatic in saying they would not disturb Sir John Macdonald's office." They propose that the Macdonald Tower and its tower room should be left standing, like the house of Rahab the harlot when the walls of Jericho fell down; the new structure would be built around them.

ARCHITECTS of the Department of Public Works were from the start evidently in favor of rebuilding and they see a converted their deputy minister, Maj.-Gen. Hugh Young. They make a persuasive case.

Nobody may say can tell what it will cost to repair an old building that has begun to decay. A few years ago the East Block, the other survivor of pre-Confederation days, had a face lifting which was supposed to cost a million dollars; it cost just under two million. The Parliamentary Library, the only part of the original Centre Block to survive the 1917 fire, caught fire itself in 1952; the estimated cost of repairing and fireproofing it was a million dollars. It's not finished yet, but the cost has already run to two and a quarter million. Moreover, to the practical eyes of the Public Works architects, the repaired building is still an old and inefficient one which will have to be fitted up again for another fifty years.

As a clincher to their argument for rebuilding they point out that repairing the West Block adds no new office space to Parliament Hill—in fact, it subtracts a little by converting some rooms into new elevator shafts and lavatories. With MPs screaming for more room, they say, let's tear down this old heap and start over.

But the traditionalists reply that new office space on Parliament Hill is not needed. All that's required they insist is to clear out the Fisheries Department, the Secretary of State's Department and other odds and ends of the civil service and give this old Parliament Building back to parliament. Its 273 offices will be more than enough to meet parliament's own needs, present and future. Space for the evicted departments could be found somewhere else.

Traditionalists might have an easier time convincing Bob Winters if the West Block hadn't become a political issue in the closing weeks of the last parliament. Speakers who urged the preservation of this national monument all happened to be Conservatives and they included Opposition Leader George Drew himself. Some prominent Liberals were moved to take the other side and some took it strongly.

George McIlraith, for instance, who used to be parliamentary assistant to Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, described the West Block as "architectural garbage." He had got some letters in favor of preserving it but he attributed this correspondence to a "political campaign" and George Drew's speech in favor of the West Block he called "reactionary flim-flammery."

Liberals are still smarting from their humiliation by Conservatives over the Defence Production Act, are not inclined to give the Opposition another victory by doing their will in the West Block.

But in spite of all these pressures, Bob Winters has not yet made up his mind on the question. When Bruce Hutchison wrote a stinging column against the Philistines who would destroy all the physical evidence of Canadian history, Winters invited him to drop in and discuss the matter on a visit to Ottawa in the fall. He is still asking advice from outsiders and, for those who feel strongly about preserving old buildings, there is still time. ★

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What One Song Can Do

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

A few days later she taped recorded a couple of songs—"just so my grandchildren could hear how I sounded when I was fourteen," she laughed. These were stored away with the holiday decorations, and Don Wright Productions returned to serious business. One of Wright's enterprises is a singing-commercial studio, one of the two largest Canadian producers of those merry, maddening little jingles employed to sell soap, sedatives and myriad other products.

One of Wright's first jingle assignments of 1955 came from the F. H. Hayhurst advertising agency of Toronto. Tom Tevlin, Hayhurst's copy chief, composed a singing commercial on behalf of Bromo-Seltzer and, as he prepared to make a record of the jingle, Wright tried several of the gal singers who usually work with him. None of them had quite the quality that he and Tevlin wanted, a quality described by the latter as "light and cute." Suddenly Don said: "Why not try Priscilla?" None of the agency reps had heard of the girl's Cinderella premiere at home, but they were willing to try anything.

In a matter of minutes Priscilla ran over the lines and recorded them. "It was one of the most successful commercials ever made in Canada," Tevlin says. For two months it was played up to a dozen times a day on most of Canada's radio stations.

It was also the end of normal life around the Wright home. Within three days after the jingle was released on March 15 enquiries began to funnel in on Wright via the radio stations and the Hayhurst agency: enquiries from recording firms, talent agencies and people who simply wanted to know whose voice that was.

"It was just one jingle in hundreds," said Don Wright, "but this new voice seemed to click. I decided that Priscilla at least deserved a chance to see what a record would do."

Don told his daughter about the pitfalls of show business, the possibility that highest promise might end in a flop, the high cost of putting a record on the market and the low, slow returns.

"Gosh," said Priscilla, "sure I'll make a record if you like—and I'll sing free."

With his artiste under favorable contract, Wright proceeded to bargain with record companies. He finally decided on the Spartan Company. "In the first place Spartan is in London where we live," he explained. "In the second place it's a relatively small company and didn't object to giving us a voice in deciding what Priscilla was going to sing. A big outfit might be dictatorial and insist on her recording stuff that just didn't suit her."

The most crucial step was still to pick the right music. Wright says he contacted Canadian music publishers in search of new tunes, preferably Canadian and previously unheard, and was offered a hundred and twenty compositions.

In the Toronto offices of Broadcast Music Inc., Canadian division of a big United States company, Mr. and Mrs. Wright listened to several tunes by aspiring song writers and chose two or three to take home for Priscilla to try out. As they were leaving the BMI studio Mrs. Wright said on an impulse:

"I'd like to hear that one again . . . you know, the ballad without a chorus. Something about a raincoat."

Harold Mann, BMI's Canadian manager, obligingly replayed the sad story of the Mac in a Raincoat.

Let's see how it ends with Priscilla," she suggested.

And in a year and a half after it was written the Man in a Raincoat at last found someone who would give it a trial singing.

No one concerned with the song pretends that at this date he or she recognized its hidden potential. The most Don Wright himself claims is that he regarded it as "a sleeper, a dark horse that was worth betting on the flip side of a record because it just might be unexpectedly successful." For the truth is that Man in a Raincoat started its career as second string to the song that was supposed to launch Priscilla Wright's singing career—a thing called Please Have Mercy, which failed to evoke that quality from the critics.

The fact that it was in BMI's files, too, confirms the contention of Harold Mann that he and his BMI colleague, Bailey Bird, thought it might have possibilities." But Mann admits, too, that Man in a Raincoat was close at hand on the day the Wrights were in town tune-hunting only because a few days before Warwick Webster, composer of the song, had stalked into BMI with a chip on his shoulder.

A Fast Boom or Bust?

Webster's own version of the incident is probably the most vivid. It must be remembered that he was now almost into his second year of trying to get someone to perform his song. He had even paid his way to England at his summer holidays from the Orenda jet-engine plant and made the rounds of all the song publishers there.

"I remember it was a miserable day in March," Webster recalls. "I had just come from another radio station that wouldn't play the song. Oh, yes, by now I had made my own recording of it, humming and whistling and singing and strumming a guitar—which is off the music I can play. I was feeling discouraged, and defiant as well. I guess. I remembered that of all the people and companies I had sent copies of Man in a Raincoat most had said 'no thanks' but I'd never heard from BMI right in my own city. I decided to go then and there and have it out with them.

"I marched in and said to the receptionist, Dorothy Gates, 'I've got a bone to pick with you.' I sent you copies of a song and you didn't answer."

She looked in the files but couldn't find any reference to me or Man in a Raincoat. I grumbled to myself that not only didn't they acknowledge my song, but now they'd gone and lost it. I planked down the record I was carrying—the one the radio station wouldn't play—and said: 'Well, I've got a disk of it right here. I'll give your people two days to decide,' and I stalked out. (Since then I've decided that I never did mind copies for BMI.)"

Two days later Webster telephoned Dorothy had a cryptic message for him. No there was no report yet. Yes Mr. Bird had listened to the record. In an agony of impatience Webster waited another week. Then Bird phoned to say he was very intrigued with Man in a Raincoat, and would Webster come down and discuss it.

"It was," Harold Mann recalls, "the kind of song that wasn't going to keep you in suspense, once it was tried out. It was the kind that would catch on—or flop—in a hurry, because it was so different from the popular songs we hear every day.

"In the first place it was just fifty-seven bars of music that told a story in five verses with no chorus and no repeats. Webster, who wants to be a short-story writer, simply told a short story. But at that it was twenty five bars longer than the thirty two bars which ordinarily make up a popular song.

When Webster lugged down to the BMI office he and Bird went over the words of Man in a Raincoat line by line and made one small change. One line had read: "We smiled in the crash on the old streetcar." It was changed to: "We smiled as we climbed on the old streetcar." Bird pronounced the song ready for launching. What did that mean Webster wanted to know. Oh, when we can get some company to record it," Bird said.

Webster's spirits returned to half-mast. The recording he had submitted to BMI was made, at Webster's expense by Hallmark, a young company just launching into popular recordings. Joe Brook, the Hallmark technician who cut the disks from Webster's own tape recording, had told company officials it was a good tune. They had considered launching it themselves, and turned it down.

Two days later Bird telephoned Webster the best news he had heard yet: the Wrights had taken home a copy of Man in a Raincoat and a new discovery of theirs, their own daughter Priscilla, would record it if she liked it if it sounded "right" for her.

Priscilla liked it. And the Wrights decided it sounded "right." On Saturday, March 26 she made the recording. It was a day of utter misery for her. That morning she awoke and told her mother that she was ill.

"Of course you are dear," said Mrs. Wright. "It's the excitement."

"I'm not excited," answered Priscilla. "I'm just sick."

But she couldn't convince anybody that it wasn't the thrill of making her first record that upset her. She sang her pieces at the studio and went home to bed with a fever of 103. She stayed in bed a week.

On April 1, BMI representatives took down to their exhibit at the Jukebox Operators' Convention in Chicago a copy of Priscilla's first record. Man in a Raincoat on one side. Please Have Mercy on the other. There it was, at the trade call a "dolt cut"—a temporary record of poor quality and scratchy reproduction. All that first day the BMI officials played it for representatives of U.S. record companies, until the words and music were barely recognizable. And all the next day and the next the telephone rang in the Wright home and in the office of Harold Pounds, manager of Spartan. The callers were record-company executives anxious to make a deal for U.S. rights to the record. Or rather, for the tune on the "flip" side. Man in a Raincoat. Nobody mentioned the "main" song, Please Have Mercy. On the second day Spartan made a U.S. rights deal with Unique, a small New York City record house.

It was then that Don Wright knew that the "dark horse" he had placed a bet on had won. It was then that Bird telephoned Warwick Webster from Chicago and said: "My boy, you've got a hit on your hands."

What has Man in a Raincoat meant to Warwick Webster and Priscilla Wright? First in terms of fortune?

Strangely enough, the song that has been earmarked as a hit since early in April has not yet meant the musical money to either of them. Neither will know until mid-November what success has meant in terms of dollars because of the musical world's system of reporting sales in quarterly periods. The mid-August returns barely hinted at future possibilities.

What they stand to make though, is fairly predictable. Don Wright is believed to have a seven percent royalty contract with Spartan on Canadian sales, plus a fifty-fifty split on foreign sales of Priscilla's records. Although a number of big names followed Priscilla by a few weeks in making Man in a Raincoat (Marion Marlowe, Kenny Chandler, Lita Roza and the "cult" jazz pianist Eddie Bonnemere), the fourteen year-old Canadian girl's version has remained consistently at the top of Man in a Raincoat sales—and, in places like Detroit, Minneapolis and Buffalo, at the top of all tunes, in mid-August the song was just beginning to take solid hold in the South and on the Pacific coast.

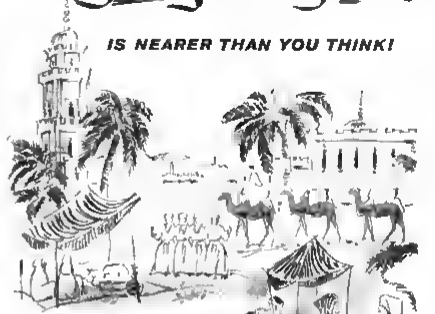
Like the original man and girl at the car stop, Warwick Webster and Priscilla Wright have met briefly, once. He told her he was grateful to her for making his song a hit. She expressed gratitude to him for writing the song that launched her singing career in the big time. But at that point their interests part company. Priscilla is financially interested only on the sales







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of her own recording. Webster is interested in every performance of his song, regardless of who does it and in what form.

Dor Wright, father-manager of his daughter-performer, has managed to complicate his own income tax structure by sponsoring his daughter's career. "First, my wife is business manager of Dor Wright Productions," he explains, "and of course, what a man pays his wife in salary is not deductible from his own income tax. Now I've got a daughter who is both employee and a minor—and what seem likely to be her very considerable earnings are taxable right off the top of my own."

Webster, who had practically exhausted his slim resources in trying to get his song published, isn't worrying about his income tax—yet. There are the five recordings of his song, each side of which nets Webster one cent. Three there's sheet music paying him three cents per sheet. In one July week seventy-eight thousand copies were sold, netting him $2,340 for the week from that source alone.

Next, Mort Nason, the Holmcast has made what the trade calls the "wrap-up record"—several top hits of the day recorded on one long-play disk, generally taken as an indication that a tune has "made the grade."

Next, the U. S. Army—of all organizations—demanded eight hundred dance-band arrangements of the song, which BMI had done by the versatile Canadian arranger Frank Radcliffe.

Then there's an accordion arrangement and a simple piano arrangement. All these supplementaries carry a ten-percent royalty—or five cents each of the usual half-dollar selling price.

Musak, the organization that supplies piped-in music for industry and business, has applied for a license to record and feed out the song, piling up still more royalties.

Finally, British sales of sheet music and records are reported "better than satisfactory." And in August, J. Albert and Sons, Sydney publishers, enquired the Australian rights.

Webster at this moment is enjoying with more than usual relish a honeymoon in England with his pretty bride, Dianne Arms. It is being financed by advance royalties from the London music publishing house of Peter Maurice, which last summer gave Webster a polite but firm "no thanks" when he flew the Atlantic at his own expense to offer British publishers Man in a Raincoat.

Webster, now twenty-seven, came to Canada from Norwich, England, two years ago, leaving behind his parents and three younger brothers. He had trained in draftsmanship, and got a job at the Orenda engine division of Avro as an illustrator of service manuals. When he had settled down and saved some money, he faced a dilemma. All his friends owned cars—but he was more interested in buying a tape recorder. He wanted and still wants to be a short story writer with song writing as a secondary interest. He had heard that a tape recorder greatly facilitated clear rapid writing. And besides, he had to have one for song writing.

"You see," he explains, "I can't write or play or sing. So I have to rumpose by singing it out on tape."

So he got his tape recorder, and it became a bit of a joke among his friends. When anyone asked if Webster owned a car, they would chorus "Oh no, not Rirky—*he's* got a tape recorder!"

That rainy night in the restaurant at Yonge and St. Clair, Webster hurried home. In the moment, the unknown couple on the street had started lyrics running through his head. "The tune and the words were coming all together," he recalled, "and I kept repeating them over and over so I wouldn't forget them before I could get to the recorder."

Who'd Sing About Toronto?

Webster was living in a healthy atmosphere for a young song writer—in the part conservatory, part rooming house at midtown Morpherson Avenue, alongside a railroad track, presided over by James Rosselini, a veteran musician who doggedly produces his own opera season annually and at other times gives singing lessons to resident and day pupils.

Anyone living at the Rosselini academy is willing to discuss and criticize anyone else's work—and they fell on the opening lyrics of Webster's song:

Down on Yonge Street by St. Clair,
A man in a raincoat standing there.

It was too local, they argued, no big-lime singer would want to sing lyrics about two Toronto streets. Webster, whose admiration for Canada is tremendous, answered hotly that if St. Louis Woman and Beale Street Blues and California, Here I Come and Lullaby of Broadway could be popular, there was no reason why he could not immortalize the corner of Yonge and St. Clair in Toronto.

But his friends talked him out of it, and he substituted the present "Good anywhere" lyrics:

Late in the evening out in the square,
A man in a raincoat standing there[1]

Which, he admits, probably contributes to the song's universal appeal.

What has the success of Man in a Raincoat done to the personalities of Warwick Webster and Prucilla Wright? Remarkably little, it seems.

When it first became a hit, I got temporarily swell-headed," Webster admitted. "If anyone at the Orenda plant would ask me how the song was going, I'd go to great lengths to tell him how well it was going and how big the sales were. But I soon got tired of that."

In fact he soon got tired of Toronto's sweltering summer. As soon as it became apparent that real money was being earned by his song, he quit his job and retired to the Rosamonde Inn at Lake Rosseau, a summer resort owned by his father-in-law to be. His future plans call for more songs and a serious attack on the short story market. His advisers have warned him not to count on more than thirty-thousand dollars in total returns from Man in a Raincoat, but even they admit that the song may well get out of hand and prove that estimate to be far too modest.

The luckiest thing that happened to me," Webster sums up, "was that utterly frustrating year trying to get someone interested in my song. If I had taken it to BMI first and by accident met just the time the Wrights were looking for a song for Priscilla and all this had happened—well, I wouldn't know what to really laugh pessimism at or to call a song."

Will it Hit a Million?

What has fame done to Prucilla Wright? So incredibly little that her father has formed the theory that she may be an early example of a new generation of what might be called stars-without-fame.

Certainly her small home town takes her record success quite for granted. It is probably the influence of widespread television and possibly a healthy indifference, this assumption that a competent performer will be given the opportunity to perform. I remember people saying casually, 'When is Prucilla going to be on the Ed Sullivan show?' or the Dallas Texas show?' She eventually was invited onto both those shows and many more, but what seemed to us a great honor was taken as a matter of course by television viewers. Further, so many people ask, 'Have you sold a million records yet?' I wonder if they know how many singers actually ever sell a million records. But TV viewers regard gold records being presented to those who do sell a million—as it is a normal sight.

Probably Prucilla's most eminent and devoted fan in her own country is grandfather Arthur Meagher, former prime minister of Canada. The fact that Prucilla is his only grandchild, history has a factor, but the stalwart old statesman explains it this way. "I don't know the first thing about music, but I know Prucilla is not as sophisticated as most have worked hard and have talent. I am proud of that."

Some More Kids Say "Hi"

Prucilla's United States fans are much less restrained than her Toronto classmates. A few weeks ago I watched her being mobbed by teen-aged fans outside CBS Studio 61 following the Julius LaRosa show. "We didn't get in to see you," they chorused, so sang us a sing now. Prucilla stopped and talked to them with utmost self-possession, and I'm sure she'd have sung them a song there on the sidewalk of First Avenue and 58th Street. But last sidewalk young, dark-haired gentleman escorted a cab, bundled Prucilla and her party into it, and shooed the driver off. She wasn't say more than that young 21-year-old described her as. She was a pretty pretty miss with sleek black hair, laughing, grey eyes and pretty four pounds nursed neatly on her five-foot figure.

I asked Prucilla what difference Man in a Raincoat had made to her personally and to her school friendships.

"I feel a little less shy with people," she answered, and in school about twenty more kids say 'Hi' when we pass in the corridors. But they never stare or ask for autographs like they do outside the studios in New York."

It is true that Prucilla receives some special consideration at school when she has to be away for singing engagements. Mr. Robertson, the principal, told me I could have time off," she said. He explained that many of the children were members of calf clubs, and got excused to attend meetings or show their calves at fairs. And he thought I was entitled to the same treatment." ★

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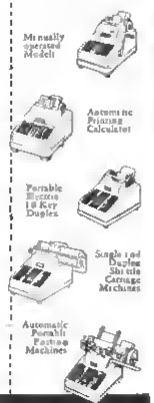
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PARADE

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• • •

Teachers of the newest and youngest enrollees are once again having to recapture the art of the unshakeable smile of approval, whatever their uninhibited charges come up with. Such as the kindergarten teacher in Burlington, Ont., when one loyal little voice shrilled above all the others: "God save our luscious Queen." And the primary teacher in Rosetown, Sask., who asked her pupils to draw pictures of their mothers at work. One lad's picture faithfully portrayed his mother talking on the telephone but with only stubs of arms. Noticing the teacher's involuntary double take, the artist explained: "My mamma never works so she doesn't need hands."



• • •

In grade one of Port Credit, Ont., the teacher decided it was time her class learned the proper way to use a pair of scissors. She demonstrated. The new tool and then went down the aisles passing the scissors out to her students one by one. When she finished she turned back to find little John in the first row with his shoes and socks off, busily cutting his nails.

• • •

Along about grade seven school acquires fascinating social overtones, as was discovered by the mother of a girl just starting junior high in Victoria. "Oh mother, we have a tremendous time," trilled the junior miss. "We walk around the school and the boys follow us and tread on our heels."

• • •

"Three moppets showed up on opening day of the Agincourt, Ont., school. "What's your name, sonny?" the teacher asked one. "Sam." "No, dear, you mean Samuel." The second identified himself as Dan and was promptly corrected to Daniel. The complacent No. 3 took no chances. At his turn he declared promptly and impassively: "Jim uel."

• • •

They really try to help their problem kids in Vancouver schools. The principal called a conference with a doctor and the school nurse over the poor showing one boy was making. A disturbing symptom was his writing which had been steadily dwindling in size until it was practically unreadable and as the nurse remarked on this she pushed a sample across the table as evidence. "See what we mean?" asked the principal of the doctor.

The doctor shook his head sympathetically and admitted the lad certainly gave strong signs of being inhibited, of which the nurse blushingly shoved another paper at him and grabbed back the one containing her own notes on the case.

• • •

High-school teachers are prepared for anything, of course, even when a girl returns after a day's absence and hands in an envelope containing this terse message: "No milk please." This happened in Belleville, Ont., and the teacher explained with friendly irony that the note scarcely represented a satisfactory reason for her absence. The girl obligingly agreed to track down the missing excuse if she had to, took the milkman back to the dairy. It was several days in fact before she appeared triumphantly with the note explaining that there had been a three-way switch. In a moment of family excitement the excuse intended for teacher had somehow been mailed to her aunt.

"Then what did the milkman get?" demanded the teacher, by now baffled but determined to see it through.

Oh, he got a letter congratulating him on the birth of a baby boy.

• • •

Home from a grade two class in Waterloo, Ont., came the seven-year-old daughter of one household all in a glow because the teachee had called her a beaver. "Isn't that nice?" enthused her mother. "You must have been working very hard indeed!"

Oh no," declared the youngster impatiently. "I chewed up my pencil."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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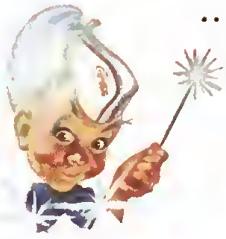
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